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THE NEW SPIRIT IN IRELAND.

IT IS very remarkable how, from time to time, public opinion undergoes a radical change, altering completely the outlook; how minds, obeying, as it were, a hidden impulse, change their orientation and regard with approval what they had hitherto viewed with disfavor. There is, of course, no effect without an antecedent cause. The root-cause of this altered mentality may not be apparent, but it is there. It is like the seed hidden in the obscurity of the earth slowly germinating, until, in the fullness of time, it produces a plant that clothes itself with leaves and puts forth seeds that later expand into blossoms.

Public opinion in Ireland on the centuries-old question of nationality has experienced such a change. They call it "the new spirit;" but in reality it is an old spirit revived; a linking up of the present with the past; men of diverse creeds and parties recognizing that, as they have common interests, they should have a common bond of union. It is the irrepressible national idea reasserting itself and forcing conviction upon all but the most obtuse that no class can stand apart from the others in frigid isolation without self-effacement; that the time has come for union among all creeds and classes; that as government by party has admittedly broken down in England, party divisions should cease in Ireland, or, however people may differ on details, that public opinion and public action should be reorganized upon national lines. It is what is tersely summed up in the familiar phrase "Ireland a Nation," the great rallying cry of the Nationalists.

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The most recent and noteworthy manifestation of this new spirit, which is effecting a *rapprochement* between classes and creeds hitherto divided, was an utterance of the present Protestant Archbishop of Dublin, a dignitary of his Church well known for his fine culture. Addressing his clergy at a synod in Kilkenny as Titular Bishop of Ossory, he said: "Democracy was on its trial. It was for us and our like to determine how it would answer the test. Perhaps after the war the test by which our democracy would be tried would be one which would demand even greater qualities than those which were called for now. No man could foresee what the political condition of Ireland would be after the war was over. No reasonable man supposed that it would be unaffected by the war. Indeed, how could it be so? The best blood of Ireland, North and South, had been poured out freely in the common cause of King and country and freedom. Northern regiments and Irish Guards, the Dublins and the Munsters and the Inniskillings, have died in the same trenches for us and for each other. The same grass grew over their graves in far-off fields. We made no distinction between them, Unionists and Nationalists, Roman Catholics and Presbyterians and Churchmen, when we spoke with pride through our tears of their brave deeds, of what our children's children should tell their children in the days to come. Here in Kilkenny," he continued, "we know we have come closer to each other in a common sorrow. We rejoice that Captain Smithwick has been restored to his friends. I am sure that our Roman Catholic neighbors grieve in like sincerity for the sorrows that have come to some in this synod. We Irish Church clergy do not forget that the first Irish chaplain to be killed in the war was the Roman Catholic chaplain of the Dublin Fusiliers, who went to his death like the brave man he was, because he would not be separated in action from those to whom he was sent to minister. Nay, we shall never forget these things. The memory of these things must and ought to soften the bitterness of political antagonism by and bye." He did not mean that on one side or the other we should abandon old convictions or yield weakly to what our better judgment refused to approve, but —and it was best to speak plainly—it had become to him unthinkable that Irishmen should draw the sword against Irishmen, because of political differences, when the war was over. We should contend by all lawful means for what we believed to be politically wise, but he prayed that we might never settle our differences by the arbitrament of war. It would not be easy to compare those differences; it would demand patience and large-heartedness and freedom from prejudice and the abandonment of old party shibboleths. The success with which that would be accomplished would

be the test, the hard test, of the democracy of the future. He hoped that they would hear no more of Irishmen arming against Irishmen. We were proud of our Irish soldiers who fought shoulder to shoulder on behalf of us all. God forbid that any should encourage them to fight with each other. "Much that I have tried to say to you," he concluded, "was said nearly 200 years ago very shortly by the greatest man who ever went to school at Kilkenny College—the greatest Christian philosopher, as I think, who wrote in the English language. This was Bishop Berkeley's counsel to Ireland: 'Candid, generous men who are true lovers of their country can never be enemies to one-half of their countrymen or carry their resentments so far as to win the public for the sake of a party.' His words are timely to-day."

This pronouncement by Dr. Bernard is a distinct and unequivocal repudiation of Carsonism by a Protestant leader of thought, high-placed in the same Church to which the ex-Attorney General for England belongs. His election by the Bench of Bishops to the Archbishopric of Dublin, which soon followed its utterance, is generally regarded as an indorsement of the policy of conciliation enunciated.

A no less significant pronouncement by another prominent Protestant was a letter by Professor W. F. French, of Trinity College. After recalling the attitude he and Mr. James Walker took up during the controversy on the coronation oath at the accession of Edward VII., suggesting the organization of Irish Protestant opinion in favor of its abolition or alteration, which resulted in the collection of thousands of signatures in the space of a week, he goes on to argue: "Now it appears to me that there is good reason for recalling that incident. . . . At the present time, as every one knows, there is a grave political problem to be faced by us sooner or later in connection with the proposed changes in the government of this country. It is natural that much strong language should have been used on behalf of Protestants and Conservatives in Ireland; yet it is worth inquiring whether the views of a majority of educated men among us are not represented by admirable words such as those of the Bishop of Ossory in his address to the Ossory Diocesan Synod. If our differences are to be composed, if a satisfactory solution of our domestic problem is to be found, it will have to be found in Ireland, as Sir Horace Plunkett has said, and not at Westminster. But when is any attempt to be made to find a solution? It is universally assumed that no move is to be made until after the end of the war, and indeed it may be most desirable that it should be possible to postpone it until then, but, unfortunately, that will most probably be too late. . . . Those

Protestants and Conservatives who desire an Irish reconciliation ought to be drawing together now. It may be that much of the nation's future depends upon their doing."

It is refreshing and hope-inspiring to read these expressions of opinion after the hysterical appeals to passion and prejudice made before the war by Carson and the Covenanters in the North. The war, like a thunderstorm, has cleared the atmosphere. Although it is the all-absorbing topic of the hour, in the background of men's minds other thoughts have been silently influencing opinion, and saner views are at least beginning to prevail.

Sir Edward Carson, the Unionist member for Dublin University, would fain have had the world—at least the world of Great Britain —believe that Ireland is still irreconcilably divided into two hostile camps; that a line of demarcation is sharply drawn between North and South, which the hand of time has not obliterated; that Ulster, which the British electorate are told is Protestant to the core —although Catholics numerically predominate in many of the northern counties—recoiled from the prospect of being ruled by an Irish Parliament in which Catholics would have the power to enact laws, and was ready at a given signal from him to plunge into civil war to prevent Home Rule becoming an accomplished fact. Not endowed with the saving grace of humor, he failed to see anything ludicrous in the Quixotic phantasy of Ulster Orangemen, in virtue of an act of the Imperial Parliament which has received the royal assent, should assemble in the Irish metropolis to discuss such prosaic subjects as the drainage of the upper reaches of the Shannon, the reclamation of waste lands, reafforestation, the improvement of ports and harbors, providing better and cheaper facilities for the transit of Irish produce to markets, the development of Ireland's industrial resources and similar questions which appeal not to religious or racial differences, but to level-headed men who have the interests of the country at heart. Carson will find, if he has not already found, that the national idea—the *idée germe* which has shaped and is still shaping the destinies of all the smaller nations of Europe—is too strong for him; is too deep rooted in the hearts and minds of peoples who are struggling for freedom and expansion and self-expression to be easily uprooted. It was this idea which was Kossuth's and Déak's strong leverage in wresting from Austria the recognition of Hungary's right to existence as a semi-independent, autonomous State, to that extent that the Hapsburg monarch cannot perform a single sovereign act in that country until he is crowned King of Hungary in Budapest. It is this idea which has liberated Greece and the Balkan States from the hated Turkish dominion; which is helping to bring about the ex-

tinction of the Ottoman Empire and the resuscitation of Poland. The history of Ireland—not to look farther afield—ought to convince him of its indestructibility and vitality as an energizing force. Irishmen of his own creed bear witness to it. To select one out of many, and that a representative Ulster man, in the late Sir Samuel Ferguson, we have a notable instance of the unifying influence of the national idea. He was born and bred in that very city of Belfast which lately echoed to the tread, the marching and countermarching of the Ulster Volunteers and Carson's inflammatory speeches. But—*impar congressus Achilli!* What a difference between the two men and the ideas they represent!

"If ever there was one who was an Irishman to his very heart's core," said the late Lord Plunkett, the Protestant Archbishop of Dublin, "it was Samuel Ferguson. His was a pure, single-minded, disinterested form of patriotism. He embraced within it a love for all his fellow-countrymen, to whatever class or creed they might belong; and, keeping apart from political bitterness, the one thing he longed for was the prosperity and peace of his native land."

Born in March 10, 1810, he traced his descent from the Fergusons of Thrushfield, an offshoot of one of the oldest of the Highland clans, Mhic Fhearghuis of Athole, who migrated from Scotland in the seventeenth century and settled in Donegal circa 1605. Like John Mitchell, another Ulsterman, he came of that sturdy, hard-headed, enterprising Scotch-Irish stock who have left the impress of their strong character on the mixed race, a blend of two Celtic nationalities who inhabit Northeastern Ulster—brainy, brawny and full of backbone, both morally and physically. Though he lived most of his seventy-six years in Dublin, the North never lost its hold upon his mind or heart. Educated partly in Belfast and in Trinity College, where he never graduated, and held no academical rank until Dublin University made him an honorary LL. D. in 1865, he was called to the Irish Bar in 1838, took silk—that is, became a 2 C—in 1859, and retired from the practice of the law in 1867, when he was appointed the first Deputy Keeper of the Records of Ireland. The Scotch Society of Antiquaries elected him a member in 1874; in 1878 he received the honor of Knighthood, became president of the Royal Irish Academy in 1881, and died on August 9, 1886.

Poetry, inspired by patriotism, was the first emanation of his genius. He was only twenty-one when one of the most popular of his poems, "The Forging of the Anchor," appeared in "Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine" and caused Professor Wilson—the "Christopher North" of the "Noctes Ambrosianæ"—to predict that "the world will yet hear of the writer" and that "Maga will be proud

of introducing him to the world." As a national poet, as the author of "Lays of the Western Gael" and "Hibernian Nights," as an archæologist who made Irish antiquities his life study, an an historical investigator and archivist, the world has since heard a good deal about him. In these days, when the preservation and cultivation of the vernacular has led to the founding of the Gaelic League, of which Dr. Douglas Hyde is the *decus et tutamen,* it is interesting to note that he formed among his schoolfellows and youthful associates in Belfast a private class for the study of the Irish language. The early history of Ulster, an inspiring theme to any Irishman justly proud of the race to which he belongs, seized upon his imagination, and the "Return of Claneboy," a prose romance contributed to "Blackwood," and the "Adventures of Shane O'Neill," written before he had attained his twenty-fourth year, may be regarded as the first indication of his ambition to raise the native elements of Irish story to a dignified level; and that ambition was the keynote of almost all the literary work of his life. Two of his lyrics, "The Forester's Complaint" and "The Fairy Thorn," greatly impressed the late Lord O'Hagan. Of the former he says: "It has that indescribable charm of tenderness and delicacy—*molle atque facetum*—the charm not only of feeling, but of finish, which if we do not deceive ourselves, is found more amongst the poets of Ireland than elsewhere. Still more tender and pathetic is 'The Fairy Thorn.' The superstition on which it is founded is Ulster-Irish. It possesses no Gaelic coloring in the language, but yet how Celtic it is in its dreamy and mystic supernaturalism—a presence not of earth pervades and breathes from the sinking twilight."

Thomas O'Hagan, afterwards Baron O'Hagan, of Tullahogue, and first Catholic Lord Chancellor of Ireland since the Reformation, was one of his schoolmates in Belfast. The friendship between O'Hagan and Ferguson, begun in boyhood, remained unbroken all their lives. Both were devoted to their country and its literature, and, though they differed in creed and politics, they had so much in common that their friendship suffered no diminution. In the introduction to his translation of "Hardiman's Irish Minstrelsy," apostrophizing the "fair hills of holy Ireland," he says: "Who is there who ventures to stand between us and your Catholic sons' good will? The only emulation between us shall be the honest endeavor of each to benefit and protect the common object of our affection, and, scorning the rancor of low rivalry that would contend with misrepresentation, destruction or suppression, we will be the first to tell the world what genius, what bravery, what loyalty, what pious love of country and kind have been vindicated to the 'mere Irish' by Mr. Hardiman in his collection and preservation

of their national songs. . . . We will not suffer two of the finest races in the world, the Catholic and Protestant, or the Milesian and the Anglo-Irish, to be duped into mutual hatred. . . . Let it first be our task to make the people of Ireland better acquainted with one another. . . . The Protestants of Ireland are wealthy and intelligent beyond most classes, of their numbers, in the world; but their wealth has hitherto been insecure, because their intelligence has not embraced a thorough knowledge of the genius and disposition of their Catholic fellow-citizens." And further on he adds: "What material for an almost perfect society does the national genius not represent? Instinctive piety, to lay the only sure foundation of human morals and immortal hopes; constitutional loyalty, to preserve the civil compact inviolate; legitimate affection, to insure public virtue and private happiness; endless humor, to quicken social intercourse, and last and save one attribute, indomitable love of country, to consolidate the whole."

In Petrie's study, at 21 Great Charles street, Mountjoy square, when that eminent antiquary, then engaged on the "Ordnance Survey Memoirs," was forming a school of archæology, from which emerged men whose subsequent works have done so much for the elucidation of the history, literature and language of ancient Ireland, he formed the acquaintance of O'Donovan, O'Curry and Clarence Mangan, and in the parlor days of the editor of the "Dublin University Magazine" (to which he contributed), of Stanford, Waller, Butt, the O'Sullivans and later on of Wilde. Petrie, a first-class judge, formed a high opinion of Ferguson's contributions to Irish archæology. "You are certainly destined to do great things for Ireland," he said, "and are worth a whole regiment of such fellows as Ledwich and Vallancey." Referring in the "University Magazine" of 1844 to the "Ordnance Survey" and the commission relating thereto, Ferguson says: "Is it not a delightful spectacle, now, perhaps, for the first time exhibited in Ireland, to see Irishmen of all parties and creeds, the most illustrious in rank and the most eminent in talents, combining zealously for an object of good to their common country? And may we not take it as an auspicious omen of the happiness and peace yet in store for us and which must follow us as an inevitable result of the continuance of a unity thus happily begun?"

John O'Donovan and Eugene O'Curry were the first Celtic scholars of the age. They and their collaborators investigated the existing remains on Irish soil of both pagan and Christian antiquity. The grand and comprehensive scheme of the "Ordnance Survey Memoirs," the first volume of which was published in 1839, was intended to comprise within its scope every county in Ireland.

"Irishmen of all sects and parties," says Stokes, "felt that in the completed work they would have for the first time the materials for a true history of their country." But these hopes were not fulfilled —the parsimony of the English Treasury officials blocked the way. It is to be hoped that at no distant date a Home Government will be enabled to resume and carry to completion this truly national work.*

Ferguson, on the death of George Smith, the publisher of O'Donovan's monumental work, the "Annals of the Four Masters," wrote regretfully of the gradual disappearance of an illustrious band of men of mind who made the first half of the last century a memorable epoch in the later intellectual history of Ireland. He was the continuator of a tradition associating learning and culture with patriotism; and if the tradition has been interrupted, it was not his fault. In reviewing the "Four Masters," he pointed out to his countrymen how inferior they were in taste, erudition and, above all, in patriotic spirit to their predecessors, suggesting that had they been better Irishmen, the chasm between them and the people would not have been so great as it had become, nor would the landed gentry have fallen into their helpless and humiliating position, having lost touch with their fellow-countrymen and become powerless and isolated. "So long," he says, "as the populace are set against the gentry, and the gentry, attaching themselves to external associations, refuse to know their own country and its people, that state of things must continue; for no power of laws or government ever will or can make the people of Ireland other than Irish; and the more the minds of the upper classes are withdrawn and fixed on external attachments, the wider and deeper must be the chasm separating those who ought to be united and the more deplorable and humilating the weakness inseparable from that division. And, in returning to the position whence they ought never to have departed, our gentry have to make no retrograde movement in civilization. Their grandfathers, better Irishmen, were also better scholars and more polished men." One of the effects of the Act of Union and the extinction of the Irish Parliament by Pitt was to denationalize the Irish gentry. While patriotism was left to the masses and put under a ban, a premium was put upon Anglicism or the adoption of English habits of thought and action. As Moore poetically expressed it:

"Unprized are her sons, till they learn to betray;
Undistinguished they live, if they shame not their sires;

*O'Donovan's letters on the subject, preserved in manuscript, are deposited in the library of the Royal Irish Academy, where they may be consulted by those interested in Irish antiquities.

And the torch that should light them to dignity's way
Must be caught from the pyre where their country expires."

The trend of the present national movement is to undo all that and to renationalize the Irish gentry—consolidating the classes and the masses into one compact people, interpenetrated with the same spirit, realizing that they have a common country and common interests to serve.

In some lines in imitation of the third Satire of Juvenal and entitled "Dublin"—the supposed utterance of an emigrant about to transfer himself from the Irish capital to San Francisco—he wrote in 1849:

"In Ireland now, would Irishmen advance,
Who but your supple servile has a chance?
And, in the struggle for the helot's goal,
Your foremost runners still the servile rôle;
For British patrons owe you nothing till
You've made your Celtic selves contemptible;
Then view your efforts with approving eyes
When they, by contrast, adequately rise,
And chiefly feel themselves exalted thus
When most you make yourselves ridiculous.
But thou, let not the uncounted treasures rolled
In yellow sacraments' sands of gold
Tempt thee, young Irishman, while health is spared
And strength for earning honest sweat's reward,
To rise, howe'er the eminence be prized,
On helot arts, applauded and despised."

He was the antithesis of a West Britonized or Anglicized Irishman. He drew the line clearly and sharply between self-respecting constitutional loyalty and West Britonism—that policy of the mid-Victorian epoch which sought to reduce Ireland, like Scotland, to two letters of the alphabet. "Our last president," said Dr. Haughton in his address to the Royal Irish Academy in 1887, "was not—any more than I am myself—the mean hybrid for whom the title 'West Briton' has been coined. He was intensely Irish, and in his young days dangerously so:

"'. . . Si Pergama dextra
Defendi possent, etiam hac defensa fuissent.'

He saw in the impossibility—as others have done—of such methods and devoted his life to the effort to win for Ireland, if possible, both in literature and science, the first place. His ideas are perhaps best expressed in his own words:

"'. . . The man aspires
To link his country with his country's past
And live anew in knowledge of his sires;
No roofless colonist of alien earth.
Proud, but of patient lungs and pliant limb;
A stranger in the land that gave him birth—
The land a stranger to itself and him.'"

The "younger days" to which Dr. Haughton alluded were the days of the Repeal and Young Ireland movements, which appealed to all that was Irish in Samuel Ferguson, and that was the whole man. Of all those ardent spirits whom Thomas Davis, who in prose and poetry preached the gospel of nationalism, made proselytes of his propaganda, when "the young husbandman of Erin's fruitful seed time" was sowing those principles of self-reliant patriotism which germinated in Irish minds and hearts, none drew closer to him in sentiment than his co-religionist and compatriot who voiced in verse the nation's lamentation when the gifted author of "Fontenoy" and "The Sack of Baltimore" died—a poem Duffy said "the mose Celtic in structure and spirit of all the elegies laid on the tomb of Davis;" the last verse, he added, "sounded like a prophecy; it was at any rate a powerful incentive to take up our cause anew." Ferguson appealed to the young Irishmen of his generation:

"Oh, brave young men, my love, my friends, my promise,
'Tis on you my hopes are set,
In manliness, in kindness, in virtue,
To make Erin a nation yet;
Self-respecting, self-relying, self-advancing,
In union or in severance free and strong,
And if God grant this, then, under God, to Thomas Davis
Let the greater praise belong!"

In a character sketch of Davis in the "Dublin University Magazine" of February, 1847, he wrote: "The young mind of the country, starting as from a trance—or from that fabulous spell which our legends tell us keeps Finn's mighty youths asleep under the green hills, waiting the advent of an Irish Arthur—came out from its forgotten recesses, strong and eager for any achievement to which he might decide to guide it. Song, the instinctive expression of generous emotion, gave the first indication of reviving power. He had sounded the intellectual *reveille* of a whole people, and, if they had slept long, they awoke refreshed." Alluding to the frequent provocations to resentment which Ireland received from the insolence of writers in the London papers, the flippant

sneers of cockney witlings, he said: "We would beg leave to remind these gentlemen that every petulance which they indulge in against the Irish generally is resented by those on whose continual good temper and forbearance the maintenance of the integrity of the empire depends. For if the Conservative gentry of Ireland thought fit to invite their friends and tenants to meet them at a new Dungannon, there is no power in Britain which could prevent the severance of the two islands. And there can be no more fatal delusion than to suppose that Irish gentlemen, because they do not profess the Roman Catholic religion, are insensible to contemptuous language against their country, or that they are disposed to rest satisfied under any social inferiority whatever to the rest of the Kingdom." And he concludes: "The great essential service which Mr. Davis personally effected among the better classes of his countrymen was the diffusion of amicable feelings among those who differed in politics and religion." Thus wrote one whom D'Arcy Magee called "the mighty master who voiced our grief o'er Davis lost," and who himself declared that there is "no other way we can better serve Ireland than by burying out of sight our old feuds and factions."

Ferguson saw that there was "a strong, manly intellect growing up in Ireland" and set himself to foster it. He was an implacable enemy of the centralizing policy and throughout his life strenuously opposed the schemes of "those projectors and centralizers who keep society in Ireland from consolidating into a settled strength and refinement." So when during Lord Clarendon's vice-royalty it was proposed to abolish the office of Lord Lieutenant—the symbol and recognition of Ireland's existence as a separate national entity—and to transfer the Irish law courts to Westminster, he raised his voice in opposition and in a vigorous speech at a rotunda meeting proposed the principal resolution which expressed the determination "by all constitutional methods to resist the further progress of centralization," declaring that "it costs the State more to repress the discontents caused by past metropolitan plunder of local institutions than would support all our civil authorities in dignity and peace." He was, it need hardly be said, opposed to absenteeism, deploring the spending in England by the self-exiled Irish, or rather Anglo-Irish, nobility and gentry wealth which "would be amply sufficient, if spent at home, to create as great inducements to the cultivation of all the higher arts of life in Dublin as now exist in most of the capital cities of Europe."

When Irishmen of all classes, creeds and politics assembled in Dublin in 1847 to consider what ought to be done in the emergency caused by the failure of the potato crop, there was a widespread

and well grounded conviction that Ireland would have weathered the crisis more successfully if it had been legislated for by a native Parliament. Ferguson fully shared this conviction, and with the courage and candor which always characterized him, boldly and manfully gave utterance to it. At the Protestant Repeal Association in May, 1848, he began his speech with these words: "Mr. Chairman and gentlemen, I am a Protestant and an inhabitant of Dublin and I desire the restoration of a domestic Legislature." He went on to declare his belief that the foundation of the amelioration of Ireland must be looked for in it, pointing to the fact that prior to the union the country enjoyed a greater degree of material prosperity, and that society was much further advanced in the arts of life and of civilization than it has been since; that since the union it has retrograded both in the elements of that material prosperity which had resulted from the mass of the upper classes being averse to the great national question upon which the minds of the people were fixed. "We are not a colony of Great Britain," he declared in conclusion. "We are an ancient Kingdom, an aristocratic people, entitled to our nationality and resolved on having it."

Ferguson was the compeer and compatriot of many distinguished Irishmen who thought as he did. No doubt many of those whom he refers to as "the gentry" did so, too, but then, as later, they committed the socially suicidal blunder of never coming forward as a body or in any large numbers and identifying themselves with the people from whom they held aloof in haughty isolation, looking askance at or opposing the few who did. While his warmly patriotic feelings naturally drew him towards the '48 men, there was still a clear cut dividing line which he never overstepped. "Davis and Duffy, Mangan and McCarthy and later on Thomas D'Arcy Magee, the greatest poet of them all," he wrote, "burst into song, and, while I followed up the endeavor to elevate the romance of Irish history into the realm of legitimate history in the 'Hibernian Nights' Entertainment' in the 'University Magazine,' awoke the whole country to high and noble aspirations through their fine enthusiasm in the 'Spirit of the Nation.' I did not at that time sympathize in their political views, but applied myself steadily to the prosecution of my original design, to keep the Irish subject up to a higher standard and to discountenance that helotism which so often vulgarized the efforts of Irish writers. seeking to gain the ephemeral applause of the magazines and newspapers of the metropolis." He meant, of course, the English metropolis, that huge, overgrown city or agglomeration of townships which has absorbed or appropriated so much of the intellectual wealth of the Kingdom. His efforts were not in vain. "Your silent, inestimable services

to Ireland," wrote Judge O'Hagan, "will be remembered in the days of light and peace which, in spite of everything, I cannot but believe God has in store for us."

In 1846 Ferguson collected materials for a work on the Irish monk missionaries on the Continent, but did not utilize them. "It appears to me," wrote the Protestant Primate, Dr. Beresford, "that a stigma attaches to the literature of our country on account of our having neglected to bring forth to view in a complete form the missionary labors of the Irish Church on the Continent in the middle ages. It is a department of ecclesiastical history deeply interesting not only to us, but to those nations that benefited by the labor of the Irish Bishops and monasteries in former times. I am not aware of any work that gives a connected view of this portion of our history and that of Switzerland, France and Germany." The late learned Dr. Reeves, the great Irish scholar, has made a valuable contribution to the history of the lowly Celtic Church in his edition of "Adamnan's Life of St. Columba," which Montalembert made use of when writing his "Monks of the West," and Miss Margaret Stokes has treated the subject referred to by Dr. Beresford very sympathetically and interestingly in her "Six Months in the Appenines—A Pilgrimage in Search of the Vestiges of Irish Saints in Italy." It was perhaps the special interest which Ferguson took in the career of the founder of Luxeuil and Bobbio which prompted Miss Fitzsimon (O'Connel's eldest daughter) and Miss Mary O'Meara to attempt his conversion to Catholicism, in which, unfortunately, they were not successful. They are credited, however, with getting him to write a sketch of the once famous controversial discussion between Father Tom Maguire and Mr. Pope, a Protestant clergyman, under the title, "Father Tom and the Pope, or a Night at the Vatican." In his defense of Richard Dalton Williams, one of the "Nation" poets, indicted for felony as publisher of the "Tribune" newspaper, of which he was acquitted, he said: "I am not a member of that ancient and venerable Church within whose fold Mr. Williams seeks salvation and has found tranquillity and cheerfulness under afflictions, but I cannot withhold my sympathy and my respectful admiration from those services to religion and piety which Mr. Williams has rendered, both by his personal exertions in founding one of the most efficient of public charities—I mean the St. Vincent de Paul Society—and by his pen in embodying in pure and beautiful poetry the highest aspirations of faith and the noblest sentiments of patriotism." During an antiquarian tour in Brittany he was much and favorably impressed by the faith and fervor of the Catholic peasantry. Writing of the Irish monks, he says: "We must still remember that in

the midst of this heap of human frailty they brought us the pearl of God's word, and that, through God's grace, it is to them we chiefly owe the planting of Christianity among us. Certainly the diffusion of Christianity among us in their teaching was something marvelous and not to be accounted for by anything short of a universal spiritual contagion, accompanied on the part of its early preachers by an appreciation of character and a power of seizing on favorable and avoiding unfavorable circumstances only vouchsafed to men who are made special instruments of the great designs of God."

When he passed away his panegyric was spoken by many tongues, and the pens of writers of the highest distinction paid tribute to his worth and work. His great aim was, in conjunction with Whitley Stokes and other Irish scholars, to lay the foundations of a national Irish literature, of a great Irish School of Letters. "He lies," says Lady Ferguson, his biographer, "amid scenes endeared to him from childhood. He sleeps among kindred dust on an Irish green hillside."

Over the remains of his friend and contemporary, Thomas Davis, in Mount Jerome Cemetery, at Harold's Cross, on the southern outskirts of Dublin, rises a Celtic cross, symbol of a common Christianity and a common country, pointing to high thoughts and aspirations. Davis was, of all the '48 men, the greatest and most consistent advocate of the doctrine of nationality. It is his teaching, his spirit, his political principles which find expression in the present national movement. His ideals of nationality, as he defined it, was "such nationality as merits a good man's help and awakens a true man's ambition—such nationality as could stand against internal faction and foreign intrigue—such nationality as would make the Irish hearth happy and the Irish name illustrious. It must contain and represent all the races of Ireland. It must not be Celtic; it must not be Saxon; it must be Irish. The Brehon law and the maxims of Westminster—the cloudy and lightning genius of the Gael, the placid strength of the Sassanach, the marshaling insight of the Norman—a literature which shall exhibit in combination the passions and idioms of all ,and which shall equally express our mind in its romantic, its religious, its forensic and its practical tendencies—finally, a native government which shall know and rule by the might and right of all, yet yield to the arrogance of none—these are the components of such a nationality." Further he says: "Rightly to conceive and passionately to pursue self-government are the real wants of Ireland. We want an educated and purposeful public opinion—educated, for knowledge is power—the power to be free." He strongly deprecated secret society methods.

"Open, honest combination—a resolve in the face of day and of our tyrants to regain our rights, are the safe, sure and only modes of winning liberty for Ireland." Ireland, by constitutional agitation, has won it—at least, for the present, as far as its enactment insures legislative freedom; and by its organized and armed volunteers proclaims its determination to retain at all costs what it shall have won when the Irish Parliament is reopened in Dublin. In acting thus it is acting in accordance with the teaching of Davis. "A national militia," he wrote, "is the constitutional right of Ireland, the proper trustee of peace and the warden of legal liberty. . . . Without it Irish rights depend on the honor or justice of England; and as Grattan said in College Green, the country that depends for its liberties on the honor of another, depends on its caprice, and that is the definition of slavery." He was no extremist or separatist as long as a *modus vivendi* was possible. "On an equality with England and out of the reach of her rapacity there is nothing in the privilege of the monarch to which Ireland could be averse. The respective advantages of each country would compel from them mutual respect, and the throne would ever be the honorable medium of adjusting international differences. What would lead to separation? Injustice, treachery, crime on either part!" Elsewhere he declared: "If separation do come, it will be from too long withholding a Federal Government or a repeal of the Union." Repeal is not what the Irish Party now seek, but a readjustment of the Union by the devolution of Irish domestic legislation to an Irish Parliament with an Irish Executive responsible to that Parliament; in other words, the setting up of constitutional in place of bureaucratic government. "Peace with England—alliance with England —to some extent, and under certain circumstances confederation with England," he admits, "but an Irish ambition—Irish hopes, strength, virtues and rewards for the Irish." He never ceased emphasizing the importance of self-reliance and of united action and the interdependence of all classes forming the community. Writing of Ireland, he says: "Her inhabitants are composed of Irish nobles, Irish gentry and the Irish people. Each has an interest in the independence of their country, each a share in her disgrace. Upon each, too, there devolves a separate duty in this crisis of her fate." Another crisis has now arisen, and whether it is to eventuate in weal or woe, in peaceful progress or civil disturbance, depends upon the descendants of the settler classes grasping the fact that all Ireland outside of them is absolutely united, and that, if they do not throw in their lot with the triumphant Nationalists, they will be reduced to a state of hopeless and helpless impotence for good or evil. To the North Davis specially appealed, as Duffy

did with some transient success. "The Orangemen of Ulster," wrote the former, "have two open tracks before them. The one is the broad way of honor, the other a thorny path leading to nothing. They have not the destiny of Ireland in their hands, for even if they go wrong, Ireland is still safe; but they can terminate her struggles; they can disperse her enemies; they can heal her feuds and pacify her troubles; they can leave prosperous independence to their country and a name holy to all generations of men." It is earnestly to be hoped that Northeast Ulster will at last follow the lead of Davis and Ferguson, pay heed to the wise counsels of Dr. Bernard, and, by adopting the new spirit, assist in the blending of orange and green until the "various tints" form that "one arch of peace" of which the Poet Moore speaks.

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OUTLINES OF THE DOCTRINE OF THE MYSTICAL LIFE.

THE PART SUSTAINED BY THE SACRED HUMANITY IN THE MYSTICAL MARRIAGE OF THE SON OF GOD WITH A CHRISTIAN.

THE mystic may be considered under two diverse aspects—first, as a mere individual; secondly, as the member of a society. All we have said up to this refers to man considered as an individual. Now we cannot continue to view him only as such. We cannot go on looking solely at the relations of each of the Divine Persons with the mystic as an individual. The Christian is not isolated any more in his spiritual than in his physical life. He is a member of a society of which Jesus Christ is the head; he is one particular stone out of a structure of which Jesus Christ is the very foundation; he is a branch of a tree of which Jesus Christ is the stem. And through Jesus Christ, to Whom he is united, the Christian finds himself united also to all those who cling to Jesus Christ. "So we being many, are one body in Christ, and every one members one of another." (Rom. xii., 5.)

For not only has the Son of God assumed to Himself, when He came into our world, a human body, which is His own, and which, together with His human soul, constitutes the Sacred Humanity, but He is, moreover, assuming another body, a collective, a mystical one, of which all Christians are members; another body which clings to the physical body of Christ, which is made one with it, and thereby made one also with the Divine Person of the Son of God. In other words, the mystery of the Incarnation, after having taken place in the Sacred Humanity of Our Lord, is, by the very virtue of the Flesh and Blood of Jesus, extended, in a way, to all Christians.

A Christian is, together with all his brethren, an offshoot of the Incarnation, a branch of the mighty tree which has sprung from the open side of Jesus, dead on the Cross; he is one of the multitudinous grains of wheat which owe their origin to the death and burial of the Saviour. "Amen I say to you, unless the grain of wheat falling into the ground dieth, itself remaineth alone; but if it die, it bringeth forth much fruit." (Jo. xii., 24-25.)

This important truth gives us a deeper insight into the mysteries of mystical life. The Bridegroom of the Christian soul, as we have seen in the foregoing chapter, is the Word of God, the Son of God, the second Person of the Blessed Trinity. Therefore, the Sacred Humanity of Our Lord, as distinct from His Divine nature, is not the Bridegroom; nay, it is the very first bride which the Word of God espoused, and it is from this marriage of the Word of God

with the Sacred Humanity, which was consummated by the mystery of the Incarnation, that we are born. *"Ex Deo nati sunt,"* says St. John i., 13.

This is to be understood not only of the redeemed, that is to say, of mere men, but as well of the blessed angels who needed no redemption, and also of the Queen of Angels and men, Holy Mary, who was to be the very Mother of Jesus according to the flesh, only after the course of many centuries, but who in the great plan of God, and by the foreseen merits of her Divine Son, was the true *primogenita,* the first fruit of the Divine Marriage. "The Lord possessed me in the beginning of His ways. . . . I was set up from eternity. . . . Before the hills I was brought forth. . . ." (Prov. viii., 22-25.)

The Bull of Pius IX., proclaiming the dogma of the Immaculate Conception, applies these words of Holy Writ to Mary, and asserts that not only was she redeemed "excellentiori modo" before the fall of Adam and Eve, but that she was conceived in the mind of God and born to an unapproachable height of sanctity before even the dawn of creation, before the creation and probation of the Nine Choirs of Angels.

We come here upon mysteries which baffle ordinary speech and the narrow concepts of the human mind as they transcend the common sequence of things purely natural. We must bear in mind that the great Operator of these mysteries is God, the absolute Lord of all, Who is infinitely above time, space and all conditions of created beings. From this transcendental point of view we shall have no difficulty in realizing that in the plan of God, though not in the order of execution: First, the Sacred Humanity is the first Bride of the Son of God; secondly, Holy Mary, the Virgin, the first fruit of the divine marriage, is the second bride of the Son of God; thirdly, only after Holy Mary, and in strict subordination both to the Sacred Humanity and to Mary, all the blessed angelic natures are also the brides of the Son of God; fourthly, finally, all the members of the human race, from Adam down to the last man that will be created, all men, as they come in their millions, generation after generation, may become brides of the Son of God; all are desired, nay, commanded, so to become.

The Christian, whatever his sex, becomes the Eve of this new Adam, who is the Son of God made man—first hewn out of His side when He was in the deep sleep of death on the Cross, the fruit of His merits, "flesh of His flesh and bone of His bone," presented to Him by His Father as a bride, for the love of whom He left His house of glory, and whom He will cherish with the most tender and delicate affection.

The case of the blessed angels is somewhat different from that of man, in that they needed no redemption. It is true that when St. John tells us that "gratia . . . per Jesum Christum facta est" (Jo. i., 17), we must understand that the whole order of grace, as well for angels as for men, is founded on Our Lord Jesus Christ, on His Sacred Humanity, on the anticipated merits at least of the Incarnation of the Son of God. The first grace of the angels, that of their creation in a supernatural state of knowledge and love of God, was absolutely gratuitous, as far as the angels themselves were concerned, but it was not quite so on the part of God, as the Giver of that grace. With God the first grace of the angels was paid for. By whom? By the Son of God. With what? With the anticipated merits of His Incarnation. With the same coin was also bought and paid for the grace of final perseverance for all the angels, so that they could all have attained to glory if they had wanted to. At this point they were called upon, each one individually, to do their own part in accepting the grace that was offered them and in coöperating with it. It was left with them to do this or not; they were free, so as to have the merit or the full responsibility of their own act, with all its momentous consequences.

The greater part of the angels chose to adhere to God, to make themselves one with the Son of God, by getting hold of the supernatural merits of His Incarnation, and thereby deserving to become His wedded brides forever. The others freely chose to keep aloof from the loving advances of God. They refused the grace of final perseverance and even put off the first grace with which they had been invested. They were not pleased with the supernatural order as it was revealed to them. They were so much in love with their natural excellence and priority that they preferred to forego the supernatural gifts of grace and glory rather than lose their first rank and come only second to the Sacred Humanity of Our Lord and to His blessed Mother and some of the greatest saints. Thus, through pride, they became the first runaways from the love of God, banishing themselves from His kingdom and plunging headlong into eternal ruin.

Thus it appears that all those, as well among the angels as among men, who have ever been or ever will be raised to the supernatural state of grace or glory owe it to the Sacred Humanity of Our Lord. The blessed angels are not only the servants of the Incarnation, but its debtors as well; they owe it everything; they are linked to this mystery from the very beginning of their existence; nay, from all eternity, in the mind of God, they are involved in its scheme.

One more consequence, and a very remarkable one, is that as the blessed angels are united among themselves, and to the Son of God,

and to the Blessed Trinity, through the Sacred Humanity of Our Lord, so also are we on earth already united to the blessed angels and made one Church with them through the same Sacred Humanity of Our Lord Jesus Christ.

St. Thomas assigns to the Sacred Humanity of Our Lord its proper place and function and dignity when he calls It "Instrumentum conjunctum Divinitatis," a thing which is not the principal, but subordinate to a higher thing; an instrument, merely an instrument, but such an instrument as has been made one with Him Who is using it; an instrument as personally united to the Son of God as my hand or my arm is united to the rest of my person, or as my body is united to my soul and its instrument for the purposes of physical life—an instrument which has the virtue of uniting together all the members of the mystical body of Christ, wherever they be and of whatsoever nature, and of uniting them to the Word of God and to the most Holy Trinity. Thus are we made partakers of the Divine Sonship and of the divine life either of grace here below or of glory in heaven.

Thus, therefore, there is a wonderful element intervening in the spiritual marriage of the intellectual creature with the Son of God —there is His Sacred Humanity. Whether angels or men, all have to be incorporated to Him. His flesh and His blood, which He took from the Blessed Virgin Mary's womb, together with His Human Soul—these are the "cords of Adam" with which, centuries before His advent on earth, He predicted that He would draw us and bind us to Himself. "In tuniculis Adam traham eos, in vinculis charitatis" (Osee. xi., 4). And the blessed angels as well as men are caught up in those created meshes of uncreated love.

The mystic revels in the contemplation of these mysteries. He is filled with unspeakable joy at seeing himself an integral part of that marvelous world of grace and glory, already in full communion with all its denizens, through Our Lord Jesus Christ, to Whom be glory forever!

VERBUM CRUCIS.

Agnus in crucis levatur
Immolandus stipite levatur
Mite corpus perforatur,
Sanquis, unda, profluit
Terra, mundus, astra, pontus
Quo lavantur flumine.
—Claudian Mamertus.

This most important section on the mystery of the Cross in relation to mystical life is, for clearness' sake, divided into three parts. In the first I strive to show the action of Jesus Crucified upon the world at large. In the second part I try to show the direct action of Jesus crucified upon each individual soul. In the third part I call

attention to some important conclusions which follow from this doctrine.

In the two preceding chapters we have been at pains to show that the special function assumed by the Second Person of the Blessed Trinity towards the mystic is that of Bridegroom, and that He unites us to His Divinity through His Humanity. Now the last touch to this entrancing doctrine will be given when we are made to perceive that it is in His Passion and Death, and not otherwise, that Our Lord consummates such a union of ourselves with Him forever.

In other words, we have to realize that our Bridegroom is the Second Person of the most Holy Trinity, not simply as such, nor simply as Jesus, that is to say, as the Word made Flesh, but as Jesus crucified. Our Bridegroom is the Lamb of God that has been slain for our sins. He is eternally the Victim and the Priest of His own sacrifice, and He comes into our life for no other purpose than to make of each of us an oblation of sweet odor to the Father with Himself, and He makes of all the Christians together "a priestly race," of which He is the High Priest for evermore.

It has pleased God to build the whole structure of the supernatural order upon the mystery of the Cross, upon that "Verbum crucis" of which St. Paul, the great exponent of this doctrine, speaks in his first epistle to the Corinthians (ch. i., v. 18), just as it has pleased God to build the whole edifice of the natural order in direct reference to the Sacred Humanity of Our Lord. Starting from the lowest forms of created existence and life, each successive species or series of species in concentric circles is a distinct step towards the final realization of "The Son of Man." In just the same way Jesus crucified is the centre of absolutely all the works of God *ad extra.* The sacred Blood of Jesus tinges everything—men first, then the whole material universe, and even the angelic natures. Several remarkable passages of Holy Scripture will bear us out in this assertion.

In Ezechiel (chapter xlii.) we see the prophet, in a vision, led by an angel to the gate of the Temple of Jerusalem, "and behold, water issued out from under the threshold . . . coming down to the right side of the temple, to the south part of the altar," and (the angel) "measured a thousand cubits, and he brought me through the waters up to the ankles. And again he measured a thousand, and he brought me through the waters up to the knees. And he measured a thousand, and he brought me through the waters up to the loins. And he measured a thousand, and it was a torrent I could not pass over; for the waters were risen so as to make a deep torrent which could not be passed over. . . . And behold, on the

banks of the torrent were very many trees on both sides, and he said to me: 'These waters that issue forth towards the hillocks of sand and go down to the plains of the desert shall go into the sea and shall go out, and the waters shall be healed. And every living creature that creepeth whithersoever the torrent shall come shall live; and there shall be fishes in abundance, and they shall be healed, and all things shall live to which the torrent shall come. And the fishes shall stand over these waters. From Engaddi even to Engallim there shall be drying of nets. . . . But on the shore thereof and in the fenny places they shall not be healed, because they shall be turned into salt pits. And by the torrent on the banks thereof, on both sides shall grow all trees that bear fruit; their leaves shall not fall off and their fruit shall not fail; every month shall they bring forth first fruit, because the waters thereof shall be for food, and the leaves thereof for medicine.'" We know by the interpretation of Holy Church that the spiritual meaning of this prophecy is about the far reaching and all embracing effects of the death of Our Lord on the Cross. The temple is the Body of Christ stretched on the Cross—at once a Temple, an Altar and a Victim of sacrifice. The torrent represents the flood of grace that issued forth from the pierced side of Our Lord, together with the water and Blood, and which grows wider and deeper as century succeeds century. The sea is the broad expanse of all nature. The fishermen are the members of the ecclesiastical hierarchy. The fishes and creeping things are the souls of the just and sinners that will be saved. Engaddi and Engallim represent the whole earth from sunrise to sunset, or again, the whole order of centuries to the very end of time. Those that are not healed, but turned into salt pits, barren of all vegetation and life, are the reprobates who would not avail themselves of this plentiful redemption. Finally, the trees, whose leaf shall not fall off and which every month yield choice fruit, are a symbol of the glory and bliss in store for us in heaven, thus showing that all the order of grace and glory is a direct, immediate outcome of the mystery of the Cross.

Striking as the above prophecy is, it is not more pregnant with meaning than the brief statement of Our Lord Himself: "And I, if I be lifted up from the earth, will draw all things to Myself" (John xii., 32). I will draw all things to Myself; that is, I will gather together and link to Myself on the Cross all the threads of past, present and future events. I will make of My immolation on the Cross the great central fact of all times, going far beyond the requirements of the mere redemption of fallen mankind, catching up in the mighty schemes the angels as well, not only the blessed ones, but also the fallen and the reprobate souls, reaching out even

from eternity unto eternity. Indeed, what other meaning are we to attribute to words like these of St. Paul: "It hath well pleased the Father . . . through Him . . . to reconcile all things unto Himself, making peace through the Blood of His Cross, both as to the things on earth and the things that are in heaven?" (Coloss. i., 20); or, again: "God, indeed, was in Christ, reconciling the world to Himself" (Cor. v., 19). He does not say "the world of men" only, but simply the world, the whole world, the lower one as well as that of the angels, "of the things that are in heaven." Why did the world, the whole world, need to be reconciled? Because sin had made it hateful to God.

In the light of such passages, in their almost blinding refulgence, one may be justified in assuming that, had it not been for the foreknown atonement of the Son of God by His death on the Cross, God would not have created the world, with the perspective of sin as a corollary to the necessary gift of free will in the intellectual creature. God could not permit His work to be permanently marred by sin; rather than that He would never have made the world. But now, in the act of obedience of His divine Son unto death and unto the death of the Cross are atoned for superabundantly; first, the disobedience of the fallen angels and their perpetual state of rebellion, as well as that of the reprobate souls that were to come afterwards; then the original sin of Adam and Eve; finally, all the actual sins of men until the very end of the world. At the same time Our Lord unites to His supreme act of obedience by His death on the Cross all the virtuous acts of His elect, both men and angels, either in via or in patria, as well before as after the time of His earthly life, making them all a victim of sweet odor to God with Himself, or rather, as St. Paul would express it, "in Himself" forever. In such a way does Our Lord fulfill His own prophecy—"And I, if I be lifted up from the earth, will draw all things to Myself."

Not to swell this chapter to undue proportions, I must be content to refer the reader to the celebrated passage of St. Paul, Coloss. i., 12-20, and again, Philipp. xi., 5-11, and kindred passages, and signally to the whole epistle to the Hebrews, which all go to show that the mystery of the Cross reaches out infinitely beyond the mere redemption of men. I cannot, however, in that line of considerations refrain from quoting a page of the Apocalypse which is of surpassing beauty and of transparent significance. In chapter v. St. John is favored with a vision of God seated on His throne in heaven and holding in His right hand a book written within and without, sealed with seven seals, and an angel cries out with a loud voice: "Who is worthy to open the book and to loose the seals thereof?" And as no man was able to open the book, nor even to look on it,

John wept bitterly. Then one of the ancients said to him: "Weep not; behold the lion of the tribe of Juda; the root of David hath prevailed to open the book and to loose the seven seals thereof." He proceeds then in these words: "And I saw, and behold in the midst of the throne and of the four living creatures, and in the midst of the ancients, 'a lamb standing as it were slain,' and he came and took the book out of the right hand of him that sat on the throne; and when he had opened the book the four living creatures and the four and twenty ancients fell down before the Lamb, having every one of them harps and golden vials full of odors, which are the prayers of the saints, and they sang a new canticle, saying: 'Thou art worthy, O Lord, to take the book and to open the seals thereof, because Thou wast slain and hast redeemed us to God in Thy blood out of every tribe, and tongue, and people, and nation, and hast made us to our God a kingdom and priests, and we shall reign on the earth.' And I beheld and I heard the voice of many angels, thousands of thousands, around the throne, saying with a loud voice: 'The Lamb that was slain is worthy to receive power, and divinity, and wisdom, and strength, and honor, and glory, and benediction.' And every creature which is in heaven and on the earth and under the earth, and such as are in the sea, and all that are in them, I heard all saying: 'To Him that sitteth on the throne, and to the Lamb, benediction, and honor, and glory, and power forever and ever;' and the four living creatures said: 'Amen!' And the four any twenty ancients fell down on their faces and adored Him that liveth forever and ever."

It would, in my humble opinion, be difficult in a more emphatic way to give us to understand that all the mysteries of the works of God *ad extra* gravitate around the central one of the Cross, and that, though the occasion of it was merely the fall of mankind and its redemption, yet at the same time the death of the Lamb of God gives the last word and final reason of all the doings of God with men and angels and the material universe in time and throughout all eternity.

Verbum crucis his qui salvi fiunt est virtus Dei.

Two distinct actions of Our Lord are to be considered in the economy of Redemption:

First, the paying up by Our Lord, in the hands of God the Father, for all men *in globo*—nay, for all the world of angels and men, as well of the reprobate as of those that shall ever be saved. This we have seen in the preceding chapter.

Secondly, the personal application by Our Lord Himself of His plentiful Redemption, separately and individually, to each soul of good will in particular. It is this which we are now to consider.

How does Our Lord manage to come to each one of us individually, to act upon each one of us individually, to unite each one of us individually to Himself as the Lamb of God that was slain on the Cross? In other words, how are we made one with Jesus Crucified? How is such a thing made possible?

The difficulty lies in the fact that Our Lord Jesus Christ being Man. How can that Man, Jesus Christ, "homo Christus Jesus," Who is now in heaven, be able at the same time to act upon all men and upon every one of them individually, in a direct, personal, immediate manner? Furthermore, how can He place us in actual, lively contact with His sufferings and death on the Cross, which took place so many hundred years ago? Theologians answer that it is the hypostatic presence of the Godhead in the body and soul of Christ which elevates the powers of Christ's humanity, natural and supernatural, to the point of being able to act upon all men and upon every one of them individually, in a direct, personal, immediate manner. It is not a figure of rhetoric when we speak of our union with Christ, of a soul dwelling in His wounds. It is the enunciation of an actual fact.

But, it may be objected, Jesus is not suffering and dying at this present moment; how can we be united with Him Crucified? Is not this a sort of pious, hyperbolical expression? No, not in the least; it is the expression of as great a reality as any that can be thought of. Here again theologians come to our help and inform us that the divine personality of Our Lord lifts His Sacred Humanity out of the narrow limitations not only of space, but of time as well. Jesus, when He was dying on the Cross, because He is a Divine Person, to Whom there is no distinction of past, present and future, to Whom all is an eternal present, was able, even as Man, to seize and act upon everything and every one, distinctly, separately and for His own sake, either before or after the actual happening of His immolation, at any distance of time and in any number possible, because no created number of persons or things can exhaust the possibilities of a divine person. Thus it comes that every individual man can really, through faith and the sacraments, make himself in touch directly and personally with his Saviour dying on the Cross and receive straight from His wounded side the water and Blood of his redemption.

This doctrine of an actual, immediate contact with Jesus Crucified because Jesus is a Divine Person may well appear difficult to understand, subtle and metaphysical, for, truth to tell, so it is indeed. Not even all the genius of an Angelic Doctor could make it less difficult for the human mind to grasp. Few Christians could express it satisfactorily, but this notwithstanding, they all have a

sort of instinctive or intuitive perception of it. Not alone the great canonized saints or learned doctors of theology, but many an humble follower of Christ, in the most lowly walks and conditions of life, find it no difficulty to live and die with their Saviour Crucified, as though He were still on the Cross. The "Christo confixus sum cruci" of St. Paul has a startling reality and actualness as well for them. They are by their faith and through the efficacy of the sacraments made contemporaries of the Passion of Christ and actual sharers in it. These, one will perhaps say, are mystics. Very true; but then our contention is that every Christian is called upon to be a mystic, and finds precisely in the treasure of his faith and of the sacraments the means of being so.

Our Lord has found a way of bringing home to us this great truth of our union with Him crucified; I mean the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass, with the Sacrament of Holy Eucharist, whereby he who so wills is made actually to eat the flesh of the Lamb of God Who was slain on the Cross and to drink the Blood of our Redemption. "The Lord Jesus, the same night in which He was betrayed, took bread and, giving thanks, broke and said: 'Take ye and eat; this is My Body, which shall be delivered for you; this do for the commemoration of Me.' In like manner also the chalice, after He had supped, saying: 'This chalice is the New Testament in My Blood; this do ye, as often as you shall drink, for the commemoration of Me. For as often as you shall eat this bread and drink the chalice, you shall show the death of the Lord until He come.'" (I. Cor. xi., 23-26.)

Now, is not this marvelous? There is made at Holy Communion a personal application of the Body of Christ crucified to the mouth of the individual communicant, even, we may say, as of the mother's breast to the mouth of her babe. Nay, this comparison of the mother with her infant does not go the whole way, for with us there takes place, moreover, a transfusion of the whole Body and Blood of the Lamb of God into the communicant through his open mouth, whilst the mother gives but a few drops of her milk. See there, Jesus coming to you and acting upon you as the Victim of the Sacrifice of the Cross. If you eat His Flesh and drink His Blood, you shall have life "in Him;" you will thus be in direct, immediate and lively contact with the mystery of your Redemption. He comes to you in Holy Communion both as Bridegroom and as Lamb of God to embrace your soul, and He wants you thus to welcome Him and embrace Him.

The royal prophet seems to have had a glimpse of these ineffable divine realities when in Psalm xi., 12, of the Hebrew text he thus speaks: "Kiss the son, lest at any time the Lord be angry, and you

perish from the right of way." He is there very much at once with Our Lord Himself, Who said: "Except that you eat the flesh of the Son of Man and drink His Blood, you shall not have life in you."

Holy Eucharist is one of the seven sacraments and the greatest, since it is Our Lord's very Person; but it would be a mistake to think that the other sacraments in their manifold graces have any other object in view than that of making us one with Jesus crucified. Grace, under all its forms, has for its primary object to make the Christian conformable to Jesus crucified, and one with Him "that sharing in His death, he may be worthy to share also in His glory;" to make of him "a new creature" in Jesus crucified. Such is, as proclaimed emphatically by St. Paul, the primary object of all the economy of grace through the sacramental system. "Know you not," he says to the Romans, "that all we who are baptized in Christ Jesus are baptized in His death? Our old man is crucified with Him, that the body of sin may be destroyed" (Rom. vi., 3-6), and to the Ephesians: "Now, in Christ Jesus, you who sometimes were afar off are made nigh by the Blood of Christ." "He loved me," says again St. Paul, "and He gave Himself up for me," and every Christian can say the same with as much fullness and exclusiveness and actuality of meaning.

So true it is that through the sacraments the mystery of Jesus and Him crucified enters into the very making of the Christian and is the whole pervading element, as all the great doctors of the Middle Ages, St. Anselm, Hugo of St. Victor, the master of sentences; St. Bonaventure, St. Thomas and Dun Scotus, have been at pains to show very explicitly and luminously. And these were but the echoes of all the fathers of the Church who had gone before.

CONSEQUENCES OF THIS DOCTRINE.

Very important consequences follow from this doctrine. The history of the Church and the lives of the saints show that from time to time there have appeared chosen souls which have received from Our Lord a public mission of special atonement and of vivid representation of His Passion by miraculous infliction of sufferings and miraculous exterior phenomena, such as the sacred stigmas, wonderful sheddings of blood, etc. To such only does the narrow school of theologians of which we spoke in chapter i. of these "Outlines" reserve the name of mystics. Now it seems to me that in view of all that we have just stated these theologians appear to err grievously.

The true mystic life of the saints does not consist in these exterior phenomena, which may even not come from God, which are at

best but extraordinary manifestations of a life of union with Our Lord, lying deeper where the eye of man cannot pry. "All the glory of the daughter of the King is from within." Mystic life is precisely that hidden, deep, secret intercourse between the holy soul and her Beloved in the sanctuary of the soul, where the sacraments do their work, where there is no room for deception. Mystics are those who lead this interior life, whether they be favored or not with miraculous manifestations.

The contention of the narrow school of mystics is very mischievous. First, it has a tendency to make us lose sight of the fact that all Christians without exception, in all walks of life and in all situations and in all the details of their daily lives and sufferings, are expected to identify themselves with "Jesus and Him crucified," and that they are able to do so by faith and the use of their sacraments. Then it has also a tendency to persuade some silly persons that they are not in actual union with Jesus crucified unless they do something extraordinary or unless something miraculous happens to them, which persuasion, as will be readily understood, opens wide the door to all sorts of extravagant desires and spiritual delusions, as indeed it has come under my own personal notice more than once.

There is yet another consequence to draw from our doctrine of the "Verbum crucis." It is that, in his turn, the non-mystic, the tepid and negligent Christian, errs also grievously when he looks upon the death of Our Lord simply as an event which took place nineteen centuries ago and in which he had no part, except to be somehow benefited by it—a mighty event, to be sure, but still for all that nothing more than a fact of ancient history, with which his personal connection is very remote indeed.

In the eyes of the fervent Christian, on the contrary, in the eyes of the mystic, the death of Our Lord is a never ending reality and actuality—a sacrifice which began on Calvary, which has not ceased, but goes on through time and space, on earth on our altars and at the same time on the altar of heaven, gathering everything unto itself, and the mystic feels himself caught up in it and a part of it now and forever.

Again, for the non-mystic perpetual union in life and death with Jesus crucified is considered as a sort of luxury of the Christian life, a pious excess to which all are not called, whilst in the eyes of the mystic, union and identification with Jesus and Him crucified is simply the essential condition of being a Christian at all.

A last remark which may not fail to help us to realize the mighty scope of the "Verbum crucis" is this: The sinner himself, in the very act of sinning, falls (alas! that it be to his own misfortune)

under the spell of the mystery of the Cross as of an event actually taking place and in which he has a distinct personal, undeniable share: "Crucifying again to themselves the Son of God, and making Him a mockery" (Heb. vi., 6); "Therefore, whosoever shall eat this bread or drink the chalice of the Lord unworthily shall be guilty of the Body and of the Blood of the Lord" (I. Cor. xi., 27); "A man making void the law of Moses dieth without any mercy under two or three witnesses; how much more do you see he deserveth worse punishments who hath trodden under foot the Son of God and hath esteemed the blood of the Testament unclean, by which He was sanctified?" (Heb. x., 28-29).

Let us conclude this very important chapter with the affirmation of St. Paul, "Verbum crucis, his qui salvi fiunt est virtus Dei;" *i. e.*, "Those who shall be saved, shall be saved through the virtue of God," which is hidden in the mystery of the Cross. In other words, the Second Person of the Blessed Trinity, our Heavenly Bridegroom, acts upon us for the ends of the mystical life, through His Sacred Humanity, immolated on the Cross, and He does it through the instrumentality of the sacraments. The virtue by which we are saved is that of the Son of God; the joint instrument (instrumentum conjunctum) through which we are saved is His Sacred Humanity; and He makes use also of separate instruments as the hand of the workman makes use of tools—these are the sacraments. And the result is the making of the mystic into the likeness of Jesus and of Him crucified, to Whom be glory and love forever more!

THAT THE HOLY GHOST IS THE "FIRST GIFT" OF GOD TO THE SOUL.

"Si scires donum Dei" (Jo.)—"If you only knew the gift of God."

In this chapter we proceed to state the distinctive part played by the Third Person in our mystical life. As a matter of fact, the Holy Ghost is the one of the three Divine Persons with whom we have most to do in our present condition.

From the moment of our baptism, provided we commit no mortal sin, the Holy Ghost is in us all the time, day and night, without so much as a single moment's interruption of His presence. He it is by Whose operation we are to be changed into a divine being, so that the whole secret of the spiritual life consists in allowing the Holy Ghost to do in us and with us what He will. He is, moreover, the Divine Person Whom we may and ought to enjoy most during our pilgrim state, whilst we enjoy the other two Persons only through Him.

God the Father, Who is the prime mover of our mystical life, as we have seen in chapter viii., acts upon us not directly and by Himself, but through His Divine Son, Whom He sent on earth for this

very purpose. In His turn, Our Lord, the Son of God made man, acts upon us in two ways—first, by Himself; secondly, by His Holy Spirit. He acts upon us directly by Himself, through the instrumentality of His Sacred Humanity, under the veil of the sacraments, as we have seen in the two preceding chapters, and He acts upon us also, and indeed much more indirectly, through His Holy Spirit. In fact, this is even the very first way, in order of time, in which God the Father and God the Son do act upon any one they want to draw to the divine union; they act upon him by the agency of the Holy Spirit; they first of all give him their Holy Spirit. This is what makes St. Thomas to say that the Holy Ghost is the first gift—"primum donum."

God has first loved us and then created us.

God has first loved the world and then He gave it His only Son.

God has first sent out His Holy Spirit upon the turbid elements of what was to be the world, and then He sent out His Word, His *Fiat,* to organize it into the beautiful Cosmos.

In the first explicit revelation of the Most Holy Trinity, when the Angel Gabriel announced unto Mary that she would be the Mother of the Redeemer, the Holy Ghost is first mentioned. His coming into Mary is the first divine fact, paving the way, so to say, to the coming of the Son of God. He was the first gift to Mary.

And so it is likewise not only in the mystery of the Incarnation proper, but as well also in the extension of the Incarnation; that is to say, in the mystery of the Church and in the mystery of the union with Christ of every individual soul.

The Holy Ghost is the first gift we receive, perfectly gratuitous, without any previous merit on our part—so really a gift that He is never to be recalled or taken away from us, but to be [illegible] throughout all time and all eternity.

It is through His indwelling in us that we enter upon the supernatural life and that we will do the supernatural acts it calls for. "If we live in the Spirit, let us also walk in the Spirit" (Gal. v., 25). We live in the Spirit when we are in the state of grace; we walk in the Spirit when attending to the demands of the Holy Ghost for the purposes of mystical life. It is through His operation that we are united to Jesus Christ in His mystical body of the Church. One is first baptized in water and the Holy Ghost, and then only is one admitted to the other sacraments, and especially to the partaking of the Flesh and Blood of the Saviour in Holy Communion.

In the fourth Book of Kings, chapter iv., we read of the great miracle of the oil wrought in favor of the poor widow of Sarepta. In the spiritual sense this was a prophecy of the coming of the Holy Ghost in our souls. The poor widow represents Holy Church

on earth, widowed of her husband, Our Lord. The vessels are our very bodies and souls; the oil is the pouring out of the Holy Ghost Himself, this "oil of gladness" which wells up from the very heart of God the Father and of God the Son, and wants to diffuse itself and fill our vessels to overflowing. Now this pouring out of the Holy Ghost in us, this extension of the great event of Pentecost, is not done with great noise as of a whirlwind and with visible tongues, as it were, of fire, but all silently, secretly and yet as powerfully and efficaciously, if only the Holy Ghost finds clean and empty vessels, quite free from self-love and the disorderly affections of creatures.

Then indeed will He fulfill His office of Paraclete or Consoler. The Holy Ghost is the very gladness of God, the very joy of God, the mutual, eternal, infinite love of God the Father and of God the Son. How could such a Person, such a Gift, such a Guest not bring gladness to the fervent soul who sets herself to enjoy Him? He teaches that soul "all things" she ought to care for—the ways of purity, simplicity, good will to all, solid and cheerful piety, the "beautiful ways of God." And He fills her with deep, secret consolations.

When you experience joy in your Christian life, in the full adhesion of your mind to the truths of faith and in their contemplation, in prayer and the receiving of the sacraments, in the practice of the Commandments and of the evangelical counsels according to your state in life, it is the gladness of the Holy Ghost making itself felt; the very essence of mystical life is being imparted to you. But if, on the contrary, the performance of your Christian or religious duties afford you no joy, if you have no relish in them, if you find them irksome and tedious, it is that the Holy Ghost has not found the vessel of your heart clean and empty and His sweetness cannot take effect in you until disorderly affections have been all thrown out and washed away from the heart.

Finally, let us consider for a moment the case of the Christian in mortal sin.

When, after the Holy Ghost has been given to a man, He ceases, on account of mortal sin, to be in that man, it is not that God has withdrawn His Gift—"the gifts of God are without repentance." What has happened is this: The man has made himself unfit for the further indwelling of the Holy Spirit. As when the light of day is streaming through the windows into a room and filling it with brightness and warmth, if you close all the shutters tightly there will be darkness in that room. Is it that the sun has withdrawn its rays? The sun has withdrawn nothing; its rays are still besieging this room and pressing their kindly light and warmth all around it. So true is this that as soon as the shutters will be thrown open

the light will flood the room again. So the Holy Ghost with the souls He is sent to illumine and to warm to all the purposes of the Christian life.

THAT THE HOLY GHOST IS THE SECRET DIRECTOR OF THE MYSTIC.

"Si Spiritu vivimus, Spiritu et ambulemus." ("If we live in the Spirit, let us also walk in the Spirit.")

The Holy Ghost, this first gift of God bestowed upon the Christian by the united action of God the Father and of God the Son at the moment of his baptism, constitutes the dowery of the soul, the dowery of our divine marriage with the Son of God.

A dowery assigned to a young maiden constitutes her fortune. It enriches her; it may serve to make her more desirable in marriage. It may serve also to set off her beauty, enabling her to deck herself with diamonds and precious pearls and stuffs of marvelous texture and costly materials; but for all that it remains a dead thing. Not so our dowery, the Holy Ghost. Indeed, It enriches us; indeed, It decks us with costly gifts and sets off the beauty of our soul, or rather gives it its beauty, for without Him we have none; but, moreover, It is alive, It is a Person, a divine Person; It acts; It acts divinely. It is God, the breath of God, the flame of the life of God, the substantial love of God, an infinite Person. Such is our dowery. We can well understand that it should make us instinct with divine life, breathing spiritually the fire of the love of God, crying out to the Father with the feelings of true children and yearning with unutterable groanings after our heavenly Bridegroom. The Holy Ghost sets the mystic all on fire with the love of God, makes him act in the way that will please God, prepares his body and soul for the chaste, fiery embrace of Jesus in Holy Communion, and prepares him from afar for the ardently longed-for consummation of his nuptials in the beatific vision.

All these things the Holy Ghost works out in us by the two operations of the Mystical Life, Divine Contemplation and Saintly Action, in the manner that we shall see later on, at great length (in the second and third parts of this work). Suffice it for the present to note that it is the Holy Ghost who operates in us sanctifying grace, and with it the infused virtues, both the theological and the moral ones; also actual graces; and finally that magnificent cluster of special graces which are called the Seven Gifts and the Twelve Fruits and the Beatitudes.

It is the Holy Ghost Who operates heroic virtue wherever it is found; the heroic constancy of the martyrs in the midst of the most appalling torments; the heroic self-inflicted expiations of penitents; the heroic abnegation of true Christians under all circumstances,

especially in the discharge of the varied duties of their state of life, whatever this happens to be, whether conjugal or celibate, in the cloister or out in the midst of the world.

The Holy Ghost is the secret Director of the mystic.

The whole art of the spiritual life consists in our attending to the Holy Ghost in us; in our making ourselves docile to His lights and responsive to His motions.

The spiritual father must, so to say, take his cue from the Holy Ghost in his direction of each individual soul. Priests and superiors of religious are not to direct those in their care arbitrarily or at random, or again by uniform inflexible rules, but according as they read the signs of the peculiar dealings of God with each one separately.

Hence it is unnecessary that he that wants to be directed properly should be very simple and open and sincere, and should give a candid account of his own interior lights and motions. Particularly is this the case where there is a special attraction. I call by this name a steady inspiration or motion of the Holy Ghost to some particular virtue or form of life, which it is therefore very important first to discern; secondly, to follow up faithfully.

We do not, as a rule, pay enough attention to the real presence of the Holy Ghost in us; to that Kingly, Divine Guest Who silently came to take His seat in our soul and anointed our very body as His temple, and Who will take in hand, if we only let Him, the government of our spiritual life.

If we only let Him. That is to say, if we do not take the government of ourselves out of His hands and give it to some of His rivals. What rivals? Any of these: First, our own personal, narrow, ungenerous spirit; then the spirit of the old Adam and corrupt nature in us; then the spirit of the world; finally, the evil spirits or fallen angels that tempt us. The proper discernment of these spirits and of their motions in the soul is a most important branch of the spiritual art.

How easy, then, ought to be mystical life when the very Operator of it is in us, at our beck and service, so to say, and is burning to work it out in us! The Holy Ghost at His very first coming into a soul by baptism infuses in it all virtues. It is a fact that all virtues are in every Christian in the state of grace. They are there, though perhaps unknown, uncared for, ineffectual, inoperative. They are in the infant child, dormant as the seed just dropped by the sower and covered under the sod. They are in the beginners only as germs which may or may not develop according to the nature of the soil and to the care which they will receive at the same time with the rain and the sunshine of the actual graces which God will

not fail to shower upon the soul. They are in the *Advanced,* as blooming flowers, giving out great delight to the beholder and sweet perfumes and good promise of a rich harvest. They are in the *Perfect,* as full and matured fruit, delightful to look at and sweet to the taste. All these virtues the same Spirit worketh out in us according as we let Him free to act.

The Holy Ghost, then, is God making Himself in the secret of the heart an object of ineffable enjoyment to the fervent soul. He is the hidden sweetness of all our supernatural life. He is the link which binds us to Jesus Christ, even as He is the bond of union between the Father and the Son. He is the substantial unction that consecrates us into children of God; the divine oil that insinuates itself into all the cogs and wheels of our supernatural being to make them work readily and smoothly. He is the well-spring of the eternal joy of God the Father and of God the Son poured out upon and into our very souls. He is the perfume of sweet odor which makes us to be verily an object of delight to the Most Holy Trinity.

In the tepid, negligent soul the Holy Ghost is treated with great indignity, even as a prisoner, not as an honored guest. He is fettered and gagged, with all the springs of His divine energies in the soul stopped up and obstructed.

THE CHURCH, THE ORGAN OF THE HOLY GHOST.

The Holy Ghost does not act on us for the ends of mystical life, only internally, by His intimate presence into the soul, as we have seen in the foregoing chapter, but He acts also upon the Christian man externally; that is, from the outside, by means of an instrument, which is the Church.

It must not be supposed when we say that the Holy Ghost is the secret Director of the mystic that we fall into that individualism in religion, which is the bane of Protestantism. Highly personal and strictly private and exclusive as are the mystic's relations with God in the secret of his heart, they cannot be said to savor of individualism, because they in no way withdraw him from his necessary relations with the whole mystical body of Christ, which is the Church; nay, they render him most submissive to her teaching and her government.

The mystic knows that the Church is the chosen organ of that same Holy Ghost Who secretly moves him and Who cannot fall into contradiction with Himself. He knows that if any interior inspiration of his were in contradiction to the teaching of the Church, such an inspiration would thereby stand convicted of coming not from the Holy Spirit, but from quite another sort of spirit. The Church is set up by Almighty God to act as a check and as a sort of con-

trolling authority upon the mystic. The true mystic's reliance upon interior experience is never such as to make him prefer his own judgment to that of the Church.

It is worthy of remark that the father and founder of the science of Mystical Theology, Dionysius, called the Areopagite, is not only the author of the first treatise on the matter, but also of the treatises *"De Cœlesti Hierarchiâ"* and *"De Ecclesiastica Hierarchiâ"* (treatises small in bulk, weighty in matter), thus demonstrating that the more one is a mystic, so much the more also has one the perception of the golden links which bind us to the unseen world of grace and glory. He shows that through the grand Hierarch and Head of the Church, Christ, the mystic lives in a conscious, vital union with the whole Church of the past and of the present, visible and invisible, militant, suffering and triumphant, of men on earth, and of separate souls in purgatory and in heaven, and of the blessed angelical natures, and of the Three Divine Persons. Can a more opulent, magnificent life be dreamt of for a wayfarer?

Holy Church is the mistress of mystical life.

To her it is given to invite all men to it by the preaching of the Gospel and to initiate all men of good will to it by the administration of the sacraments. The mystic, wherever he finds himself in the world and upon whatever rung of the social ladder, is well cared and catered for by Holy Church. The whole hierarchy of the Church and her oral and written teaching and the treasure of her sacraments and sacramentals, with the Holy Sacrifice and the whole order of the liturgical service the year round, are for him. He has a father in the person of the Pope, the Vicar of Christ, and another father in the person of his Bishop, and yet another father, nearer to him, in the person of his parish priest, and he knows that all these diverse spiritual paternities merge themselves into the universal paternity of Jesus Christ, "Who," says Abbot Vonier, "is the true inwardness of the Church." ("The Personality of Christ." Ch. xxxiii.)

In fulfillment of her office as mistress of the mystical life, the Church has promulgated from time to time, as occasion offered and as heresy compelled, a long series of illuminating condemnations of false propositions bearing on the subject of the mystical life, and she has put upon the index a host of dangerous works on the same subject from the pens of deluded souls.

At the same time as he sees in the Church the authorized organ of the Holy Ghost, the mystic sees also in her the fullness of Christ, the "Wife of the Lamb" in whom He takes His delights, in whom He still lives on earth, and continues His work of saving souls to the end of time—a revelation of Him, especially in the lives of her

saints and in her works of mercy, spiritual and temporal. To the mystic the Church is the City of God on earth and he the citizen; she is the kingdom of God on earth and he a loyal subject; she is the mystical body of which Christ is the head and he a living member of the same. The mystic is constantly receiving from the Church and also constantly giving to the Church, as the ripening bunch of grapes is constantly receiving of the vine and also adding to it.

The part which devolves upon the Church in the formation of the mystic is that of a true mother. The mystic is born of the marriage of the Son of God with Holy Church; he is the child of both parents. Could he ever forget that she is his mother and the Bride of Christ?

It is in this relation of our vital union with the mystical body of Christ, the Church and of the external action of the Holy Ghost upon us through the Church that we must view the part played by our guardian angel in our spiritual life.

Our guardian angel is the personal embodiment of the Providence of God upon us individually. He is the guardian both of our natural and of our supernatural life. To him it belongs, from the moment of our conception in the womb to our last breath upon earth, to foresee and turn aside the many dangers that invisibly beset us on all sides and which might prevent us from attaining the end of our creation. Theologians tell us that for this purpose God communicates to our guardian angel a large share of His own special love for us, together with a marvelous knowledge of the soul he has to guard and the power to influence it for good as no other spirit can, without, however, lessening either our own liberty or our responsibility. We shall never know till we are in the land of the spirits to what extent this action of our guardian angel upon us and upon the external world in our behalf stretches itself, or how many times his intervention will have saved us from material harm due to the relentless working of the laws of nature, so imperfectly known to us, or to the malice of the evil spirits.

This is but one side, the less lofty, of the guardian angel's ministration. He is, moreover, in a certain way a real partner in the great undertaking of our spiritual life. He is linked to his charge and his charge to him in a bond of spiritual relationship in such a way that after the present life they will stand to one another in heaven and throughout all eternity in a mutual relation of love quite apart. At present and for the purposes of mystical life this close and active relationship of ours with a particular member of the celestial hierarchy is intended by Almighty God to be productive of much good to us, provided only we keep quite awake to this marvelous supernatural fact, for then we shall not fail to turn often to

our guardian angel, doing him honor, calling him frequently to help us and being careful not to make opposition to him through ignorance, stupidity or tepidity.

What an entrancing thought, this, that one of the princes of heaven has charge of me; that he is my own, my very own guardian and brother, to whom I am expected to look up for help at any time and who forestalls my needs and employs himself in a thousand ways for my service. But that is not all. The very fact of this active relationship and ministration of a guardian angel to each one of us brings home to us in a vivid manner how closely related we are to the whole world of glory, to the Church Triumphant. And so it is that in Christ the mystic finds it no difficulty to fraternize with all the blessed angels and the dear saints who are already in heaven, giving them the meed of praise and admiration which is their due, asking the help of their intercession and animating himself by their example to a more fervent service of God, rejoicing over their triumph, their glory, their security, their bliss, in which he sees a sure token of what is soon to be his also.

Thus we see that in giving himself to the loving intercourse with God alone in the secret of his heart the mystic is far from isolating himself. He does not keep aloof from his brethren, either those on earth or those who are in glory; he does not claim an exemption from the control and action of the Church; on the contrary, he is all the more united to her and to his brethren that he is more closely united to God.

MAN HIMSELF THE REAL MASTER OF THE WORK.

The master of the work in mystical life is, strange though it may appear at first sight, not God, but man.

The person really at the head of it all, the one finally responsible, is each individual man.

True, nothing can be done without God. The raising of man above himself to a share of the divine nature cannot come but from God; and we have seen in the foregoing chapters how indeed each one of the three Divine Persons contributes to this work and employs Himself about it. But the fact is that God the Father, God the Son and God the Holy Ghost are in this work (I say it reverently) nothing more than co-workers with man. They start the work because it cannot be started by him, and then wait upon his good pleasure to press it forward and bring it to a finish, if he will but lend a hand and concur with them. The three Divine Persons are in collaboration with the Christian in the work of his making himself into a saint, but they leave to him, if not the principal, at least the decisive action, the casting vote, so to say.

If we were to view things with the eyes of a philosopher we could divide all beings roughly into two classes—first, on the one hand, this supernatural being, God, in the Trinity of His Persons and the fullness of His mysteries; secondly, on the other hand, the universality of things created, all and each in their own peculiar nature. But we are not only philosophers, we are, moreover, Christians, and we know that through grace the angel first and then man are lifted out of the low plane of nature and transferred into the sphere of the divine.

To say nothing more of the angel at present, man, natural man, is through the instrumentality of grace raised above himself and all earthly things and transformed into a being of quite another kind. He is transfigured into a divine being. He is made, in Jesus Christ, partaker of the divine nature. Body and soul, the whole man of him is mysteriously, mystically, united to the Sacred Humanity of Jesus, as the branch to the vine (Jo. xv.), and thus he receives the influx of the divine life in him. Thus is he made apt to be inhabited by the three Divine Persons, Who, as a matter of fact, come and dwell into him (Jo. xiv., 23). Then is he truly a new being, "nova creatura," very different from the purely natural man, incomparably more exalted, nobler, richer, for he is endowed with new faculties which make him capable of eliciting divine acts—the acts, namely, of faith, hope, charity and of the infused moral virtues.

Previously, or by virtue of his purely natural state, man was capable of holding his own place among the bodies of this visible universe, subject to the natural laws which rule among them. He was capable, moreover, of feeding and growing and multiplying in the same way as the rest of the vegetative kingdom, and also he was capable, in a higher degree of excellence than the beasts, of attending to the acts of relation with the exterior world by means of the senses and of the faculty of local motion. Finally, he was capable, by means of his natural intellect, of discovering the universal under the particular, of comparing ideas and of drawing conclusions, and by means of his free will of shaping his course of action as he pleased within the limits of the purely natural order of things in all the details of his private and of his domestic and of his social life. All this, but nothing more. Even the most noble among the natural faculties of man—I mean his intellect and his free will—though they place him at the head of the material universe of things, do not lift him up above the plane of nature.

But now, with grace intervening, the same man finds himself impregnated through and through with this marvelous new element, the divine life, and as a consequence he becomes capable of eliciting divine action. He is lifted above nature and made wholly

divine and transferred into the family of God, into the society of the Three Divine Persons. The very substance of his soul and even of his body, with their faculties high and low, are filled, invisibly to the eye of sense, with the glory of the divine Essence, informed by it, colored and made resplendent with it. Thus a colored glass in a cathedral window when a flood of light passes through it; thus a sponge in midocean filled with salt water; thus a roll of cotton-wool dipped in balm; thus a piece of iron in a blazing furnace; thus a light cloud in the splendor of the setting sun—even thus is natural man transfigured and transformed by the grace of God in a new being.

He is raised to the divine knowledge, to the divine sanctity and even, in part at least and alas! with frequent painful eclipses, to the divine joy. His mind is rendered capable of apprehending somehow the very mysteries of God and of giving his assent to them. He is informed by divine revelation of truths which no created intellect could ever reach by itself, God making Himself his witness. His will, strengthened by the virtue of the sacraments, is made capable of producing with a divine energy acts corresponding to the revelation made to his mind. It is rendered capable of approving and loving what has been revealed to us of the perfections and works and life of God and of adjusting his whole human life to these new data.

Thus the Christian knows what God is, namely, a trinity of Persons in the most absolute unity of essence and of substance; though he cannot wholly grasp this fundamental truth, he gives joyful assent and adores.

He knows what God wills, namely, his own sanctification and deification, and he wills it also and proceeds to do all the acts necessary to this end. He knows what God loves, namely, Himself and the works of His hands, each in its degree, and he loves also God with his whole heart and the things He has made under him and in their proper rank. Thus man's higher faculties, mind and will, are made to have the same object of their activities as God, namely, God Himself. Through grace God grants to man the power to see somehow by faith, and to will, and to love, and to share what makes the very life of God.

It is from the summit of these two higher faculties of man, his intelligence and his free will, that the grace of God enlightens his lower faculties, trains them, forces them to fall into line with the divine order, and makes them serve, each in its proper place, to the ends of supernatural life.

So we may say that grace consists in this: First, that God proposes Himself directly as the Object of our knowledge and love;

secondly, that He renders our mind and will capable of these supernatural acts; thirdly, that He actually inclines and solicits us to do these acts, and thus to attain this supernatural object, Himself, directly and without any go-between. Divine operations, these, not only on the part of God, but on the part of man as well—divine operations, since they have God directly for their object, with this difference, that in God they are subjective and immanent, whilst in man they are necessarily objective and transient, inasmuch as God is distinct from the essence of man and outside it.

God has come into that man in order to cause him not only *to be* divinely, but also to cause him *to act* divinely. God fills the Christian with His own divine substance and all His gifts in order that, under the divine impulse and motion, that man should of himself produce divine fruits, works of edification. Now, in proportion as a man lends himself to these divine operations in him and follows their motions, in the same proportion does he grow in divine life and does he become divinely fruitful; as, on the contrary, in proportion as he sometimes puts obstacles to the divine motions in him and refuses to obey them, in the same proportion does he make himself guilty or very imperfect, and will have to redress such a great wrong and to atone for it either in this life or hereafter in purgatory unless (which may God avert) he happens to be rejected altogether and condemned to hell for having made himself wholly unfit for the supernatural.

We see there man's doing man's work. He has always the last word in this matter of his sanctification. God has placed him in the hands of his own counsel—a rational being, with rights and duties and responsibilities that can never be shifted. Each man decides for himself whether he will or not accept the divine advances, the divine motions and directions, the divine supernatural help we call grace, and impregnate his whole life with it.

This casting vote remains with every man all through life, from the first moment of his adult conscious activity to his very last breath. He can at any time reconsider his verdict, shift his position, retrace his steps for good or for evil. He is *sui uris,* and God Himself will not tamper with his freedom or touch the spring of his self-determining will. Man is truly the master of the work; man is the maker of his own self for good or evil, for a fervent life or a tepid one, for mystic life or the very reverse, for eternal merit and glory, or for his own damnation. "Perditio tua ex ta Israel," says the prophet. It is for each man to will for himself, and every man does it.

The sooner we understand our exclusive partnership with God and our paramount personal responsibility in the affair of our own

sanctification the better. We have, perhaps, until now laid the blame of our not making much headway upon this person or that, or upon this or that other outward circumstance. We must cease to do so. We must lay the blame at our own door, take the full and exclusive responsibility of our life, such as it is.

A CREATURE IN THE MAKING.

During our pilgrimage on earth, in our present condition of trial under sin, the supernatural state is as yet attended with many infirmities. It does not receive its full development and perfection, still less its full manifestation. "It is true," says St. Paul, "we are already the children of God, but what we shall be like is not yet revealed." "Nune filis Dei sumus, nundum apparuit quid erimus."

We have seen that, through the grace of baptism, we enter into the sphere of the supernatural, into the family of God, into the blessed society of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost. But the fullness of eternal life that is promised us will begin only after the General Resurrection "in regeneratione," when the Son of Man will take His seat on the throne of His Majesty to judge the living and the dead. This will be the grand birthday not only of the Bride of the Lamb, Holy Church, who then will have at last come to the fullness of her charms (Apoc. xxi.), but it will be the birthday, or we may say re-birthday; that is, the regeneration complete and final of every individual predestinate from among men.

Till then man remains in an unfinished state; but it is the swift little drama of our life which decides everything.

Till the day of the Last Judgment man is a future creature, a creature in the making, a beginning of what God intends to do with him. "Initium aliquod creaturæ ejus" (Jac. i., 28). Each man will be quite finished only after the Resurrection, when all angels and all men that shall ever be, being assembled together in one place, each man will receive at last in his body and soul, reunited together, the full meed of glory or shame due to him for his work whilst on earth. Then also will each angel and each man be assigned for all eternity his definitive rank, either in the splendid hierarchy of perfect charity or in the gloomy hierarchy of confirmed, unreclaimable malice and reprobation.

The purpose of the present life, it will be seen, is therefore to give each man time to turn himself, with the help of God, into that exquisite piece of workmanship, a saint, worthy of the ultimate glory of the heavenly Jerusalem.

Mystical life consists in the fact of a man working thus with God at his own making every day of his life.

What a glorious thing, then, is mystical life! The more so when we take into consideration what God wants to make man into, namely, into a being so like Himself, so near His own Divine Self, so united to His own divine goodness, that man may at last live in his body and soul the same divine life with Him, taste the same divine joy, take part in the same divine operations; in a word, really be one with God; and this not any more under the veil of faith and with many restraints, but in perfection of charity and fullness of the beatific vision.

We may go through the diverse degrees of life, beginning with the lowest, and at each we shall be obliged to say, "That is not good enough for man," until we come to the very life of God as it is lived in God. The life of a seed dropped in the ground and buried there until it becomes a blade of grass, or a flower, or a shrub, or a majestic tree—not good enough for man. The life of an insect, of a worm, of a butterfly, of a bee, or that of a bird, of a beast of the field or of the desert—not good enough for man. The conscious, intelligent, free life of a man as we may picture him to ourselves in a purely natural state, or of an angel as God could have created him in a purely natural state—not good enough for man as God wants him to become. The life of a Christian, with the light of faith and the consolation of charity, but (by supposition) without the hope, and eventually the actual granting of the beatific vision; or, again, the life of a blessed soul enjoying the bliss of heaven all by herself, I mean without the companionship of the body in which she lived and suffered and merited on earth—not yet good enough for man as God wants him. Finally, the life of a blessed one in soul and body after the Resurrection, but without link or reference (if it was possible to conceive it so) with all the rest of the inhabitants of the heavenly Jerusalem, and without the sharing in the accumulated bliss of all and imparting to them His own bliss—not good enough for man!

Nothing is good enough for this child of the loving God short of the immortal, eternal, divine life as it is lived in God with all His blessed ones around Him, short of the very joy that God finds in His own Self and in His saints. Each one of us is to be made, through charity, into a vessel of purest gold, into which the divine essence will be poured, and which it will fill, so to say, to the very brim. Nay, the golden vessel of man's soul and body, after the resurrection, is to be immerse and wholly swallowed up into the divine essence, so that it will be pressed by it on all sides, both from within and from without. Not an unconscious vessel, but an animated one, which will know and taste and enjoy the glory thus poured out into it and will actively and vitally unite itself to it,

even as on earth it actively and vitally made itself worthy of it by its own exertion. Then will the saint throb and palpitate with all the accumulated life of all the other saints as well as with the very life of God.

The purpose of the present life is to give us the time and the occasions of hammering ourselves into shape. No wonder that St. James should cry out to us: "My brethren, count it all joy when you shall fall into diverse trials, knowing that the trying of your faith worketh out patience, and patience hath a perfect work; that you may be perfect and entire, deficient in nothing" (Jas. i., 24). No wonder that the book of Ecclesiasticus should describe the saint "as a vessel of solid gold, adorned with all sorts of precious stones" (Ecc. l., 10).

The great secret of mystical life is that a Christian should make himself very yielding to the soft and strong pressure of the grace of God within himself and thus enlarge his own capacity more and more, that he should try and become, under the mighty hands of God, ever more and more refined and delicately and elaborately chiseled and should adorn himself with the brightest pearls and most precious stones of virtues and good works. The mystic always bears in mind that the greater he shall have made his capacity, whilst on earth, of loving God, the more also he shall have adorned himself with merits and so much the more will he give glory to His beloved God throughout all eternity. Therefore is it that he sets no bounds to his ambition and will not consent to lose one single moment of the precious time of the present life.

ALONE WITH GOD ALONE.

If we were to try and make out the *personæ dramatis* of our own spiritual life from childhood up to whatever age we have attained in this little drama of which we are the centre and the hero, it would seem at first as though there were a very large number of persons concerned.

There are servants of God, some visible, as those around us living in the flesh—our parents, teachers, friends, superiors; others invisible, such as our guardian angel, and other pure spirits, and even the saints in heaven, whom at critical junctures we ask to intervene in our behalf, and, above all, God and our Lord Jesus Christ. And, on the other hand, there are also the archenemy, the devil, and we do not know how many of his satellites or slaves, some in the flesh, others invisible, because pure spirits, though fallen, all eager to tempt us away from the path of duty and to mould our soul, if we let them, to their own image and likeness.

I am the person around whom centre all these activities; I am

the stake for which all these adverse forces are contending. But as it is my privilege (so we have seen in the preceding chapter) to finally decide for myself, we are led to conclude when we look closely into the matter that in reality each man lives his own spiritual life alone with God alone.

Other men around us, and pure spirits, whether good or evil, and inferior creatures and inanimate nature—all these may bring to bear upon us their varied influences, and they do so, but they are outside us; they stop at the threshold of the soul, and it is left to each one to admit their influences or reject them, to turn their action upon him either to his spiritual advantage or the reverse and thereby to associate himself with God or to separate himself from him, for that is finally the upshot of it all.

Alone with God alone. Each man supremely solitary in the awful presence of God, whether that man adverts to it or not.

But how natural, in a way, and how easy does not mystical life appear in the light of this great primary fact. The mystic is he who takes heed of this wondrous state of affairs and for whom, most naturally, God is all in all. Mystic life is a sort of "Divina Comedia," in which all is performed by these two actors, God and the faithful, loving soul. God plays His part and the soul plays her part. God has engaged in this venture everything that is His, and the mystic, on the other hand, keeps nothing back of all that he may call his own. In this play the more one loses, the more one is the gainer. "He that findeth his life shall lose it, and he that shall lose his life for Me, shall find it" (Mat. x., 39).

To live alone with God alone, consciously and willingly, then, is the ideal. To live with God upon a footing of great intimacy is the very essence and perfection and consummation of mystical life. It is a sort of life, in turn, most delightful and then most painful, because at times God is pleased to make the loving soul to taste His infinite sweetness, and then again He scorches her with the flames of His own infinite sanctity; but such a pain is preferable to all the delights of the creatures.

Thus to live with God does not demand an effort of the imaginative faculty. Indeed, fancy has nothing to do in the matter. It is simply the sober perception of the grandest reality which could be thought of. God is always with us, though we, on our own part, are not always with Him. God is nearer to me than I am to myself; God is more within me than I am within myself, because God is within me with the fullness of His infinite essence, whilst I am within myself as a created finite being, held within narrow limits and moreover diminished by sin, a shadow, an evanescent being. Job says: "Remember that my life is but wind" (vii., 7),

and again: "Man born of a woman, living for a short time, is filled with many miseries; who cometh forth like a flower, and is destroyed, and fleeth as a shadow, and never continueth in the same state" (xiv., 1-2). But God wants me to unite my puny self to the fullness of His divine being; yes, consciously, joyfully, by a free choice constantly renewed, with intensity of love, to unite myself to Him. The more I do this, the more God repairs the crumbling fabric of my nature, building me up upon and into His own divine essence, building me up into a being wholly supernatural. And then to the natural presence of God in me is superadded His special presence of love, which constitutes me in the state of grace and to a degree more or less exalted.

It will be asked, Can one really sustain such a life of active relation with God constantly without interruption and not be consumed by the intensity of it?

Well, it is very true that the poor sheath of the body may be quickly burnt out by the flaming soul. This has happened to some —a glorious, quick consummation! Is not such a crowded short life of sanctity and consuming love, such as that of St. Stanislaus Kostka, for example, a thousand times better than a long, listless, colorless life of tepidity? "Being made perfect in a short space, he fulfilled a long time" (Wis. iv., 13). But this is not always the case. There are special graces of strength and endurance meted out to both soul and body, according to the designs of Providence upon each one. St. Teresa lived sixty-seven years. St. Alphonsus Liguori died at the age of 91; St. Anthony, the founder of cenobitical life in the East, died at the age of 105, and St. Paul, the first hermit, at the age of 120.

Besides, it is not a question as yet, especially for all of us indiscriminately, so long as we are here below, of living quite the life of the seraphim in heaven. We walk by faith, in the infirmities of the flesh, surrounded by enemies which we have to fight and by fellow-creatures which we have to help, which means that without ever losing hold of God we have to do a good deal of active or even mayhap of apostolic life; now all this is a providential check and temperament upon the consuming intensity of the pure flame of divine love.

Moreover, to live with God is also to live in spirit with His servants, the blessed angels and the saints of paradise, actively to keep in touch with them by prayer and loving intercourse. "Our conversation is in heaven," says St. Paul. This also is a beautiful derivative which helps one to bear the awful weight of the felt presence of God. Then again, after having for the sake of the Beloved, renounced all things created, the mystic is led back by the Holy

Spirit in the very midst of them, to lay hold of all the creatures, animate and inanimate, of this visible universe, to make them come with himself and through himself into the divine encounter, and this is yet another solace to the intensity of pure thought and consuming love, because, in giving free play within healthy limits to the senses and the phantasy, it diverts the activities of the soul into different channels and thus prevents a sort of dangerous congestion in the higher part of our being.

We must also own that in our present condition, owing to the consequences of original sin, which have not all been abolished, there will always be a somewhat tardy and imperfect correspondence to the motions of God unto supernatural life. As long as this is not deliberate nor fully consented to, the loving God looks leniently upon our shortcomings and makes it His business to redress and correct them. "I am the vine," says the Lord, "you the branches. My Father is the husbandman. Every branch in Me that beareth not fruit, He will take away, and *every one that beareth fruit, He will purge it,* that it may bring forth more fruit" (Jo. xv.).

Here an important remark finds its place. To live alone with God alone means a good deal more than to practice the exercise of the presence of God so much recommended by modern writers of spirituality. To live with God implies a greater intimacy and familiarity. I was always struck, in the play of Shakespeare entitled "Henry VIII.," with the accusation of Catherine of Aragon against Cardinal Wolsey, that he would tell untruth even "in the presence," meaning the presence of the King seated on his throne. Nothing can convey a higher idea of the state and the ceremony which surrounded the person of the King and made him the image of God on earth and rendered the telling of an untruth in his presence, even apart of the moral turpitude of it, seem such an absolute irrelevancy. "In the presence" one ought to hold oneself in an attitude, both interior and exterior, of deepest respect ruled by convention and stately formality. But when one lives constantly with the King in the relation of father, or mother, or wife, or child, or of bosom friend, admitted to his privacy, there are times when ceremonies and etiquette are dispensed with, especially when not under the public eye. It is the time for unconventional intercourse full of sweetness and tenderness, imparting deep joy in one another. Now to live with God is to entertain such a sort of intercourse with Him. Except in the acts of the sacred liturgy, where everything is necessarily set down by rule and strict ceremonial, he who lives with God goes at all times to Him with perfect directness, simplicity and familiarity. Says Juliana of Norwich in her quaint but

expressive language: "God loves a silly soul to be full homely with Him."

It is an art to know how to live with God. One gets into it not all at once, but by little and little. One must learn and practice and be an apprentice before one can hope to become proficient in it. But when at last one has become a past master in it, oh! what joy! what security! And what heaps of eternal merits one piles up, the one upon the other—a multi-millionaire's fortune in heaven! And what enlargement of the heart and progress in sublimest charity, and at the same time what unshakable humility, what simplification of one's all life, what unification of one's whole being! "The one to the One," sang St. Francis of Assisi. "The one to the one!"—a beautiful and significant variation to our motto, "Alone with God alone." Instead of scattering all one's powers at the mercy of passing impressions, one holds them all together well in hand and all applied to the single purpose of the life with God.

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AMERICAN MYTHOLOGY AS RELATED TO ASIATIC AND HEBREW TRADITION.

THE matter treated in the following pages will no doubt awaken criticism on the part of historical students; and by historical *students* we do not mean mere writers or compilers of books called histories—we mean serious, thoughtful men who have something more than feeling or bias upon which to *base* an opinion. In the present article we have no pet theories to defend; we are simply calling attention to facts, analogies, coincidences, if you like, and we leave it to the reader to draw his own conclusions.

The vast field of American mythology remains, for the most part, unexplored, and most of the writers who have sought to analyze it intelligently have done so without possessing within themselves as a basis some idea of a positive Christian faith. A more "scientific" basis will produce very unsatisfactory results, and the idea of "natural religion," in the sense in which this term is generally used, will prove of very little assistance.

We who believe the Bible to be true are delighted when we see its historical statements "verified" from time to time by the remarkable "finds" which "scientific" men are digging up in Egypt and elsewhere. In our article on the "Buried Cities of the East"[1] we showed that a number of cuneiform tablets found among the ruins of Babylon contained a very complete narrative of the Deluge, in wonderful harmony with the Bible account. We find among the Aztecs pictures representing the Ark, a man lying in it, symbolizing the family saved from the waters that submerged the earth, and the Dove, with the branch in its mouth. Another picture represents twelve men walking towards a Dove, from the mouth of which issued reeds, which in their mythology symbolized the "gift of tongues."[2]

The great Jesuit missionary and martyr, Father Brebeuf, thought he detected among the myths of the Huron tribes he visited, especially in that of Aataentric and Sousksha, some faint traces of the story of Adam and Eve, much distorted, it is true, and all but "faded from memory in the handing down through countless generations." He also found a trace of the story of Cain and Abel in the murder of Tauscaron by his brother Iouska.

As in the early chapters of the Bible we find men likened unto animals, so do we find these comparisons among the legends of peoples all over the world. Among the American tribes we cannot

[1] See article, "Buried Cities of the East," in AMERICAN CATHOLIC QUARTERLY REVIEW," April, 1914.

[2] See article, "Land of the Montezumas," October, 1913.

fail to notice that two subdivisions of the animal kingdom have attracted the attention of men by their unusual powers, and that they enter so frequently into the myths of every nation on the globe, that a correct appreciation of their symbolic value is a very necessary preliminary to the discussion of the various legends. We cannot enter into such a discussion here, and we must content ourselves with giving our attention to but a few points.

Prominent among the animals that figure in American mythology are the bird and the serpent, and we shall not go amiss if we look for the reasons of their preëminence in the facility with which their peculiarities offered sensuous images under which to convey the idea of divinity ever present in the soul of man, ever striving at articulate expression.

In the bird we find the marvelous power of *flight;* it floats in the atmosphere; it rides on the winds; it soars heavenwards to the abode of the gods; its plumage is tinted with the hues of the rainbow and the sunset; it was its song that gave man his first idea of music; it defies the clouds that impede man's advance, and flies proudly over mountain and snow while he plods wearily along.

In the mind of the aborigines there is no more enviable creature; he imagines the gods and angels as winged beings, and he looks forward to that day when he, too, after shaking off this mortal coil of clay will soar on pinions to the realms of bliss. The Esquimos hold that all living beings have the faculty of soul *(tarrak),* but that birds possess it in an especial manner.

In Indian mythology we find the bird a most important symbol. For the winds, the clouds, producing the thunder and the changes that take place in the ever changing panorama of the sky; the rain-bringers, lords of the seasons, and not that alone, but the primary types of the soul, the life, the breath of man and the world —these, in their rôle in mythology, are second to nothing. Therefore, as the symbol of these great powers, as messenger of the gods and as the embodiment of departed spirits, no one will be surprised if they find the bird-figure most prominent in the mythology of the red race.

It happens that even in our own day some particular species seems to have been chosen as most befitting these dignified attributes. No citizen of the United States will be apt to assert that their instinct led the indigenes of our country astray when they chose, with almost unanimous consent, the great American eagle as the bird beyond all others proper to typify the supreme control and the most admirable qualities. Its feathers composed the war flag of the Creeks and its images, carved in wood, or its stuffed skin, surmounted their council lodges (Bartram); none but an approved warrior

dared to wear it among the Cherokees (Timberlake), and the Dakotas allowed such an honor only to him who had first touched the corpse of the common foe (Father De Smet). The Natchez and Arkansas seem to have paid it religious honors (Sieur De Tonty Du Pratz), and very clearly it was not so much for ornament as for a mark of dignity and a recognized sign of worth that the plumes were so highly prized.

Let us now endeavor to trace the analogy of the rites and feasts of the American aborigines with those of the Hebrews, as described in the Sacred Scriptures.

Among the Blackfeet the feast of the sun has been observed from time immemorial, in compliance with the commands of their "hero," *Napi* or *Natus,* the Old Man. It must be remembered that, properly speaking, it is not the sun itself, but the "hero" that came down from the skies long ago, spent a number of years on earth under the name of *Napi,* wrough miracles, made laws and established a religion, which he gave to the Blackfeet. In a word, he proved himself their benefactor and father, and he is still regarded as the protector of the Sioux. His spouse is the moon *(Kokoye-Natus),* also known as the "Old Woman."

In obedience to the commands of their legislator, Napi, the Blackfeet observe an annual feast to the sun—at the time of the renewal of the August-September moon. This feast lasts for four days, and during this time the high priest receives the offerings of the Indians and presents them to the sun, or rather to Natus, who is supposed to reside in that planet. During this time, too, the more devout practice macerations and public penance very much after the fashion of those practiced by the fakirs of India, the fanatics of Benares and the Juggernaut.

Now this Napi, the Old Man of the Sun, who came down from the skies to become the deliverer, the benefactor and the lawgiver of the Sioux or Dakotas, and who later on returned to his celestial abode, is evidently the same hero who is honored by the Esquimos, Dindjie,[3] Dénés and Algonquins, as he claimed to have dwelt first in the sun, whence he descended to the earth to minister to their wants. If these four nations make him reside in the moon, they still admit the fact that after his return to heaven their great lawgiver went first to the sun and then took up his abode in the moon. Although while on earth he had reached the full age of manhood, the four above mentioned nations generally designate him as the

[3] The Dénés (men or people), an aboriginal race of North America, also called Athapascans, and known among the earlier ethnologists as Touné or Tonnach. Dindjie (men) allied to the Dénés, also of the Athabaska-Mackenzie region.

child. So also do the Blackfeet call their sideral hero *Natus,* a Latin word which signifies a *child,* yet in spite of this they represent him as a very old man (Napi).

The feast of the sun has been observed for all time by the Blackfeet, as commanded by their hero, Napi or Natus, just as the feast of the moon has been observed by the Déné-Dindjie by command of Sa-Weta.

The name *Sa-Weta* means an inhabitant of the sun as well as a dweller in the moon, as the word *Sa,* which means sun or fixed star, applies to the moon as well as to the sun. To distinguish them we must add *dzin-di-sa* (day sun) and *treve-di-sa* (night sun). So also among the Blackfeet the word *Natus* is used in reference to both sun and moon, and the moon, in the part of the feast devoted especially to it, represents the spouse of the day-star. The feast among the Blackfeet as well as among the Déné-Dindjie is observed at the time of the new moon, the months alone being different. The Déné-Dindjie hold their feast of "Passage" at the March-April period; in other words, at a time which corresponds with the feast celebrated by the Israelites at our Easter, with which the lunar feast of the Déné-Dindjies has the closest relation.

With the Sioux the feast of Natus, or the sun, is solemnized in the months of August-September, and this corresponds precisely with the Mosaic feast of Tabernacles, or Scenopegia, which is celebrated with an octave, just as among the Blackfeet it is celebrated for eight days. Four of these days are spent in purification and four in oblations and public rejoicings. From the beginning of the month the Sioux began gathering such provisions as are suitable for offerings at these sacred repasts. Every lunar month of August-September was dedicated by the Hebrews to the gathering of first fruits.

The Blackfeet prepared for this solemnity by four days of fasting and of purification by means of vapor baths, and they even went so far as bloody expiations. Among the Israelites the days preceding the feast of Tabernacles are days of fasting and penance, because it was at this time that the worship of the Golden Calf in the desert had occurred.

The Blackfeet, who as a rule live in tents or wigwams made of skins, built for their national feast a sort of pavilion of wickerwork and branches of trees. The Hebrews spent the feast of Tabernacles under habitations made of boughs and verdure.

The Blackfeet began their feast to the sounds of such musical instruments as were known to them. Among the Hebrews the second day of the August-September month was called *Ros-Ass-ana,* or the feast of the trumpets, because the beginning of the civil year

was celebrated with the sounds of these instruments. May we not trace from this the public fanfares that prevail to this day in many of our cities on New Year's eve?

The Temple of the Sun among the Blackfeet is surrounded by posts planted six feet apart and joined together by a sort of green hedge. It is surmounted by a sacred fagot, which is supposed to be ignited by the sun and to burn on the top of the pavilion. In this temple there is a second or private room called the Holy Land, the dwelling place of the lunar woman, or visible spouse of the deity who has gone up to the sky. There is also an altar covered with fragrant herbs; in the centre of this altar is the head of a bison painted in black and red, the colors of death and blood. Finally, there is kept alive in this temple a sacred fire tended by the spouse, the sun.

May not all this arrangement be regarded as a facile type, modified, of course, by time, of the tabernacle of the true God, surrounded by the "pillar of fire," in which there was also a sacred fire, the Holy of Holies, the altar of incense and the altar of the holocausts? In this Vestal, the spouse of Natus, may we not recognize the invisible woman so frequently mentioned in the traditions of the Déné-Dindjies—that pure, celestial woman whom their lawgiver never tired of lauding and in whom it would not be difficult to recognize the goddess concealed in the temple? In fact, this Vestal imparts her prophetic dreams to the high priest, and he tells them to the people, even as Moses revealed the oracles of God to the Hebrews as He manifested Himself to the prophet in the Tabernacles. And both of these receive his mysterious communications in an inner chamber, hidden from the vulgar gaze and which they called the Holy of Land, but which among the Hebrews was known as the Holy of Holies.

As soon as the feast of the sun begins, the Blackfeet give themselves up to transports of joy—to shouting, to dancing and feasting. We read of the same proceedings during the August-September month, in the desert of Sin, when the Hebrews gave themselves up to the idolatrous worship of the Golden Calf (Exod. xxxii., 17), which may well be imagined to be symbolized here by the head of the bison on the altars used by the Blackfeet, as referred to above. Indeed, many of the ancient Fathers of the Church, among them St. Cyprian, St. Ambrose, St. Augustine, St. Jerome and others, have said that the idol known as the Golden Calf was nothing more than the head of Apis, or Serapis, and they based the opinion on the words of King David referring to the attitude of Moses towards this idol: *"Contribulasti capita dreconum in aquis."* Now Serapis was none other than dead sun or infernal sun incarnate

with the ox, Apis. This accounts for the use of the bison's head among the Blackfeet in their worship of the sun and for their painting this head black and red, funeral colors.

Again, the Blackfeet follow their dances and shouts of joy by war songs and by the death-sleep and the war-sleep. So also do the Déné-Dindjie invest their feast of the moon with a funereal character. So, too, did the Hebrews during this same month lament the sudden destruction of the 23,000 worshipers of Apis cut down by the sword of the Levites, and they also mourned the death of Moses, their lawgiver and benefactor.

The Blackfeet, after hailing with shouts of gladness the orb of day as it appeared on the horizon, the abode of their benefactor and father, Napi, or Natus, also end their feast on the eighth day with the setting of the sun, to which they commit their griefs and their prayers. Here we have the oldest dogma of Oriental Sabianism. It was after this fashion that the Egyptians mourned the dead Osiris and that the Syrians deplored the death of Adonis. Under our boreal climate, at the winter solstice, when the day-star sinks below the horizon for a period more or less prolonged, the Déné-Dindjie consider the planet as dead and hence no longer mention its name, as they are wont to do regarding their deceased relatives. They no longer mention the sun save as *Eyl Dene* (that man), or as *Begare dzine misca illi* (he that makes the day short). But when the hours of twilight peculiar to the winter solstice are followed by days once more illumined by the orb restored to its former splendor, the Déné-Dindjie say that the orb is resurrected *(ti-Kron-Kode-dedjya)*, and the old man adds, with a sigh: *"Meni-tchinke rana-zentzi"* ("Who will renew my youth like the sun's").

The dead Osiris was metamorphosed and incarnated into Apis, the white and black ox. Napi, or Natus, having returned to the sun, communicated with the Blackfeet by sending the Bison, their second Providence, even as Sa-Wota, whom, dying, incorporated himself into the muskox, the main sustenance of the Déné-Dindjie in times of famine.

We cannot help noticing that in the various theogonies of the red race, as well as in those of the ancient nations of the East, the sun and the moon are identified with the bovine species, which in time received the same idolatrous worship. And as the god, father, lawgiver and benefactor of these various American tribes—in whom we have not failed to recognize the Moses of the Hebrews—is by them identified either with the planets or with the different varieties of the bovine species, we may conclude, with no little presumption of birth and by analogy, that it was really Moses who in the old world was the prototype and the origin of the myth to which we

have just referred. In India this myth gave birth to Brahminism and Buddhism; in Thibet it became associated with Catholic ceremonies introduced either by the Christians of St. Thomas, by the Nestorians or by European missionaries who lived at the court of the Great Kahn or Great Mogul, and which brought forth Lamanism. In America it retained its most primitive form and followed more closely the principles and traditions of the Hebrews or Chaldeans.

By comparing the legends of the Chactas with those of the Guatemalans, we shall find much to indicate a common origin. A careful examination will bring out more and more glaringly the many points of similarity which connect these same legends with those of Oltsintredh, of Kolsidatreh and Etsiege. In all of these we cannot help recognizing the account of the wanderings of the Israelites from their exodus from Chaldea to their advent into the Land of Promise. If, as some writers maintain, among them the Count de Charancey, the primitive types preserved by the Floridian aborigines, "seem to be precisely those forgotten by the Tzendales," we may also assume that many of these features complement the account of the legends of the Déné-Dindjies and the Blackfeet. The tradition of the Creeks forms a natural hyphen between the traditions of the Indians of the North and those of the aborigines of the northern part of South America.

We shall find the same conditions prevailing among the Choctaws along the Florida shores as among the Dénés and the Dindjies among the uncultivated plains that skirt the frozen ocean. Further on we shall again see Guatemalians and Yucatans transporting into New Spain the same absolutely identical events. Now, all these facts or conditions being traced to those recorded in the Pentateuch, especially in Exodus and Deuteronomy, it becomes evident that these American traditions refer to none other than the history of the Hebrews under the leadership of Moses.

Time was, says a Creek tradition, when the earth opened on its west side, where its mouth is situated. The Cussitaws came out of it and settled nearby, but, as this land "devoured its inhabitants," they moved further off to the west, only to return later on to the east. The Déné-Dindjies tell us that a long time ago the great genii "who can see forwards and backwards," *Ehna-guhini,* opened the earth on the west side to give exit to their ancestor, "the wanderer without a home," *Kpon-edin.* He settled nearby, went down to the sea to the southwest in search of his spouse, who had been taken from him, and then returned to the east.

Now the Pentateuch tells us that Abraham-Hedir, the Wanderer, led by God from Chaldea, went to the northwest, towards Egypt,

and later on returned to the land of Canaan, to which the "spies" sent by Moses long afterwards bore testimony that it was "a land that devoured its inhabitants."

The name of Arabia and of Chaldea is *Chus,* which the historian Flavius Josephus writes *Cush.* May not the Cussitaws be able to trace their name to this source?

The Choctaws located the mouth of the earth to the west; so also it was in the west that the Déné-Dindjie located their great cavern out of which came the god of thunder and through which the manes of their ancestors returned to their origin.

The ancient Mexicans represented the west by a zodiacal sign representing a house *(calli);* in Tzendale and Kollouche, *Nuh,* whence the name Nahua (people from the west) given to the Toltecas, and that of Nahanne, the name of one of the most western tribes of the Déné-Dindjie.

The Cussitaws, as their legend tells us, continuing to be destroyed by this land, finally went to the east. They came to a "troubled river," then to a river of blood, near which they dwelt for ten years, living on fish. The Hebrews, wanderers, without a country, as their name indicates, not being able to abide for a long time in the land of Canaan, because of the famine which "devoured the people" that dwelt therein, went into the land of Egypt under the rule of Joseph. For 200 years they dwelt along the borders of the Nile, which Holy Writ describes as a "troubled stream," a *fluvis turbido qui irrigat Egyptum* (Josue xiii., 3), and the waters of which Moses turned into blood.

The Cussitaws lived on fish while they dwelt along the borders of this "troubled" river. It was likewise on fish that *Etsiege-Niottsentane,* the Moses of the Déné-Dindjie, nourished his people. Moses fed the Israelites with manna. Now as they had just come out of the Red Sea, it is not at all surprising that the tradition, by a distortion of the fact, may have mistaken or called this food fish (white meat).

The Cussitaws removed from the mouth of this river of blood to a mountain in the midst of fire and that made a great noise. The smoke and fire were red. The Hebrews, having left the Nile, whose waters had been changed into blood, and crossed the Red Sea (Homer sometimes refers to this sea as a river), came to the foot of Sinai, where Moses, who had gone up into this mountain, which appeared to them in "a smoke, because the Lord had come down upon it in fire"—and the people saw the flames and the sound of trumpets and the mount smoking (Exod. xx., 18). Etsiege, the

[4] Dindjie (men), sometimes called Loucheux, or cross-eyed or squint-eyed, by the French missionaries.

Moses of the Dindjie (Squint-eyes[4]), having ascended a high mountain, had himself thrown from it in his chariot, which in rolling down the steep slope made a noise like thunder. Oltsintredh, the Déné hero, with his brother, goes up into a mountain amid fierce lightning and thunder. The Cussitaws also climbed a mountain encircled by a roaring fire.

A Floridian legend says that from the summit of this "queen of mountains there came forth what seemed to be the sound of a song, and it came from out of the fire that was burning." From the summit of Sinai came forth the voice of Jehovah proclaiming the Decalogue. The harmonious tones of the trumpet told the Hebrews that God had come down upon it. Moreover, it was God, in the Pillar of Fire of the Tabernacles, who delivered the oracles and guided the steps of the Israelites.

The Cussitaws kept fire constantly burning on their mountain. It was on the summit of Mount Sinai that the Hebrews received their laws concerning the worship of Jehovah and the keeping up of a perpetual fire. A large proportion of the red race has from time immemorial preserved the sacred fire.

At the foot of the smoking and roaring mountain the Cussitaws were instructed in the knowledge of herbs and in many other useful things, and it was at the foot of Sinai that the Hebrews received the Mosaic law, the prescriptions relating to lawful purifications, acquired different branches of knowledge and learned such occupations as that of goldsmiths, embroidering, weaving, melting of metals, woodwork and other useful callings. The herbs known to the Cussitaws were used in their purifications, and Moses taught the Israelites to wash themselves with hyssop.

At the foot of the mountain the Cussitaws found a people composed of three nations. In the desert of Sinai the Hebrews encountered three peoples—their brethren, the Idumians, the sons of Isaac; the Moabites and the Ammonites, the sons of Lot. Because of the close bond that united them with these descendants of Abraham, their common father, God forbade the Israelites to make war upon them. Among the Israelites that had come out of Egypt, as Exodus tells us, there were also Canaanites who had joined their fortunes with those of the people of God.

From the east the Cussitaws saw a white fire coming towards them; from the south came a blue fire; from the west a black fire, and from the north a red and yellow fire. They rejected the first three and accepted the fourth. Would it be going too far to recognize in these symbolic expressions the historical relations of the Hebrew people with the various races of different colors by whom they were geographically surrounded? And even if the col-

ors and the orientation indicated by the legend might not agree strictly with the colors and orientation in geography and history, would that be any reason for us to reject an assumption at least probable enough?

On the summit of the mountain the Cussitaws found a post or pillar in motion, and which made a great noise which could only be heard when a motherless orphan was fastened to it and had its throat cut. Here we have a double suggestion of Mount Moriah, on which Isaac was about to be sacrificed, and of Mount Calvary, on which Our Blessed Lord was immolated. The cross appears to be the pillar that made so much noise. It did so then and it will continue to do so for all time throughout the world, especially among the people of Israel, since their dispersion dates from Calvary and the Crucifixion. Isaac may be regarded as the motherless orphan, as Sarah was so advanced in years, and Christ as man had no father and as God no mother until after the Incarnation.

The Déné-Dindjie likewise preserve a vivid tradition of a wooded mountain, to which they "appeal in all their prayers, some at every renewal of the moon and others at every eclipse of the moon on the occasion of the feast of their lunar Moses. They then invoke this mountain, imploring it to come to them with all haste and lead them out of the frightful land in which they dwell." The Blackfeet also have their Sacred Pillar.

The Cussitaws celebrate a green corn feast, which they call *Busk*, a word resembling the *Pasch* of the Israelites. We have referred to a similar feast among the Blackfeet and among the Dénés. The word *Phase* or *Pasha* signifies a passage, and the feast of the Déné-Dindjies is called the Passage of the Angel of Death through the tents. During this feast they pray to their lunar god, the Yellow Mouse, to pass over the earth in the form of a cross (or crosswise) and thus save them from their enemies. The cross, which was the emblem of shame among the ancients, was a sign of benediction among the Israelites—the blessing bestowed by the dying Jacob on the sons of Joseph; in the erection of the brazen serpent in the form of a cross; in the offering of sacrifices, etc. It had the same meaning in Mexico among the Déné-Dindjies and among the Choctaws. The Cussitaw women observed the same rites as the women of Israel, and the same customs have long prevailed among the Déné-Dindjies and among the Algonquins.

A dispute arose among the Chaktas as to the primacy of their four tribes. A similar dispute arose among the four families of the house of Levi with regard to the priesthood, Chore claiming that his familyl took precedence to that of Aaron (Exodus). The Choctaws tested the difference by means of poles, which were hung

with the scalps of their foes. Moses settled the differences among the Levites by means of the rods of each family, which he placed in the Tabernacle. The tribe whose rod bloomed and preserved its vegetation was to be recognized as the most ancient and the first, and it was the rod of Aaron that blossomed. (Numbers xvii., 8.)

An enormous eagle came and killed the Choctaws every seven days. It was attracted by the effigy of a woman set up along the road who gave birth to a red rat (erroneously, no doubt) as a son of the blue eagle. This red rat caused the death of the bird by gnawing the string of his bow, in which lay his power. The Dené-Dindjie traditions are identical on this point. They tell us of a great white eagle that devoured the Indians; of a great giant that had already devoured seven persons; of a monster that roamed along the road and devoured every passerby. We find analogous myths in the Chimera and in the Minotaur, which every year exacted seven victims; in the Sphinx, etc. Among the Cussaws we find a monster which likewise made victims every seven days. One can scarcely question a unity of ideas in these various apologies not in America alone, but in Europe and Asia, and this number *seven* is not a thing of chance.

Although we might see in this Minotaur, as more than one authority has done already, the god Moloch, or Baal, of the Phœnicians, to whom human victims were sacrificed, or in a brazen bull that men embraced, we can with just as much reason see in it the symbol of one of the four great empires of the East that most hindered the existence and growth of the people of God, viz., Egypt, so often represented in the Scriptures by a crocodile or a lion; Assyria, which by its name of *Ashour,* or *Astor,* which signifies an ox, might well be symbolized by the Minotaur. Moreover, its emblem which appears so often on the walls of the palaces and among the ruins of Khorsabad, was the bull with the human head.[5] Babylon was the third empire; it had its god, Nisroch (man with an eagle's head), the idea of which may be traced to the Hebrew *Rouach-Elohim,* or *Rouach-El,* the Spirit of God, as it also served as a foundation for the fable of the Heraclides, the Hercules of the Greeks. Finally, Syro-Phœnicia, which also worshiped the same divinity under the name of Illus.

But the present apologue relates to Egypt, for in the red rat that was regarded by the Cussitaws as the son of the blue eagle and the woman found by the roadside, the reader has already recognized the red rat of the sands or the shrew-mouse of the

[5] See article on "Buried Cities of the East" in AMERICAN CATHOLIC QUARTERLY REVIEW of April, 1914.

Hare-skin Dénés; the yellow rat of the Dundjie, or Squinters; that is to say, the figure of the lunar hero of the Déné-Dindjies, the conqueror also of the Shaved Heads, who oppressed them, and in whom we have recognized Moses, the conqueror of the Egyptians, even as the red rat of the Cussitaws helped them to overcome the winged monsters that oppressed them. Is it not true that Moses was called by the Egyptians a red rat, a mole or a shrew-mouse *(Sephnus),* as much because of his crypto-name, *Osar-Siph,* as for his having crossed the Red Sea (Suph), as we have shown above? The identity of the symbol among the Creeks, the Dénés, the Dindjies, the Egyptians, as well as among the Hindoos, is ample evidence and should constitute a strong proof of the correctness of our identification.

From the land of the Great Eagle the Cussitaw passed into a land whose soil, trails and even the grass of which was of a whitish hue. It will be remembered that after their flight from Egypt, the Hebrews, on coming out of the land of Canaan, lived in the wilderness on the manna which whitened the earth every morning. The Dénés record the same miracle (according to Leroux's *Monographie des Déné-Dindjie)* without any kind of apologue. Moreover, is it not also true that Palestine (a word signifying a "place covered with ashes") is bounded by the chain of the Libanus, a word which in Hebrew signifies "white, candid?"

Going further on, the Cussitaws came to a rocky and smoky bay. The Dénés tell us that on coming out of the land in which they dwelt in bondage under a people "with shaven heads," they dwelt for many years in a rocky wilderness and for a time "in great darkness." The Israelites, on coming out of Egypt, crossed the rocky desert of sin and doubt for forty years under the protecting clouds.

From the rocky and foggy bay the Cussitaws journeyed eastward and came to the village of the Cushass (or Cussaus). The Israelites journeyed from the wilderness into the city of Hesebon, which belonged to the Amorites, sons of Chus, or Cush, from which some authorities would have us trace the Indian names Cussitaws or Cussaws.

The Cussaws complained of a monster maneater that dwelt in a cavern and devoured their children every seven days. The Cussitaws slew this monster by making him fall into a pit into which cross-shaped pieces of wood had been placed, but not before he had wrested an orphan child from their tribe. Estiege, the Moses of the Dindjie, delivered his people from the Serpent of Death, that also dwelt in a cavern, and which he induced to come out by fastening a symbol upon a post near the cavern in which it dwelt. Mases delivered the people of Israel from the burning serpent by raising

in cross-form the brazen serpent—the symbol of Christ dying upon the Cross for the redemption of mankind. If the reader is disposed to question the fact as related in this apologue as having any reference to Calvary, combined and confounded with the erection of the brazen serpent by Moses, it will be enough for us to quote the language of the Cussitaw concerning the child given to the monster, "It is better to let one man die than the whole nation," and these were the words uttered by the iniquitous High Priest Caiphas before the Sanhedrim on the occasion of the arrest and premeditated death of Christ. Strange as it may seem to hear the echo of a deicide voice in the depths of an American wilderness, who can question the fact?

The beast and bird monsters so often mentioned in the traditions of the Choctaws as well as in those of other tribes may be regarded as the Oriental emblems of the great nations that were once, and on another continent, the enemies of the Indians. This idea seems quite plausible, since the Christians, the Dénés and the Dindjies only mention these in connection with wars and enemies far more powerful with whom they had to contend. They are inborn among these people, and as soon as history degenerates into apologue, what do we see? An enormous eagle, a lion, a monster that bars the way. Evidently the thought of these chimerical monsters has dwelt in their minds as the symbols of nations they once represented. Now this was precisely the case with the prophets of Israel. The Holy Scriptures never described great nations and the great Kings that oppressed the people of God save under the figure of monsters and wild beasts. Thus were represented the Egyptians, the Phœnicians, the Babylonians, the Assyrians, the Persians, the Greeks and the Romans.

The Prophet Ezechiel (xxix.) says of Egypt: "Behold, I come against thee, Pharao, King of Egypt, thou *great dragon* that liest in the midst of thy rivers" (crocodiles), and further on he says: "Thou are like the *lion* of the nations and the dragon (crocodile) that is in the sea." Juda himself, the stock of the Kings of Judea, is compared by his father, Jacob, to a *lion* as he blessed his children, and Ezechiel continues the comparison in regard to Joachim: "And he went up and down among the lions, and became a lion, and he learned to catch the prey and to devour men" (Eze. xix., 6). May not this be one of the maneaters come down into Indian tradition? "And the nations came together against him on every side out of the provinces, and they spread their net and he was taken" (Ib. xix., 8). The same prophet compares the Babylonians to an *eagle*, and the Egyptians likewise: "A large eagle with great wings, a long body covered with feathers of various colors came to Libanus

. . . and there was another large eagle with great wings. . . Know ye not what all these things mean? The King of Babylon (represented by the first eagle) cometh to Jerusalem (figured by the Libanus) and the King of Egypt, represented by the second eagle (Eze. xvii., 3-15).

Again, the Prophet Daniel represents the Persian monarchy under the figure of a bear, and that of the Babylonians he likens unto a monster having the "body of a lioness," the "wings of an eagle" and standing upright upon its feet like a man. The kingdom of the Macedonians he likened unto "a leopard with four heads . . . and it had four wings." Finally, the Roman Republic was likened unto another monster with "great iron teeth . . . and it had ten horns." So also the prophet compares the kingdom of the Medes to a ram and that of the Greeks to a he-goat. (See Daniel vii., 3-8, and viii., 3.)

It may be well to add that these animals to which the prophets likened the nations that were hostile to the Church and to the people of God are what is known as cherubic animals. They are four in number—the eagle, the lion, the bull and man. In the mysticism of the Hebrews, Chaldeans and Egyptians we frequently come across these figures of animals which were at one time the emblems of the divinity itself and which the prophets of Israel saw ever present before the throne and at the feet of the Eternal.

The Assyrians had as the emblem of their country a cherub combining a bull, an eagle and a man—it was the *Schour,* or *Tour,* a winged bull with a human head crowned with the royal tiara.[6] This symbol was warranted by the real name of Assyria, which was *Haschour,* or *Astour,* from which are derived the names of *Asturias,* a province in Iberia, and *Turkestan (Tour-estan),* the land of the Turks or Scythians.

It is no doubt Assyria that is described in the traditions of the Déné-Dindjie as a gigantic ruminant that lured them into sins of impurity, and it is equally beyond doubt that it was Babylon or Egypt that these Indians as well as the Creeks represented as a gigantic eagle, the foe of their tribes and which devoured them. Let us not forget that the god-eagle *Nisr* or *Nisoch* of the Babylonians was none other than the *Michra* of the Persian god of war or death. As an evidence that the Déné-Dindjis, and by analogy the Creeks themselves, derived these emblems from the Chaldeans, we need only consult Father Petitot's *Report on the Geology of Makenzie.* The appendix referring to the stone weapons used by the natives of this region shows that the weapons used by the Déné-

[6] See "Buried Cities of the East" in AMERICAN CATHOLIC QUARTERLY REVIEW for April, 1914.

Dindjie are in every respect similar to those of the primitive people of the Asturias, in Spain; of Erivan, in the Caucasus; of Russia and of Denmark. We see strong probabilities that this region was originally peopled by the Danites, as Father Petitot seems to show further on in his report. Moreover, we find in this region many myths that prevailed among the Chaldeans, the Tartars and even among some other tribes of the red men on our continent.

These same Assyrians have for their cherub the griffon,a fantastic animal, part eagle and part lion, which represented their great deity *Cronus,* the *Elloim* or *El* of the Hebrews, and the *Illus* of the Phœnicians, under the form of a winged man, like the cherubim of the Ark, and like those seen by Ezechiel. He had four wings, two in repose and two in action; four eyes in front and four behind, to indicate, says Sanchoniathon, his omnipotence and his omniscience. Now what do the Déné-Dindjie call their great deity? *Ehna-guhini,* he who sees forwards and backwards; *Ehta-odu-hini,* he who has eyes before and behind. It will be hard right here not to admit that we have found in the New World a deity identical with *Elloim, Illus* and *Cronus,* especially as the Déné-Dindjie traditions which refer to God recall in every particular the relations of Abraham with the Angel of the Lord, and the "wrestle" of Jacob with the Angel, etc.

If the Assyrians had a bull for their emblem because of its name, *Schour,* the Hebrews had for their emblem a figure in the form of man, that is, the Angel of God, who named Jacob *Sara El,* or Israel, "strong against God" (Gen. xxxii., 28). We see indeed throughout the history of the Israelites the Angel of the Lord visibly protecting and succoring this nation which derived its name from God Himself, *El.* It was the Archangel Michael, the strength of God, who guided them through the desert and who commanded them to exterminate the seven Canaanite nations, abominable in the eyes of Adonai because of their crimes. (See Deut. vii., 1; Josue iii., 10; Deut. ix., 3; xii., 8.)

Can one wonder that the pagan nations by whom the Israelites were surrounded were filled with wild imaginings? They had been the witnesses of this miracle wrought by the Angel of the Lord in behalf of His chosen people because of the persecution they had visited upon them and which had brought the anathemas of heaven upon them. Is it any wonder, then, that they recognized in the cherub the protector of Israel and the avenger of the crimes of the seven nations—the prototype of the maneating monsters described in tradition as coming every seven days and every seven years? And what is there astonishing in the fact that a people descended from the Chaldeans, the Egyptians, the rebellious Israelites or the

Phœnicians should have brought their traditions with them to the shores of the New World?[7]

Out of these traditions sprang the giant of the Déné-Hare Skins, the destroyer of seven persons; so also the Minotaur of the Cretans; from here, too, came the lions and the eagles of the Choctaws and the Dénés, which came "every seven days or every seven years" to commit ravages among their tribes.

It would be difficult to see a fatuity of ideas in the constant similarity of myths and traditions among peoples so widely separated by time and space. The facts speak for themselves; they are open to endless interpretations, but they still remain.

Again, the Cussitaws practice fasting, as do also the Blackfeet, the Déné-Dindjie and the Israelites. They all recognize the period of seven days.

Having set out once more, the Cussitaws came to a place called Thunder Bay (?), because of the abundance of noisy birds, cranes and other game found there. They camped here only one night. Dénés, in their journeyings through the wilderness, lived on snow-ortelans and white fowl. The Hebrews in the wilderness fed on quails, or as Rabbis Salomon and Kunchi tell us, on "very plump birds"—the nature and species of these birds not being mentioned in Hebrew, the Septuagint makes them ortelans, as the Dénés describe them.

The Cussitaws dwelt for four years in the land of the Cussaws, coming and going continually, fighting the monster and using weapons of flint. The Israelites spent forty days in the desert of the sons of Cush, wandering continually and making war on the Amalekites and the Ammorites represented by the monster maneater.

After crossing creeks and rivers the Cussitaws came to a mountain on which there was a village and asked of the inhabitants for "leave to pass through their territory." They were answered by a declaration of hostilities. After crossing the torrents of Zarred and Armon the Israelites came to the fort of Mount Hermon and under the walls of Hersebon. Moses asked "leave of the King of the Amorites to pass through the land." Sehon replied by gathering

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[7] We have no doubt that many of our readers will regard certain of our conclusions as somewhat rash, not to use a stronger term. We are not yet ready to "stand pat" on all we have said, but we would ask our readers to suspend judgment until they have read a report submitted to the American Congress, session of 1875. They will find in it very strong proof that the remnant of the Canaanite nations, and probably some Israelitish also, landed in the New World. We have only to study the monuments discovered in Peru, Yucatan, Honduras and Mexico and we shall not fail to discover their identity with those of India and Egypt. See also Father de Roo's masterly work on Pre-Columbian America.

an army . . . and fought against them" (Numb. xx., 22-23). Mount Hermon is part of the chain of Libanus.

The Cussitaws next followed the course of a stream and came to a region of huge rocks. On some of these rocks they saw a number of bows. Supposing that the nation of the "white trail" occupied the heights, they sent peace messages to them, and were answered with hostile demonstrations. Again, this accords with what has been stated above. The people of the "white trail," no doubt, correspond to the people of Palestine and Libanus.

The Cussitaws were always accompanied in their wanderings by two scouts or "spies," who went before their army. The Israelites sent "messengers" to the Amorites before attacking them. Moses sent Caleb and Josue to visit the Promised Land and Josue sent two "spies" to Jericho, and we read that they abode for a time with Rahab.

The Cussitaws resolved to attack the rebellious town and to appropriate a house for each of their warriors. It was this same course that was pursued by the Israelites in regard to the Amorites, to the inhabitants of Jericho and to the people of Palestine (Deut. iii.). The Dindjies tell a similar story in their tradition of Estiege. The foe of the Cussitaws won the Flatheads; those of the Déné-Dindjies won the Shaved Heads, from their name *(Kfwi de teile)*. We have not failed to recognize in the latter the Egyptians and perhaps even the Phœnicians.

In order to reach the town they were bent on destroying, the Cussitaws forded a stream by filling it with stones, and on reaching the town they massacred all its inhabitants except two. To reach Jericho, that God had delivered unto them, the Israelites crossed the Jordan dry-footed; they "took out twelve very large stones . . . which they set up" as a monument to commemorate their passage. They sacked Jericho, but spared Rahab and his household (Josue iv., 9).

The Cussitaws finally reached the people that dwelt in the "white land" and were disposed to destroy them also, but they succeeded in gaining the good will of their invaders so far as to induce them to form an alliance with them and thenceforward to dwell with them in peace and friendship. The Déné-Dindjie also tell us that they abode for a long time among their enemies, the Shaved Heads or Dog-men, and eventually intermarried with them.

So, too, the Israelites, after reaching the Promised Land, which it had been their mission to destroy, the primitive inhabitants thereof —the seven Chaldean nations—were moved with compassion for them and abode with them and even took their daughters for wives.

We are far from having exhausted the field of analogies between

the manners, customs, religious rites and languages of the American Indians on this continent and those of the aborigines of the islands of the Pacific and Indian oceans, as well as those of Egypt and Asia. The study is full of interest, it develops astonishing results and it would require volumes instead of pages to treat the subject with anything like the detail it requires. We may return to it at some future time.

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RULMAN MERSWIN, THE MYSTERIOUS FRIEND OF GOD FROM THE OBERLAND.

Je tiens auberge avec Jésus.
Il est mien et je suis sienne.
Il me dépasse nuit et jour,
Il a volé mon cœur:
Je suis englouti dans sa bouche,
Je n'ai rien a faire dehors.
By a Flemish Béguine.

THE life and writings of Rulman Merswin are involved in a great deal of mystery, which it is not the intention of the present writer to attempt to solve, seeing that the learned doctors who have made a study of the subject differ "toto coelo" in their elucidation of the problem it suggests. Happily on the main facts of his life all are agreed. He lived in the fourteenth century and was a friend of Tauler and Suso, and a member of the group of mystics known as the Friends of God.

He was originally a very rich man, a banker and merchant of Strasburg, but although then living in the world, he was not of the world, but was always pious and scrupulously honest and honorable in all his dealings with his neighbor. He was twice married; his first wife is said to have been very beautiful, but she died shortly after their marriage. He then married a second time, but beyond the name of the lady, Gertrude von Bietenheim, little has come down to us; all we are told is that she was the daughter of a knight; he had no children by either marriage. He lived with his second wife until he was forty, and then by mutual consent they separated; he gave up his business, retired from the world and from henceforth led a life of prayer and penance. During the first year after his retirement from the world he practiced such austerities that he became very ill. He then met the Friend of God and great preacher, John Tauler, and placed himself under his direction. Tauler ordered him to give up these practices for a certain time; he obeyed, but as soon as the time fixed had expired, he returned to them, as he quaintly says, "without saying a word about it," being determined to bring his body into subjection.

In this weak state of health he now became a prey to horrible temptations, and among them were some doubts against the faith, and between his corporal austerities and his mental sufferings he became so feeble that on a certain feast of the Assumption he could with difficulty sit up to hear a sermon. He then fell into a trance and had a vision, in the course of which some doubts about the Holy Trinity which had previously troubled him were removed.

In this vision he saw a great stone, and on it were carved three men's faces, and he heard a voice saying, "Now mayst thou well

believe, since thou hast seen in one stone, there may be three persons and yet it is one stone, and the three persons have the nature of one rock."

We pause for a moment to remark that St. Hildegarde, with whose works Merswin was probably familiar, also compares the Blessed Trinity to a stone in her vision of the Holy Trinity, but develops the simile differently from Merswin. She says: "There are three virtues in a stone—the virtue of moisture, the virtue of palpability and the power of fire. And this virtue of moisture signifies the Father, Whose power is never dried up nor finished; and the palpable comprehension means the Son, Who being born of the Virgin, is able to be touched and comprehended, and the fiery power signifies the Holy Spirit, Who is the kindler and the illuminator of the hearts of faithful men."[1]

But to return to Merswin and his vision. We are told from the day on which it happened he was never tempted to unbelief again. His health had now become so bad that he was forced to give up all his disciplines and hair shirts and iron chains, and his life was despaired of by his friends. But at the end of the fourth year of his retirement from the world, he recovered and Our Lord brought him such superhuman joy and peace and happiness that he forgot all the pain which he had borne so perseveringly for four years. Among other of his practices he assisted at the public processions and flagellations of the Flagellants, but when Pope Clement VI. forbade these processions to take place in public, he conformed to the rule. At the close of these four years of austerities he had a radiant vision, in which he was told he was in a state of grace and one of the dearest of the Friends of God.

The apocalyptic idea dominated his whole life from the year 1347. This idea had been initiated by St. Hildegarde in the twelfth century, and Merswin, like her and St. Elizabeth of Schönau, Joachim de Flore, Henry of Nordlingen, Dante, etc., all felt they had a duty to perform towards Christianity by instructing and reproving every one, even Popes and Bishops.[2]

From 1352 to 1364 we hear nothing of him, and then on October 9 he received an order in prayer to found a religious house. He hesitated to obey, but at Christmas the order was repeated with some indescribable visions, and he fell ill and was told he would not recover unless he obeyed this command. This illness, which was a kind of paralysis, lasted two years; then he obeyed the order

[1] The Life and Visions of St. Hildegarde, by Francesca M. Steele; 1914; p. 159.

[2] A. Jundt. Rulman Merswin et l'Ami de Dieu de l'Oberland; 1890; p. 1—32.

and recovered. In 1366 he bought the old ruined monastery of I'lle Verte, near Strasburg, also called Grünenwald. This he restored and endowed, for he was very generous and charitable. He also founded a house of Béguins at Strasburg.

A somewhat similar experience to this mysterious illness of Merswin's is recorded in the life of St. Hildegarde, when it was revealed to her that she must remove her community from Mount St. Disibode to Rupertsberg, to a site pointed out to her in a vision. Owing to the opposition that she met with from the monks of St. Disibode and to her reluctance to speak of her revelations, she said nothing about the site or the vision, whereupon she was seized with blindness and a kind of paralysis, and it was not until she recognized that this was a punishment for her silence and reluctance to obey the instructions she had received that she recovered her sight and the use of her limbs.[3]

Merswin's greatest work of charity was the restoration and endowment of this old ruined convent of I'lle Verte, as the French call it, or Grünenwald or Grünenberg, as it is called by the Germans. After consulting the Layman and Friend of God, Nicolas of Basle, as to whether he should give his money to the poor or use it to rebuild and endow this old monastery, he decided to employ it for the latter purpose, and with the Pope's consent he rebuilt it and opened it as a house of retreat for any priests or laymen who wished to retire from the world and lead a life of prayer, only he stipulated that they should conform to certain rules which he drew up. It was designed particularly for those who wished to lead a strictly contemplative life, and four priests and one Nicolas von Laufen,[4] who had formerly been a draper, but was then also a priest, entered the convent, but they did not agree, and after a little while Merswin decided to install the Knights of St. John of Jerusalem there in their stead. These Johannine monks were an order of laics founded on chivalry and distinguished by their nobility as much as by their piety. It was in the year 1371 that these knights entered Grünenwald. Their first commander was Henri de Wolfach. Nicolas von Laufen entered the order and never left it or the monastery. He acted as Merswin's secretary.

This same year Merswin lost his second wife and retired to this monastery himself and lived there until his death. He enlarged the choir of the church, built a portico and baths and decorated the garden with fountains and pavilions; these last were probably shrines. From henceforth his interior life was shrouded in mystery; to others he was full of fun, but it was not until after

[3] Migne, Pat Lat., cxcvii.

[4] A. Jundt. Ibid. Note—He is called von Löwen by some writers.

his death that they discovered what favors he received from God and what an intimate Friend of God he was.

In 1378 the Great Schism broke out, and on St. Patrick's day of the following year a most extraordinary meeting of seven of the Friends of God took place among the mountains, near a hermitage, where dwelt a priest and two brothers and a chapel stood. Four of these seven were laymen and the other three were priests. The priests were John Tauler, Henry Suso and a learned jurist whose name has not come down; Rulman Merswin, Nicolas of Basle, a converted Jew named John, and the mysterious Friend of God from the Oberland were the laymen.

One of the latest authorities on Merswin, W. Preger, thinks that this mysterious man, the Friend of God from the Oberland, who visited all the Friends of God from time to time, none of them knowing from whence he came nor whither he went, was one Jean de Rutberg, a native of Coire and founder of the hermitage of Ganterschyl, which was probably the place where this extraordinary meeting took place.[5] Herr Schmidt, on the contrary, thinks the layman from the Oberland was no other than Nicolas of Basle, who was burnt as a heretic in Vienna and accused unjustly of being one of the Beghards.[6]

But to return to this meeting at the hermitage. The seven Friends of God spent the week in prayer and met by a brook every afternoon to discuss what part they should take in this great calamity which had befallen the world and to which Pope they should adhere. On the last day of this retreat a great storm of wind occurred, followed by darkness, which lasted for an hour, and then a light broke over the scene and they heard the voice of an angel saying that God had heard their prayers and that He would delay the punishment coming upon the world for a year. They returned to their homes and on Holy Thursday in the following year they met again in the same place, but this time there were twelve of the Friends of God. Of the five new ones, two came from Hungary and one from Genoa. Still more extraordinary phenomena are said to have occurred on this occasion than at the former meeting. There were winds and storms and lights appearing, and in the midst of it all a letter is said to have dropped down from the clouds telling them all to retire from the world, to receive Holy Communion three times a week, and that three years later they would receive further communications.[7] Both Merswin and Nicolas

[5] Preger Wilhelm. Geschichte der Deutschen Mystik un Mittelalter, 187, etc.

[6] Schmidtlad. Die Gottesfreunde in 14 Jahrhundert. Jena, 1856.

[7] Jones, Rufus. Studies in Mystical Religion; 1909.

record this extraordinary incident, which seems as difficult to interpret in a mystical sense as to accept literally.

In the following year, 1380, Merswin had a cell built for himself adjoining the monastery of Grünenwald, and was enclosed in it and lived the rest of his life there as a recluse. Two years later, on the feast of Candlemas, he felt constrained to write "A Last and Amiable Exhortation for His Brethren at Grünenwald," but this work has not come down to us. Three weeks later dropsy set in, but during the last days of his life he was compelled by some interior force to write "The Book of Prevenient Grace." He frequently assembled his brethren around his cell and from the window exhorted them to progress in the spiritual life.

He died on July 18, 1382, on a Friday, at three in the afternoon. His second wife, who had become a nun and had died some years previously, was buried in the choir of the church which he had built at Grünenwald, and he was laid to rest by her side.[8]

Four days after his death the brothers opened a little sealed cupboard in his cell and discovered the MSS. of "The History of His Conversion" and the "Book of the Nine Rocks." His literary career, as might have been expected, is strongly affected by the mysticism of his time. In the "History of His Conversion" he related his interior life from 1347 to the middle of 1352. In it he says "that God constrained me to write some books for the salvation of my neighbor, in spite of my resistance, and I was obliged to do it."

Another of these books is called "The Book of the Banners." It is a cry of alarm from a pious, simple nature on the decline of the religious life and at the progress of free thought in Christian lands.

It was the mysterious Friend of God from the Oberland who commanded Merswin to write the "History of His Conversion" and to seal it up, and he did the same himself. On this subject there is diversity of opinion. Père Dénifle, who has made close researches on the subject, believes that this Friend of God from the Oberland never existed at all, but was a creation of Rulman Merswin's brain, and that he himself wrote both books. A German writer, Friedrich Lauchert, indorses this opinion of Père Dénifle's, and says: "The more I busy myself with the whole circle of writings on this subject, the more am I strengthened in the conviction of the justice of Dénifle's researches, and that the 'Gottesfreund von der Oberland' is an invention of Merswin's and that he composed the writings of this last. In this conviction can also

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[8] A. Jundt. Ibid.

the opposite opinion of Preger, who still believes in the existence of the Friend of God, not shake me."[9]

In this opinion of Père Dénifle's, A. Jundt disagrees, inasmuch as he is sure that Merswin had no intention of deceiving any one; he believes that it was a case of dual personality; that Merswin sometimes without knowing wrote in his own person and sometimes in that of the Friend of God from the Oberland. Jundt's book on "Rulman Merswin and the Friend of God" is written to prove that this is the true solution of the problem of the Friend of God from the Oberland. He says: "The phenomenon of double personality thus defined seems to me to be the natural and satisfying solution of the psychological problem which our texts place before us."

We cannot see anything "natural or satisfying" in this theory, which, considering the sanctity of the man whom it concerns, strikes us as unnatural, strained and most improbable. We might as well suggest that St. Catherine of Sienna was a victim of dual personality, because she clothed her mysticism in the form of a dialogue, for it is the fact that Rulman Merswin threw his "Book of the Nine Rocks" into a dialogue that M. Jundt bases his Stevensonian idea upon, for he says he sees in this tendency "an indication of a disposition to duplication of the personality which is not to be neglected."

The most natural and also the most satisfying solution of the mystery of the identity of this Friend of God from the Oberland is that he was a holy layman, perhaps Nicolas of Basle, who from humility concealed his real name, who visited Tauler, converted him and wrote the history of Tauler's life and conversion.

Another modern theory about this Friend of God is that a German writer, Carl Rieder,[10] who thinks that he never existed at all, but that Rulman's secretary, Nicolas von Laufen, invented him after Merswin's death, and edited the notes left by Merswin and added to them and passed them off as autobiographical works of Merswin's and the Friend of God from the Oberland. This does not seem to us a much happier suggestion than that of M. Jundt, for why should a holy man, as Nicolas von Laufen seems to have been, have been guilty of such deception?

The old idea that this Friend of God who came and went so secretly was Nicolas of Basle is certainly as probable as any of the modern suggestions; perhaps the reason that so much doubt has been cast upon it is the fact that he was burnt as a heretic; but it

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[9] Lauchert, Friedrich. Bonn, 1896. Preface to "Bach von den Zwei Mannen," by Rulman Merswin.

[10] Rieder, Carl. Der Gottesfreund von Oberland. Innsbruck, 1905.

seems hardly likely, now that nearly six centuries have elapsed, that his identity will ever be established.

Merswin's longest work is the "Book of the Nine Rocks," written as we have seen in the form of a dialogue; in it he describes all the troubles, interior as well as exterior, that he had passed through. It is divided into two parts. In the first part he describes the state of Christendom at the time he wrote; in the second part he describes nine stages in the spiritual life of the soul—the stages being the rocks which gave the title to the book.

These nine rocks are again subdivided into three stages, which correspond really to the three ways into which all ascetical writers have divided the spiritual life, namely, the purgative way, the illuminative way and the unitive way. The purgative way is appropriated to beginners, the illuminative way to proficients and the unitive way to the perfect.

Most ascetical writers think that the mystical states do not begin till the close of the unitive way; others exclude mystical states altogether from these ways. St. John of the Cross employs all these terms of purgative, illuminative and unitive, and applies them, as do other spiritual writers, to beginners, proficients and the perfect; but he makes the mystical life to begin in the illuminative way, when meditation ceases, and calls this way the way of infused contemplation, which is a mystical state, called by St. Theresa mystical theology or mystical contemplation.

St. Bernard compares these three ways to three kisses, which he says Our Lord graciously permits to His lovers—to kiss His feet is equal to the purgative way; to kiss His Hands is for those walking in the illuminative way, and the saint thus beautifully describes the third way: "We seek His helping Hand to lift us up and to strengthen our feeble knees that we may stand upright. When we have with many prayers and tears obtained these two former graces, then at length we perhaps venture to lift our eyes to that Countenance full of glory and majesty, for the purpose not only to adore, but (I say it with fear and trembling) to kiss—this is the unitive way." (Sermon 3 on the Canticles.)

Merswin composed this "Book of the Nine Rocks" at the close of four years of austerities which he practiced at the beginning of his conversion.

"The Book of the Banners" we have already mentioned. Herr Preger says of this work rather severely "that it is richer in words than in thought, although it nevertheless contains many interesting things." It was written anonymously, like the "Book of the Nine Rocks." This was doubtless from humility.

The "History of His Conversion" has been recently edited by

Friedrich Lauchert, who tells us in a preface that it was printed from a MS. belonging to the University of Strasburg, to whom it passed after the death of Canon Straub. The MS. was on parchment and contains 179 small pages, with seventeen lines to the page. It is written in Gothic characters very legibly and carefully, but with the abbreviations customary at the period. The titles of the chapters are written in red ink and the text of each chapter begins with a large initial in red ink.

This book is published in Karl Schmidt's "Nicolaus von Basle," and it has also been published with editorial notes in Herr Lauchert's "Des Gottesfreundes in Oberland."

The title of this book is "The Book of the Two Men"—the two men being Rulman and the Mysterious Friend from the Oberland. It is written in old German, and we wish Herr Lauchert had modified the old spelling, for it is very difficult to read. The headings of the chapters which we translate may give some idea of the scope of the book.

There are thirteen chapters, and these are the titles:

"Chapter I. How the love of God flourishes in the Oberland, and the first five years of a God-living man laid bare to another.

"Chapter II. How one man lays bare his life to another.

"Chapter III. Of backbiting (von hinter-rede).

"Chapter IV. That God is thanked for His sufferings by very few men.

"Chapter V. How it behooves a man of the Gospel to serve God unto the end.

"Chapter VI. How it happened to the soul of a worldly-wise man when he died.

"Chapter VII. Of perfect manners as far as is possible.

"Chapter VIII. Of Preaching.

"Chapter IX. Of the sin which is called unchastity.

"Chapter X. That if Divine grace does not come to the help of a man, then is the man guilty and not God.

"Chapter XI. How so little honor is offered in Christian countries to the Most Blessed Sacrament of the Body of Christ (literally God's Body).

"Chapter XII. That so few teachers preach to me of the inheritance of God.

"Chapter XIII. The difference between a reasonable man and an immoral man."

His style is not very cultivated; in fact, his works are valuable for the contribution they offer to mystical literature rather than from any literary merit; his sentences are long and involved, but

the naiveté and originality of his expressions compensate to some extent for his want of culture and finished writing.

His autobiography, which has been lost in the course of the ages, is said to have been very long and diffuse and the sentences much involved. But as he tells us, he wrote not to win literary merit or the applause of men, but because he was urged from within to write for the benefit of his fellow-men.

Besides founding the Johannine Monastery at Grünenwald and the convent already mentioned at Strasburg, he managed a hospital in that city and was provost of the Convent of St. Argobast. Naturally, he had to give up these active works when he became an anchorite.

We have before said that the Society of the Friends of God was above all a layman's movement, and Rulman Merswin was the most celebrated and devout of the *laymen* included in it, if we except the mysterious Friend of God from the Oberland, to whom all the others seem to have looked up as a saint, and who when he did not come to them himself was constantly sending them messengers.

Merswin does not appear ever to have written anything contrary to the faith, or that was disapproved by the ecclesiastical authorities, as did some of the Friends of God. Two of them were burnt as heretics—Nicolas of Basle, as has been said, and one Berthold von Rohrbach, who was burnt at the stake at Spire in 1536 for teaching that laymen who were enlightened by God were as competent teachers as priests.

No less than sixteen treatises have been collected in "Das grosse Deutsche Memorial," and ascribed either to Rulman Merswin or the Mysterious Friend of God from the Oberland. Among these are "The Book of the Banners" and "The Book of Prevenient Grace," already mentioned. The MS. of this memorial is in the Strasburg Bibliothec.

Two entitled, respectively, "The Spiritual Ladder" and "The Spiritual Stairway" are included in A. Jundt's "Mulman Merswin."

There is another collection of treatises by the Friends of God, some of which are believed to have been the work of Merswin or this Friend from the Oberland. This collection includes "The Book of the First Four Years of Rulman's New Life" and the "Book of the Five Men." This is the story of the mysterions Friend of God and four of his companions, and is published also in Herr Schmidt's "Nicolas von Basel."

In the "Story of the First Four Years" Merswin says:

"Of all the wonderful works which God wrought in me, I was not allowed to tell a single word to any one until the time came

when it pleased God to reveal to a man in the Oberland to come to me. When he came to me, God gave me the power to tell him everything. He became my intimate friend; I submitted myself to him in the place of God, and I told him all the secrets of those four years as God inspired me to do. Then he said: 'My dear beloved friend, take this book (the book of the Two Men); thou wilt find in it the story of the five years of my conversion; and now give me in writing the story of thy four years of conversion.' "

This passage seems to prove beyond a doubt that this Friend of God really existed and was no mere creation of Merswin's brain, nor as another modern writer (a non-Catholic writer) suggests, the he was an ideal character, a fourteenth century "Christian," the hero of "Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress."

"The Book of the Nine Rocks" is a very great mystical work, and it is a pity it has not been translated into English, for it is now, of course, difficult to obtain in German.[11] This writer considers it one of the greatest mystical apocalypses of the middle ages and the greatest literary creation of the Friends of God. This is indeed high praise when we remember that Jan Ruysbroek was a Friend of God, and know that he was perhaps the greatest mystical writer who ever wrote. Comparisons being odious, it is unwise to say who was the greatest mystical writer of all these Friends of God—Tauler, Eckhart, B. Henry Suso or Merswin; they are all inimitable. "The Book of the Nine Rocks" contains a series of visions which Merswin saw about the year 1351 and was commanded to write them down. He resisted the command for some time from humility, saying, "Are there not books enough by great doctors who can write much better than I can?" He also said his book would carry no conviction, because it was not proved by Holy Scripture.

He then heard the Divine Voice answer his objection thus: "Without doubt, the Scriptures came from the Holy Spirit, but why cannot God still write such a book? Thou art not the first person through whom the waters of Divine grace have come. Is not the power of God the same as in the times wherein the Scriptures were written? Whoever does not believe that God can work His wonderful works through His Friends to-day, as He did in the times of the Old and the New Testaments, that man is not a Christian, for he does not believe that the Divine power remains the same throughout the centuries." "I will obey; speak as Thou wilt through me, a poor sinner," replied Merswin.

The plan of the second part of this book, which insensibly reminds the reader of the "Purgatorio" of Dante, we here condense

[11] Rufus Jones. **Studies in Mystical Religion.**

from the summary given of it by Mr. Rufus Jones in his book, "Studies in Mystical Religion."

It is a vision in which the writer sees a great net covering the whole earth, except a great mountain on which are nine platforms, cut in the rock, towards which men are running to escape from the net which a terrible figure is endeavoring to catch them in.

Those on the first rock are those who have been cleansed from mortal sin by a good confession, but they keep falling off the rock into the net. Those on the second rock are those who have determined to forsake sin and to place themselves under the direction of a Friend of God. On the third rock are those who are practicing mortification of the body. These represent the purgative way.

Those on the fourth rock are practicing mortification solely to please and glorify God, but are guilty of self-will by choosing their own mortifications. Those on the fifth rock have made the complete sacrifice of their own will. Those on the sixth rock have entirely abandoned themselves to God. These are those in the illuminative way.

Those on the sixth rock have one imperfection—they desire supernatural revelations. Those on the seventh rock have got beyond desiring revelations, but take an excessive joy in them when granted to them. Those on the eighth rock have nearly conquered self, and are ready to accept what God gives them both here and hereafter. Their only imperfection is not accepting spiritual desolation with perfect resignation. Those who reach the ninth rock, which is the top of the mountain, are very few; in fact, only three dwellers are seen on this rock. They enjoy whatever God does. They are crucified to the world and the world to them, and they love all men in God with an equal love. Those who reach this summit have the privilege of beholding the Divine Origin, and finally there comes to the writer of the book this vision of Divine Origin. Those who are on these three last rocks have reached the unitive way.

Rulman Merswin is the least known of all these five great mystics and Friends of God, namely, Eckhart, Tauler, B. Henry Suso, Jan Ruysbroek and himself, but if half the works ascribed to him are his composition, he is by no means the least worthy of fame.

DARLEY DALE.

DANTE.

DANTE DEGLI ALIGHIERI is supreme in his class. He is the greatest of analytic and reflective poets. Shakespeare excels him in his knowledge of human nature, in his insight into human passions, in his capacity for entering into the varied world of human emotions. Milton excels him in his boldness of poetic conception, in his audacious handling of the problems which lie hidden in the mind of God. Homer excels him in uniform grandeur, in rugged energy of thought. But Shakespeare, Milton and Homer are, after all, men of like passions as we are. They belong to us, and we feel that the outstanding qualities of their genius are our own qualities in a stronger and more intense form. With Dante it is different. Human life and its surroundings are as it were accidental with him. He moves among men, but is really apart from them. He lives in the world, but in reality he is not of it. He knows passion, emotion and feeling, but his mind and intellect are stronger than they are. He has a present, but he is ever conscious of an inexplicable past and a haunting future, which render him incapable of becoming the empty singer of an idle day. He has power to act, but he must ever act in a mood of analyses which demand of him why he acts. He is the supreme poet of the analytic school, the high priest of public thought.

The great fascination of Dante lies in the fact that his work is the mirror of his own soul. It is well nigh impossible to read a page of his writings which does not reflect in some way something of the storm and stress of his own life and its circumstances. Contemporary history meets us at every turn. We feel the kaleidoscopic world of contemporary politics. We meet the men and women whom Dante knew, the opinions which Dante heard defended or condemned. The entire contemporary life seems to pass before us in all its strange and absorbing energy, but transfigured and transformed by the poet's genius. And most fascinating figure in this old world which Dante recalls is the poet himself. Its history, its men and women, its politics, its opinions, move round him and bring him into greater relief. They have passed away into the dim shadowings of the world's past endeavo.. He still remains all the more immovable because they have gone. He steps out of his own pages all the more real because of the violent contrasts. Thus Dante's writings are part and parcel of his own life and of the age in which he lived, and any study of him apart from these will be singularly inadequate. They are Dante and they are the thirteenth century. No commentary on them is so indispensable as a

knowledge of the age; and, in turn, as we learn Dante from them, they become the best interpreter of his age. Once we have learned to love Dante, we find the petty local history of thirteenth century Italy full of absorbing interest. How dull we have found the family feuds and age-long factions of Italian life! How pregnant with meaning they become when we have learned from Dante the deep principles which lay behind them! The learning of the middle ages is cumbersome and dull, until we find that it is the vehicle for Dante's thought. In addition, a study of Dante's life is essential to an appreciation of him as a writer. We do not care very much where Homer was born, who Shakespeare was, what Milton's religious and political opinions were—we can appreciate their writings almost part from the men. With Dante this is quite different. Dante's writings spring out of himself, are compound of himself and his age. His personality stands out over all, clear, well defined and unmistakable; but the expression of it is so intense that he sums up, as it were, the human life of his times. These are also in all his works, detailed and elaborate, true to themselves; but after passing through the depth of his mind and the intensity of his soul they become typical of all ages in their questionings, their problems, their doubts, their fears, their successes, their lost causes and unrealized ideals. Of course, Dante's life and Dante's age will not explain his works or fill up the measure of their meaning. Generation after generation will in the future as in the past find its own solution, its own satisfaction. Individuals will still read Dante and find in him their own interpretation. Dante means so much that the half-truths of generations and of individuals are almost all that we can hope for. But, however inadequaete they may be, they will be almost futile if we do not begin our study by an attempt to understand Dante's character and the influences which developed and moulded it. And this study of Dante's life will react on us. As we move along with his progress we shall be led to feel, as he felt, that time and seasons, men and women, are but symbols of the intensity of eternity and of the all-embracing personality of God.

Seven centuries ago Dante Degli Alighieri was born of a noble family in Florence. The weight of evidence seems to prove that his birth took place when his father was a compulsory exile from his home on account of his Guelfic sympathies. However that may be, the success of the Guelfic cause soon found the family circle once more complete, and as Dante advanced into boyhood he came into contact with all the new life of Florence which had been reborn out of the wars between the Church and Empire. These heavy laden years of activity emphasized the natural importance of the city's activities, as Florence was no mean factor in the great and

important struggle. A comprehensive survey of the political and ecclesiastical ideals of the moment will help us to understand the circumstances of Dante's early life.

Firstly, to Italy belonged all the principles and sentiment which gathered round the old Roman Empire. The Emperor was, in theory at least, its supreme ruler, although Italy had no part or say in his election. It is true that she gave to the age-long representative of the imperial rule sufficient honor and service to preserve the tradition, but these were modified and at time almost nullified by the fact that Italy never had ceased to claim peculiar privileges and to assert them frequently in no unmistakable manner. In addition, a new factor had entered into Italian life for which the proud construction of imperial Rome had taken no thought. Rome had become Catholic. A new force claiming to call men to a higher ideal than mere citizenship in an earthly empire had arisen in the world, and, gradually as the centuries passed, the Catholic Church developed and perfected her wonderful organization, with the imperial city as the palpitating centre of her life. Thus Rome became head of the political and ecclesiastical world—the energizing force behind the world-wide Church and the theoretical world-wide Empire. History contains no grander conception. The keys of Peter and the sceptre of the Emperor were to hold the world in parallel subjection. But, like most great conceptions, it was hard—nay, impossible—to realize. As time went on, it became increasingly difficult to define the boundaries between the things of Peter and the things of the Emperor, and, when such definitions were forced on Church and State, another problem was added—who was the authoritative source of definition? For generations Italy was torn in factions over the complicated issue, with the tragic result that the Catholic Church found herself borrowing from the State ways and means peculiar to the State. Instead of lessening the difficulties, the Church, by her methods, rendered more confused than ever the issues between the spiritual and the temporal, until St. Francis and St. Dominic called her back to something of her real mission. We shall see later how this struggle affected Dante's writings. For the moment it is only necessary to notice that Pope and Emperor appealed in turn to the Italian towns for their support, and as a consequence these towns developed an importance in history out of all proportion to their population or individual political value. Broadly speaking, the old Italian nobility stood on the side of the Emperor, while the towns and cities, even in the thirteenth century full of a strong national sentiment, were favorable to the Pope. With the Pope lay the victory. Frederick II. fell and the Suabian house disappeared. Once the imperial rule

was driven out, Florence, with its neighbors, was left to work out its own salvation. Time would tell whether the victory of the Church would be beneficial. At this point in her history Florence was full of the intense life which flowed from the success of the Papal arms. Intellectually, commercially and politically it was beginning that romantic career in the world's history which made her for generations the pride and glory of Italy. And in these early days of the new life of his native city, there lay before Dante many possibilities for success and fame in any of its many activities. But his future lay in other spheres than those of trade or war or politics. When only nine he met Beatrice, the daughter of Folco, Portinari, and his boyhood's love stirred in his Southern heart the infinite longings and vague figures of his imagination. To the vast majority of men such an episode would have faded into nothingness as the years brought the philosophic mind. To Dante it remained not merely as one of the greatest inspirations of his life, but also at the moment when the poet was born within him.

Each meeting with her strengthened in his soul all his conceptions of purity, perfect beauty and divine holiness. As a rule, the loves of boyhood and girlhood fade quickly when the boy and girl see more and more of one another, and seldom do they assume a spiritual aspect. With Dante it was different. Beatrice became day by day not only the centre of his longings, but the incarnation of his ideals. Parallel with his spiritual development, which Beatrice inspired, his mental development went on apace. Casella taught him music. Brunetto Latini, one of the greatest scholars of his age, taught him book-learning and the ways of men. To both he pays tribute in the "Divina Commedia." At eighteen the poet found himself, and he has left us in the "Vita Nuova" an intimate and minute biography of the next seven years of his life—the heroic and spiritual love of Beatrice. Even her marriage to Simone de Bardi did not change Dante's attitude to her. Her smile, the touch of her hand, her gentle presence in the distance moved him in the present as in the past. She continued to inspire his visions, etherealize his thoughts, banish his lower nature. Thus it happened that Beatrice became to him a centre of development. He found himself in her.

But the lover and poet did not kill in him the man of affairs. He pursued his studies with energy, was active in all the departments of a citizen's life, and once at least—at the battle of Campaldino—he bore arms for Florence against the Ghibellines. The death of Beatrice, while it overwhelmed his soul, only served to increase his activities and to bring out in him more prominently his business instincts. Indeed his marriage to Gemma di Donati can

largely be attributed to his keen desire to serve the State. Whether he loved her or not must remain a mystery. He never in any of his writings mentions her or her seven children. To the ordinary student of life the years following Beatrice's death must seem years of prosperity for Dante. Prosperous, respected and important, his fortune developed with that of Florence. But Dante himself always looked back on them with regret. Out of them, however, the true Dante was born. He feared that his public activities were killing the ideals which Beatrice had fostered; that he was losing hold on his real life and his real duty. In reality these years were fruitful in his life's work. Study and reflection over her death transfigured and transformed Beatrice from the girl of boyhood's love, from the idealized woman of his young manhood's visions, into his great teacher. She became his guide and he won his victory when at her dictation he sacrificed all outward success to his soul's inner development.

We need not from this point follow his life in close detail, as it is well known to most of my readers. Family feuds and disputes with the Pope drove him in exile from Florence. As an Ambassador at Rome he learned from his contact with Boniface VIII. some stern lessons in ecclesiastical politics, which as we shall see bore fruit in his "De Monarchia." Poor, friendless and alone, he lived a wanderer's life—now in Italy, now in France, now perhaps in England. When Henry of Luxemburg was elected Emperor, hope once more revived in his heart that the petty jealousies, the town feuds and the family wars would give place to a new and united Italy. On the footsteps of the imperial throne he greeted Henry VIII. with a clarion call to his high mission: "Italy, your bridegroom is at hand! Rejoice and be glad, wipe away your tears and put off the weeds of your widow's mourning." But Dante's dream was destined to remain a dream for centuries. Henry died within a few years. With him died all hope of a united Italy, if ever indeed he was the man to accomplish it. Dante continued his wanderings and refused to end his exile by accepting a nominal imprisonment and public penance. The same high ideals lay behind his refusal as governed his whole life. "If my city cannot receive me back honorably, it will never receive me back." The failure of his political visions only served to throw him back into the world of thought, which is his true native land. As the guest of Guido da Polenta, among the pine forests of Ravenna he pondered and completed his great epic. Here hope still followed him—would not Florence recall him and crown him as her own poet? Another age would see the event. Lonely and outcast, he passed "from human things to the divine, from time to eternity, from Florence to a peo-

ple just and sane." And his epic reflected his life. The shadow of disappointment hangs over his "Inferno." The unsatisfying calm produced by reflection and study stands over the "Purgatorio." A soul surrendered to divine love, tried by the disappointing will-o'-the-wisps of the world, finds its Father and its God in the "Paradiso."

I have surveyed shortly the circumstances of Dante's life, because, as I have said, he sums up his age. It is now necessary to turn to his writings and to see if possible the manner in which the man and his life are reflected in them. It must not be forgotten that Dante is not merely a poet, although his immortality rests on that fact. He is a theologian, a philosopher, a philologist, a politician. He studied with ceaseless care the whole round of human learning during his age and in his writings he sums up all its intellectual activities. This, as I have said, is Dante's greatest characteristic. No other writer in the world's literature has given such a complete picture of the varied complications of contemporary life —and what a time Dante's was! Then the Catholic Church knew nothing of heresy and schism and the world at large lived under the peace of her divine unity. The Empire still held out the conception of a world-wide kingdom, though men were beginning to assert themselves for themselves while professing loyalty to it. The fine arts—music, painting, sculpture, poetry—were beginning to reflect the beauty of God's creatures in idealized forms. Life was full of various fascinations in that far-off Italy of the thirteenth century, and Dante's own contact with it made it all the more wonderful. Was he not the ideal lover? Was he not the diligent student? Had he not idealized civics and politics? Had he not wandered among many peoples and learned from actual contact with life the stern realities of his age? But his experiences were not mere experiences to be recorded in the current speech of his day or stored up in his mind. Everything was analyzed, everything was pondered on, everything was passed through the alembic of his own personality. Thus his writings, whether prose or verse, are not merely a poet's writings. There is little of the poet's lightness of touch, of the poet's passion, of the poet's fire. They are intense with reflection, with thought, with high debate and sublime vision, and as his powers developed, he was forced to leave behind the simpler diction of his early poetry and prose. He required an adequate vehicle to convey the thoughts that rushed upon it, and he found it in symbols and imaginings, as in our day Francis Thompson has done.

We shall begin, as Dante practically did, with the "Vita Nuova." How often has this work been dismissed in histories of literature as a

youthful love poem, in which intense love has crowded out the world, or rather gathered in the world to its own life! Such criticism is, if not shallow and puerile, at least completely inadequate. And if the student of Dante does not pass beyond it, he will never feel the poet intimately in his midriff and his marrow; he will never know the real Dante. The "Vita Nuova" is no mere sigh of a lover's youth in the form of great poetry. It is, in truth, the key that unlocked Dante's personality. The great note of the poem *is* at once evident to the discerning reader. It is a poem of thought, not of passion—a poem where reason and intellect control the beauty of love inspired by Beatrice and place it in its proper place in the poet's life. The proper place for that love Dante found in this control. To him, as to other men, love had its glow, its sweetness, its intensity, its meccas, its exiles, its spiritual valuation. But most men—most poets who write of love—find in it something which moves the swift pen and sweeps aside Horace's nine years' mediation before writing. It is a something which comes once and must be recorded with speed ere it vanish into something elusive. To Dante love was something different in purpose, though not in origin, from the love of other men. It was to him a permanent lasting thing—part of the very warp and woof of his life. It was therefore something on which his reflective powers must work, something with which thought must deal if it were to be woven into its proper place in life's varied web. Hence the "Vita Nuova" is not a mere ordinary love poem, full of love's intensity, of love's kindred sympathies, of love's own peculiar marks. It is a poem—still a love poem—produced by a combination of the whole man, in which love's ephemeral movements are analyzed to find love's permanent years. And so Dante gives us his own estimate: "The image of Beatrice was of a kind so perfect that it never once permitted me to be overcome by love without a faithful council of reason." Love unrealized, as the world counts it, is the theme of the "Vita Nuova;" but it left to the poet a permanent gift. It becomes reasoned love fitted into its due place according to the mind of the master-lover. It followed Beatrice beyond this life, and his purpose in life became henceforth a diligent attempt to write of those wonderful ideals and thoughts which his love for Beatrice had given birth to within him. All his intellectual pursuits, all his civic and political activities never blinded him to his mission in life—to find the real behind the transitory, and this purpose inspired his first prose work—the "De Monarchia."

We have already seen something of Dante's Italy. The Italian cities of the thirteenth century were by no means the ideal centres of self-government which they have too often been painted. Stand-

ing before two great and rival powers—the Papacy and the Empire—their main object seems to have been to play off these two powers against each other in order to secure time and space for their own party strifes. They had no conception of the common good of a common Italy. They were part and parcel of the political theorizings of his day. Their own advantages were more important than the good of the whole. Dante in this connection, as elsewhere, reflected on his conception of their place in Italian life and found it hopelessly inadequate, because so transitory and unreal. The "De Monarchia" is really our first modern political system. He wishes to separate the ecclesiastical from the political sphere and to make an Italy one under the Emperor, with its centre at Rome and free from all political control on the part of the Church. He grasped the ideal of Italian unity and Italian nationality in an age of Italian disintegration, and he wrote of it in terms which strangely anticipate the letters and speeches of Cavour. We may not indeed agree with either Dante or his nineteenth century follower, but we must admire his sincerity of purpose and the thoughtful conclusion, so far in advance of thirteenth century Italy.

The "De Vulgari Eloquentia," written in his early exile, is in a sense a second part to the "De Monarchia" and is also closely related to Cavour's ideal. The work has obvious limitations and errors—for philology was an unborn science then—but we have concern only with Dante's aim. Once again the man of thought is evident. Unity ought to be the goal for Italy. In his "De Monarchia" he advocated that Italians should be ruled by one central government and obey one system of laws. Here he sets forth the advantages of one language for them. As a system of central government would tend to eliminate futile divisions in political life, so one language, which would oust dialects, would tend to overcome family feuds—the end of both—one government and one language —to produce a strong peaceful unity in the broken ineffective life of unorganized Italy. His own poetry helped his ideal more than the speculation of the "De Vulgari Eloquentia."

We need not delay over the unfinished "Convito," full though it is of Dante's reflections on the myriad life of his day. It is only interesting because it was the work on which he was actively engaged when he began the "Divina Commedia." The contrast is inevitable. The "Convito" is full of Dante's intellectual life, full of all the strangest problems of his age, but how poor a thing it is compared with the work which he produced when his intellectual activities were turned into the abysmal depths of his own personality! The "Convito" is but the body of which the "Divina Commedia" is the soul. The difference lies here. Dante's great

poem is a combination of thought and imagination. All the knowledge and all the science of his day are found in it, but poetic fancy plays over them, as it did in the soul of the real Dante. And, whatever else the reader may find in the "Divina Commedia," this one thing he cannot miss—that it is the song of the soul—the song of the reality of life—the world's great epic of constructive reflection. In a way we can compare it with "The Tempest." Like Shakespeare's last play, it was written in the close of life, when the experiences—divinely appointed—were soon to be "rounded with a sleep." In "The Tempest" and in the "Divina Commedia" we find the full wisdom of Shakespeare's and Dante's maturity. But "Divina Commedia" has in reality nothing of Shakespeare's wonder-working world in it. Dante is greater than Ssakespeare, because he has succeeded in giving us the picture of a soul in all its reality without any "supernatural machinery," and given it to us with all the peculiar atmosphere of his age, while keeping it true to all time. A large critical study remains to be written on the use of metaphor by Homer, Dante and Milton. The keynote of this study would, I think, be found in the closeness with which each poet followed his age. Dante is intensely realistic, with all the realism of the mediæval Church.

At the moment ecclesiastical art was employed in Florence to emphasize the divine purpose in life and to give vivid ideas of the horrors attendant on man's thwarting of that purpose. The friars were calling men back to the realities of their vocation by word-pictures of the bliss of the redeemed and the tortures of the damned. So Dante took up the ethos of contemporary life in the "Divina Commedia." His canvas is brilliantly realistic, because his faith was comprehensive. This fact answers any criticism that Dante was irreverent.

And how has the poet worked out his picture of a soul? He did not create a Prospero and his companion *dramatis personæ*. He was more audacious and more successful, because he took a soul that he knew, no half-creation of experience and imagination. He pictured the soul of Dante in all its stern reality, with no magic wand and no magic book—just the everyday Dante. He lifted his own circumstances, the activities of his complete personality, he placed them in relationship to the eternal realities, and he looked on them in as detached a manner as possible. It was a fit theme for a theologian or a philosopher, but theology and philosophy were too cold if his conception would become a universal appeal. He combined them with fancy and imagination and he laid all men under obligation to him. What has he given us? Dante Degli Alighieri and the workings of his soul, surrounded with all the

questions and doubts of his day—all placed in their true relationship to God. Such a combination precludes the possibility of trifling. No one can read the "Divina Commedia" without seriousness of purpose. It was Dante's aim to show each reader the frequent possibilities of life; and he shows them to us, because even life's meanest round is pictured in its true value to the eternal life of God. "The things not seen are the things eternal." That is the central fact of the poem, and that is the greatest claim. No other writer has taken a human soul in all its actuality, surrounded it with its own activities, its own friends, its own image—and then lifted the whole picture out of its relation to time and placed it in the sublimest color in its relation to eternity, where earth's valued nothingnesses fall aside before that Eye which "searches the very heart of man, what is in him." Such a conception must be real, because its *raison d'être* is to bring the soul into contact with the only reality. It must be stern, because the medication of right and the punishment of wrong are to the immutable Lawgiver always stern. And so Dante takes vice and virtue and gives them a concrete form in real men in order that the reality of his picture may arrest the mind and will. This note of reality runs all through the poem, even in details. Who can forget the realistic description of Inferno or of Purgatory? As Dante journeys, how carefully does he bring back to us that *he*—a human soul—is journeying. We read of his weariness, of his fear, of his toils, of his old friends. We hear much of his personal history and Inferno, Purgatory and Paradise take, as it were, a color from himself. In Inferno how haughty and arrogant he seems! He is superior to the lost souls. This is no cruelty, as superficial criticism would ask us to believe. Dante is fitting his soul into relationship with the purposes of God. He is passing through Inferno for his own benefit, and there he sees the wrath of God in its eternal punishment of sin. His soul's development must preclude any pity for those who have closed on themselves the gates of joy. In Purgatory the same is true. Dante is here a soul being purged, and there is within him the expectant hush of the waiting world. He walks with humility and thankful quiet. In Paradise the same is true. Here he is the lowliest of the low—the latest tyro in the Beatific Vision, the lowest scholar in the Divine Wisdom. Here all things take their due place. Thus we never forget reality, because all through the poem Dante is with us. In Inferno he learns the awful heinousness of sin. In Purgatory, he passes through the cleansing fires. In Paradise, "he knows even as he is known." Of earth all that remains is the far-off Beatrice of the "Vita Nuova," who, from his ninth year, had filled him with a desire to follow the real and who had drawn him

to the paradise of God. Thus the real Dante fades into the symbolism of man's high endeavor. His poem is of his own soul, but its gospel is universal. And the seven hundred years that have passed since Beatrice awoke the ideal in his heart have but added volume to that universal gospel of the "Divina Commedia."

W. P. M. KENNEDY.

Toronto, Canada.

BISHOP HUGH McDONALD—1770—1773.

THE great debt of gratitude which the Catholics of Scotland owe to the earlier Vicars Apostolic is apt to be forgotten. The following pages deal with the life of one who truly merited well of the Catholics of his own day and of later generations also, and whose name was long a household word in the districts over which he watched with most fatherly care for the long period of forty years.

The episcopate of Bishop Hugh McDonald began with every prospect of great success and of great prosperity. He certainly was most qualified for the position of Bishop of the Highland District. The son of the Laird of Morar, he had been educated from childhood for the priesthood—first at the little seminary on the island in Loch Morar and later at Scalan, when the college was removed there. All these qualifications were placed before the Propaganda by Bishop Gordon, who from the first had an almost fatherly affection for the future Bishop, as having been the first alumnus of the little college to which he had devoted so much care.

Nor did Bishop Gordon omit to enlist the influence of "King" James on behalf of the candidate of his choice, as the following letter from His Majesty amongst the Propaganda archives shows:

"Most Holy Father: Both the zeal we have for the Catholic religion and the necessities of the case seem at present to require of us that we beg Your Holiness to appoint a new Bishop for the Western District of our Kingdom of Scotland. We are fully aware that the Right Rev. James Gordon, Bishop of Nicop, and Vicar Apostolic of this our Kingdom, has not been wanting in the greatest zeal for the office entrusted to him. Now, however, on account of his age and increasing weakness, he is the first to acknowledge himself unable to bear the fatigues of the visitations and of the journeys, and accordingly it is right that we should show our solicitude in relieving him. Amongst the missionaries of those districts we understand that the Rev. Hugh Macdonel excels in piety, zeal and careful observance of the Apostolic Constitutions. He has indeed labored with great fruit in that most difficult mission and knows the language of the country well; further, that he has fulfilled with distinction all the duties of a truly apostolic man is proved by the testimony alike of the faithful and of the Vicar Apostolic. We therefore strongly recommend the said Hugh Macdonel to Your Holiness, so that what the Bishop of Nicopal greatly desires for the good of the Catholic faith and for the assistance of the faith-

ful be carried into effect and he be appointed, by the authority of the Holy See, Bishop and Vicar Apostolic of the Western portion of our said Kingdom of Scotland. In conclusion, we reverently beg the Apostolic Benediction and earnestly pray, O God, to preserve Your Holiness.

"Given at Rome, September 17, 1730.

"Your Holiness' most devoted son,

"JACOBUS R."

Born about the year 1700, Hugh McDonald had been ordained priest in 1725, up to which time he had never set foot outside the Highlands of Scotland. On October 18, 1731, he was consecrated Bishop and Vicar Apostolic of the Highland District under the title of Bishop of Diana "in partibus infidelium" by Bishop Gordon, assisted by Bishop Wallace and three priests. The formal document recording the consecration states that "in order to avoid the danger of persecution" from so solemn and so holy a ceremony, everything was carried out as secretly as possible, only three most trusty and discreet laymen being present, along with the two consecrating prelates and their two assistants."

In 1732 Bishop McDonald wrote his first letter to Propaganda. He begins by thanking Their Eminences for the annual grant of 200 scudi, which had been made in his favor, as also for the sum of 100 scudi, which had been sent to provide him with episcopal vestments. He then continues: "Relying on this kindness on the part of Your Eminences to me, as soon as I was consecrated—which event took place in Edinburgh—I hastened to the Highlands and especially to those parts which seemed most to require the care and solicitude of the Bishop. These districts, to say the least, did not allow me to be idle, so great was the distress of the faithful in consequence of the dearth of missionaries. When I had worked here for a few months the sad state of affairs revealed itself. Wide tracts of country which have of necessity been assigned to single priests, on account of the scarcity of these, far exceed the capacity of the most diligent pastors. Necessity obliged that in the place of some who had died other missionaries should be brought from the South, but these, even though they were of Highland origin, were ignorant of the language, having forgotten it while they studied abroad; they were thus almost useless. The faithful greatly bewail the scarcity of priests and grieve that while those in other parts enjoy all spiritual comforts, they themselves suffer the greatest need, not from any want of diligence on the part of the laborers, but from the scarcity of these. . . . Whilst I ponder over a remedy for so great an evil, this seems to me to be the most efficacious—that a seminary be started in this High-

land District for the training of youths suitable to the ecclesiastical state. It will thus happen that the youths who will in future be sent to the colleges abroad will be better prepared, whilst others, being ordained in this country, will make up for the small number of those who come back as priests from the colleges. How comes it indeed that of the Highland youths who, after the most careful selection, have been sent abroad, so large a proportion give up the ecclesiastical state, and, returning to the vanities of the world, belie the hopes which had been placed in them?

"If, however, only those are sent abroad who have been tried in the seminary and who have made some progress in study at college, it is to be hoped that more will complete their studies and attain to the priesthood. If to these be added such as will be entirely educated in this country, it is to be hoped that there will at length be a supply of priests sufficient to satisfy the demands of both Catholics and well-disposed heretics. On the other hand, it is plain to me that without such an institution our holy faith will never make much progress, whilst there is great danger that from the dearth of priests—of which we shall always have to suffer, unless the seminary be started—many of the weaker amongst the faithful be led away by the arts and devices of the crowd of heretical ministers, catechists and schoolmasters who are daily being forced upon the people.

"Our Catholic Highlanders, however, are so poor that there is no hope of our beginning this most useful and most pious work unless Your Eminences lend a helping hand. I cannot but commend the whole matter to the zeal and charity of Your Eminences, for if it fail, not only will all our labors be in danger of proving fruitless, but we clearly foresee the loss of countless souls. I am on the point of visiting the Hebrides and other distant places, and shall omit nothing which may help towards starting the seminary as soon as possible, trusting to the generosity of Your Eminences, which has already been so great towards me and which I hope will never fail our pious labors and endeavors.

"That God may long preserve Your Eminences for the good of this mission and of the Universal Church is the ardent prayer of Your Eminences' humble servant, HUGH,

"Bp. of Diana, Vicar Apostolic of Highlands of Scotland.

"Laggan, in Glengarry, March 18, 1732."

The following year (June, 1733) Bishops Gordon and McDonald wrote—the letter is headed "Prope Livetum Fluvium in Montanis Scotiæ"—that Bishop McDonald since his last letter had visited the most remote islands and all the other districts committed to his charge. The two Bishops beg for assistance for the

priests, who were often without the necessaries of life. "Diana" again begs help for his seminary, which he had just established in the West. Regarding the seminary, it should be remembered that Bishop Gordon had found by experience the excellent results of the Scalan Seminary and must strongly have urged Bishop McDonald to start a similar college or seminary for his vicariate. Moreover, Bishop McDonald, having received all his education at Scalan, could himself realize most fully all its advantages, so that there is little wonder that he should be willing to make great sacrifices to maintain it.

In August of that year Bishop McDonald writes to Mr. William Stuart "att Hamburg." The letter is dated Moydart, August 20, 1733. After recommending to his care Mr. James Campbell, brother of the Laird of Lochnell, a recent convert to the Church, he continues: "In the first place, I am somewhat surprised that I did not hear from you since I left parish, having written to you several times, yet I know not if my letters came to your hands or whether your letters might have miscarried. However, soon after I came here I have learned from parish that you was very active in my behalf, not only in procuring my allowance from the exchange, but likewaise interceding for some funds for keeping up a seminary in the West Coast countries, and that you was so good as to promise 300 livres a year for supporting the saime. Mr. Carnegie (Mr. Innes, the principal of Scots College) tells me from Parish that the funds you had there was not so well settled, and therefore he could not as yet send the 300 livres, yet I am sensibly gratefull for your charitable disposition, as I did not fail to testify to you already by letters, and I hope since the exchange promised to give something for that purpose, you'll insist more and more for obtaining it, for I have begun that good work, haveing made up a large house in a place called the Isle of Morar, which seems to be the most proper place for the purpose in all this nation, considering my present circumstances, it being situated in the heart of our best and surest friends, where by boat all necessaries can be brought and all unnecessary distractions can be kept off. I have already got three or four boys together, which is perhaps more than I am able to maintain without some help, for though I am very thankfull for the allowance I have gotten, yet I cannot spare much of it, considering the ambulatory life I lead in distant stranger countries, where I must either expose myself or behave something like the character I bear, but I shall doe all that I possibly can, being fully convinced that this is the most solid methode to procure good subjects for our college and a sufficient number of laborers, of which we never had more need in the West than

we have just now, all the neighboring countries being never more reap for conversion than they are at present. You may easily understand what disadvantages we are att in this part of the mission for want of laborers that can speak the language, for we have perhaps triple the number already Catholics, besides a greater harvest to be made, whereas we have but the third part of the laborers; not that I pretend that the rest are more than sufficiently served, but it is evident that we are ill served; from this you'll easily observe how necessary it's that any students there who had anything of the Highland language should endeavor to keep it, and likewise that I should be informed when you have any vacancy, because necessity requires that for a time those who have our language should be sent to the college. Hoping to have your advice and direction in this and other respects, and begging the help of your hprs, I am with sincerity,

"Rev. sir, your constant well-wisher, HU. McDONALD."[1]

It may be well to point out—what I have elsewhere noted—the terms of a cipher which runs through all the correspondence of this period. "Hamburg," to which this letter is addressed, is Rome; Exchange is Propaganda; laborers, the clergy; 'prentices, the students; the shop is the college, etc. Regarding the suitability of the island of Loch Morar for a seminary at this period, it may be stated that not only was the whole district of Morar most inaccessible to the various garrisons at Fort William, Fort Augustus and Bernera, but that the island, being half a mile from the nearest shore, could not be approached unseen from any direction. The inmates would thus have a chance of hiding whatever might betray the real character of the college, in case it were subjected to a visit by the military, as so often happened at the sister college of Scalan. Besides the seclusion of the spot, it is also most wonderfully picturesque. The islands on Loch Morar are beautifully wooded and stand out against the high hills which surround the Loch, so as to form a landscape which can nowhere be surpassed. The ancient college buildings—the only buildings on the island—are situated on the north side. The foundations can still be traced and measure about twenty feet square. The construction was no doubt that described by Bishop Nicolson as in general use in the Highlands at that period—stone walls filled in with peat or clay and "roofed with large timbers interlaced with wickerwork after the same man-

[1] No personal description of Bishop Hugh McDonald has been preserved, nor is any portrait of him known to exist, so far at least as my inquiries have extended. If any readers of this sketch should be so fortunate as to know of a portrait, he will confer a great kindness on the many admirers of the good Bishop by communicating with me.—F. O. B.

ner that baskets are made and covered outside with divots" (turf sods). At a short distance from the college ruins the walls of the garden are still conspicuous and enclose a considerable area of what appears to be fairly rich soil, for some of the fruit bushes are flourishing even now, though they have long grown wild.

When copying the above letter in 1910 I added a note: "This letter does not appear to be written in the scholarly style suggested by Dom Oswald Hunter Blair. It has many corrections and necessary words added between the lines, giving the impression that Bishop Hugh was indeed a good Gaelic scholar, but not so perfect in English." Might it not be said that his annual letters, of which Dom Oswald admires the Latinity, were translations made by the agent in Rome? From the papers at Propaganda this suggestion is confirmed; we frequently find the Bishops writing in the vernacular to the agent, whose duty it was to transmit the report to the authorities. It should not be forgotten that to the Highlander of that date, laird though he be, English was absolutely a foreign language, often to be acquired after reaching the years of manhood, when perfection in a language is with difficulty attained. Bishop McDonald frequently insists on this when sending Gaelic speaking youths from the Highlands to the colleges abroad, where English alone was used in teaching. Moreover, the difficulties of carrying on a school at all made it more than probable that the education there conferred would not be of the same order as in a school more favorably situated.

It is worthy of note that when Aquhorties replaced Scalaw, one of the students wrote of the new establishment: "There are no exlictors, no more serving at table, no sweeping of the house, no other menial work to be done by them; even their beds were made for them." (Bishop Chisholm, "Discourse at Opening of New Blairs.")

It is worthy of note that when Aquhorties replaced Scalan, one patible with the forming of men of strong character and solid piety—such indeed as were probably the best suited to the troublous times in which they lived. Rather it was found by experience that the students educated in the colleges abroad grew accustomed to better fare than they could expect as priests in the Highland District, and this is urged by Bishop Gordon as one of the strongest reasons for educating as many as possible in this country. "The Bishops—so runs one report—had long noticed that many of the missioners educated in the colleges abroad, having been accustomed during the whole of their student life to food more delicate than is usual in their own country, such as white bread, wine, etc., can on their return only with the greatest difficulty accustom

themselves to the ordinary fare of their places of mission. This is especially the case in the Highlands and islands, where there is a greater number of Catholics and where nothing can usually be obtained except barley bread or oatmeal, with water or a little milk for drink. This change of food discourages some and injures the health of others." Little wonder that the "heather priests"—as those educated entirely in the Highlands were called—were proud of their native hardihood.

Such boys as were destined for the Scots College, Rome, had usually to travel via Paris. At this period Mr. Thomas Innes was principal of the Scots College there, and to him Bishop McDonald writes, addressing the letter to him as "Mr. Melvil:"

"Fort Augustus, September 4, 1737.

"Rev. Sir: I had the favor of yours of July 4 last, and I heartily thank you for the care you were pleased to take of the 'prentices, it being very much my inclination they should be in some tolerable condition upon their arrival att Hamburg. I am very sorry that Niel McEachin has been so troublesome to that house, and to say the truth, if his defect had been known to me, I would not have sent him, but I hope he may be useful in some station or other, and truly there is no less I regret more than the want of a sufficient person to take care of youth, and therefore I am very willing that he apply to all the different branches of learning that may render him capable of that post, especially to know the latine to some perfection, not only the understanding, but the writing. And also some good knowledge of Greek, for ministers pretend now to find some secrets in that language for their owne defense, which are not to be found in English or latine editions, not even in their own translations, so it would appear that they suppose people to be very ignorant of that language when they fall upon such shifts," etc.

In 1737 Mr. Peter Grant was appointed by the Vicars Apostolic of Scotland to be their agent in Rome in succession to Mr. Stuart. The new agent belonged to Glenlivet, had gone to the Scots College, Rome, in 1726, whence he returned a priest in 1735. He was immediately sent to the mission of Glengarry. It must have been a great loss to Bishop McDonald that one of his few priests should be sent abroad, but no doubt he hoped that the new agent would look well after the interests of the Highland Catholics. As an agent Mr. Grant was most successful, remaining in that capacity till 1784—no less a period than forty-seven years. Abbé Macpherson's character of him is very charming:

"Mr. Peter Grant was a man of fine parts and of good taste in

classical knowledge, of strict honor, integrity and sweet temper, very obliging and agreeable in conversation."

During the forty-seven years he was in Rome he came to know almost all the English-speaking visitors, who in their turn came back with a high appreciation of "Abbé" Grant. He was, however, a "bad economist" and was often in want of money. After his death Lord Bute and his brother, who had been very generous to him during life, erected a monument to him in the college chapel. To him Bishop McDonald writes:

"October 19, 1738.

"I need not recommend to you to keep friends at Hamburg in mind of the promise they once made in the time of Mr. Logan (Mr. Stuart) of helping Mr. Sandison's shop, which is now fixed in Arisaig. The number of 'prentices is eight, which is much more than Mr. Sandison would wish, but some of their parents were promising to help them, yet once they gott them off their hands, they never mind them. You may judge that Mr. Sandison is not able to maintain them and the rest of the family, which comes to an equal number to what I mentioned, so you are to use your best endeavors when there is any hope of prevailing. It's a great pleasure to me to hear of your well-being, and the great loss I suffered by being deprived of your good assistance att home is very much made up by your good behaviour abroad. We think ourselves very much obliged to such persons as are helpful to you in the station you are in. . . . I hope you will not fail to advise and encourage our 'prentices in the Hamburg shop. You know what condition we are in for want of laborers and how necessary it is that Mr. McGillise should come how soon he is in readiness to help us. I suppose you have heard of a worthy good laborer we had called Antony Kelly, a Franciscan "strictioris observantive," who went to Ireland some years ago and is kept there contrary to his inclination by his superiors. Now as the principal superior of that order resides in Hamburg, if you could have recourse to him to order that gentleman back again to our trade, according to his own charitable inclination, it would be a great service done to our trade, for I think him to be one of the best subjects I ever saw in our country. We had another countryman of his, I mean O'Connor, but I do not regrate him so much. The few laborers we have are so tired with troubles that some of them are threatening to forsaick the Western trade, but if any more follow the example of those who have already left us, you may expect to hear that Mr. Sandison has doon the same, for it's impossible for him to stand out alone. Mr. Leslie had a pain in his leg, but is like to get better of it. Grant and Forrester are doing very well; the best

of your acquaintance in Glengarry are very well, but the rest are weaker than ever. As for the pilgrims, I have nothing to say of them, only that I am as much feared for their coming home as I was for their going abroad, but I hope, since they insisted so much for the reformation of others, they themselves are now reformed, since in my opinion they had more need.

"Your humble servant,

"HU. SANDISON."

"Sandison" in the signature and throughout the letter is the Bishop himself. He was the son of Alexander (Sandy) Macdonald, of Morar, and hence concocted the name Sandison. His father's first wife was a daughter of Sir Donald Macdonald, Chief of Sleat, while the Bishop's own mother was a Macdonald, of Kinlochmoidart, another of the main families of the clan Donald; he was thus related to all the best families in the Highlands.

Two years later the worthy Bishop wrote in similar terms regarding the boys and their prospects:

"Kinlochmoydart, June 20, 1740.

"To Mr. P. Grant: Both of these boys have learned the rudiments of latin language and have very good capacities and other good dispositions suitable to the trade they are to take in hand, if such plans do not please our friends att Hamburgg it's not in my power to satisfy them and the circumstances of those countries in which we live ought to be considered where youths have no opportunity of being taught, unless they be sent to Presbyterian masters, which our people look upon as the greatest of evils; therefore, they think it much better for their children to have religion without learning than learning without religion, but if our friends at Hamburgg would charitably incline to grant some small funds for supporting a nursery in this country, they might expect very good plants in a very short time, wheras without this it's impossible to prepare subjects for them in the manner they ought to be prepared.

"I was surprised to see Donald MacDonald coming home without so much as a letter telling the reasons of his departing from Hamburgg shope, for there is no man in this country that keeps better health since he came home, but youths going to that country have a great disadvantage that upon their arrival there they are immediately taught by members who do not understand their language and consequently cannot be understood by them, which will certainly hinder them for a considerable time from making any great appearance att publick schools."

We cannot but notice the threat of the good Bishop in the previous letter, that if others of his clergy left the Highland mission,

he himself would resign. His was indeed to be a most troublous episcopate despite the brilliant hopes with which it had begun. One chief cause of the trouble is hinted at in the closing paragraph of the previous letter. "The Pilgrims" were two priests of the Highland District who had obtained permission to visit Rome under pretense of pleading for an increase of the annual allowance. In Rome they so far exceeded their instructions as actually to accuse the Vicars Apostolic of Jansenism. It is well known how rife this heresy was in France at the time, so that it needed little to make the accusation grow. Certain it is that throughout his life the action of these two ecclesiastics and of others who sided with them made the episcopate of Bishop Hugh McDonald and of the other Vicars Apostolic lives of great suffering and trial.

About this time the Bishop wrote to Mr. Innes that the two sons of Clanranald—whom he calls Mr. Callender—are to be sent to Amsterdam (Paris). They are to keep their "owne clothes and linnens" and to study Latin and Greek, but especially to make themselves good Christians. In a postscript to this letter Bishop McDonald again declares the difficulties against which he had to contend:

"I did not as yet speak to Mr. Hudson about Mr. Mackenzie for fear to discover anything that is contained in the letters from Hambourg until I see Mr. Fife (Bp. Gordon), but I expect to get the letter of Birly Hudson now, and to be sincere with you, I am not well pleased that Mr. Fife is so easie in giving faculties to persons who retire from the West countries purposely to get more ease and convenience, for this is the true way to win the West Coast trade, and if people continue this way of doing I will certainly give over all trading and retire to some corner where I can take care of soul and body, for I am in as great danger to my health as any of them and I am not obliged to put hand in my own death more than they are; though I am willing to venture all I can with them, I can do nothing without them. Adoe."

It may have been due to the divisions amongst the clergy that several of them retired to the Lowlands or to their native Ireland, whilst the authorities in Rome were less willing to support the clergy, against whom accusations of heresy had been made. At this date it is unnecessary to go into the matter, regarding which there are two large folio volumes in Propaganda. Certain it is that the accusations and the resulting divisions amongst the clergy might have completely ruined the remnant of Highland Catholics if another terrible calamity had not fallen upon priests and people alike and thus put an end to all discussions and petty divisions.

What with his difficulties as to the scarcity of priests to min-

ister to the faithful of his vicariate and the excessive amount of work put upon single priests, what with his little seminary languishing for want of funds and the knowledge that the two missioners whom he had allowed to go to Rome were far from forwarding the best interests of the Highland mission, there can be no doubt but that Bishop Hugh McDonald had anything but an easy time. What dreams, then, of future prosperity, of freedom from persecution and of financial assistance must have opened out to him as he heard of each success of the little Highland army under Prince Charles Edward. If only a Stuart King would grant a measure of toleration, the Church in the Highlands, with its large numbers of most pious Catholics, would soon outgrow its opponents and the districts which at this period were wavering in their adherence to the new or to the old creeds, besides many others which had only recently abandoned the old religion, would flock back to the faith of their forefathers. Bright indeed was the picture which presented itself to the eyes of the good Bishop, and for some months it seemed quite likely to be realized.

It was on his way back from Edinburgh, where he had attended a meeting of the Bishops and administrators, that Bishop Hugh met Mr. Macdonald, of Kinlochmoydart. From him he learned that Prince Charles Edward Stuart, with only seven gentlemen, 1,500 stands of arms and £17,000 in cash, had arrived on the West Coast of Scotland. The Bishop, in order to reach his actual residence in Morar, had to pass through Moydart, where he met the Prince, who was still on board the vessel which had brought him from France.

Bishop McDonald was introduced, and the Prince asked him his opinion and advice. The Bishop candidly told him that the country was not prepared for his reception and that his coming had not been expected till the year following; that any attempt at the present time would endanger his person and probably ruin his best friends; that therefore his advice was to return to France immediately in the same ship and wait for a more favorable opportunity. This advice was little relished by the Prince, and Bishop McDonald was not further consulted. All this, Bishop Geddes tells us, he had repeatedly from the mouth of Bishop Hugh himself.

Despite this strong expression of opinion, Bishop McDonald consented on August 19 to bless the standard which was solemnly displayed in Glenguinan before an army of 1,500 of the Prince's adherents. I have dealt elsewhere with the part taken by the Catholics in the rising of 1745, and need only add here that the Catholics of Moydart, Arisaig, Knoydart, Morar, Glengarry and

Lochagher took up arms under their respective chiefs. They indeed composed a large part of the gallant little army which Prince Charlie led to Edinburgh and on to Derby. Mr. Allan Macdonald accompanied Clanranald's men as their chieftain and as confessor to the Prince; Mr. Aeneas McGillis went as chieftain to Glengarry's men. They wore the Highland dress, with sword and pistol, and had the rank of captain.

When the brilliant campaign of Prince Charles Edward had terminated in the defeat of Culloden, the hopes of the Catholics were destroyed, and the persecution, which previous to the rising had considerably abated, was renewed with greater severity than ever. Orders were issued for the demolition of all Catholic chapels and for the apprehension of all priests. Of the chapels in the Highland District, that in Strathglass was destroyed and the priest, Father John Farquharson, taken prisoner and led to Fort Augustus, then the headquarters of the Duke of Cumberland. The chapels in Uist, Bana and at Shenval, in Strathbogie, were burned to the ground, whilst the priests' house and the furniture of the chapel of Tombae, in Glenlivet, were set on fire, but the priest's house was spared on account of the neighboring buildings. Of the priests. Mr. Colin Campbell died on the field of Culloden; Messrs. John and Charles Farquharson and Allan Cameron, three Jesuits, were imprisoned—the latter dying of sufferings and privations endured. Mr. Allan Macdonald and Mr. Alexander Forrester were made prisoners in Uist, where the altar things and vestments were desecrated. Mr. James Grant, the priest of Barra, surrendered himself because the men from some ships of war threatened to lay waste the whole island if the priest were not delivered up to them.

At this period, according to Bishop Geddes, Mr. William Harrison distinguished himself by his courage and zeal. He presented himself to the Sheriff of Argyllshire, told him frankly that he was a Catholic priest, but had neither done nor meant harm to any one and begged for protection. The Sheriff was well pleased with his confidence and gave him a paper signed by himself requiring every one to allow him to go about his lawful business unmolested. In consequence of this, Mr. Harrison, in the summers of 1746 and 1747, visited almost all the Catholics in the Highlands, administering the sacraments and exhorting the people to patience and perseverance in the faith. The missionaries continued to be much harassed and kept in constant alarm in many parts of the Highlands for more than ten years, until the seven years' war broke out in 1757, and then the parties of soldiers that had been sta-

tioned through those districts were called off to be sent to the army abroad.

There exists in the archives of Propaganda an interesting letter from this Mr. Harrison. Though written at a later date, it is largely concerned with this period and is therefore inserted here in full:

"To His Eminence the Cardinal of Albano, Protector of Scotland, and the Cardinals of the Congregation of the Propagation of the Faith.

"Most Honoured Sirs: I wrote last year to Your Eminences to enquire whether any dispensation has been granted to the missioners in Scotland, as is reported, from the obligation of writing every year to the Congregation. But whether the letter ever reached Your Eminences or not I cannot say. Now whereas the disposition is uncertain and the obligation certain, in doubt the safer course is to be followed. Therefore, in order to avoid so great an evil as the danger of perjury, I decided to fulfill the duty this year and to inform Your Eminences of my position and circumstances and of the fruit of my labors in the vineyard of the Lord. You must know, then, that I was formerly a student of the Scots College, Rome, and that after my return to Scotland—I belong to the Lowlands—I have by the grace of God labored for thirty years in the Highlands with great fruit. This was especially the case after the late war, when the persecution was most severe, for the priests in Moydart, Arisaig, Eigg, Canna, Mist and Baira having been imprisoned or banished from the Kingdom, I was the only priest left, so that what with preaching and administering the sacraments, I did indeed fight the good fight, did truly keep the faith and almost ended my course in dangers by land and by sea during four years. Yet all this I was enabled to do in Him, Who strengthens me.

"After three priests had come to my assistance, my sphere of wok was restricted to Arisaig, Morar and the Isles of Eigg and Canna until the beginning of last year. At present on account of my infirmities I am forced to remain in one district—that of Arisaig—where, thanks be to God, I am still able to fulfill all my priestly duties.

"It will not be out of place to add whatever occurs to me regarding the mission in general. As the heretical preachers leave no stone unturned in order to propagate their errors, I trust that Your Eminences on their side will arrange all things wisely for the spread of the faith and the extirpation of heresy. The harvest is great, indeed very great, but the workers are few, for there are at present six wanting in order that each parish should have its own pastor, and that even although R. F. Mathias, of the Order of St.

Dominic, came to Mist last year and took over that district. To Ireland, his native land, this country is greatly indebted for the zeal and labours of those apostolic men, who at the time of the general apostasy from the faith preserved the Roman Catholic religion whole and entire in the Highlands until apostolic men came from the Lowlands, who sent the children of Highland parents to be educated in the Scots College abroad. It seems at present that the whole priesthood will shortly be confined to the one clan of the Macdonalds, although the chief men of that clan are not Catholics. I greatly regret that the other Highland clans are in the darkness of error and in the shade of death, for I know well that numbers of them are in excellent disposition to receive the faith, and that they would willingly allow their children to be brought up in the Catholic faith. These might, as opportunity offered, convert their parents and their friends, who would, moreover, shield them in times of difficulty. This being so, I commend them and myself to Divine Providence and to the kindness of Your Eminences.

"WILLIAM HARRISON.

"At Kilmorin, in Arisaig, vi. Ides Januarii, 1767."

The letter is indorsed—Answered April 15, 1767.

When the writer states that apostolic men from the Lowlands had so large a share in saving the faith of the Highlanders, he refers no doubt to Bishop Gordon and also to Bishop Nicolson. He is also quite correct when he speaks of the missionaries from Ireland, Father White and his companions having undoubtedly saved large districts to the true faith. Other details regarding Mr. Harrison are given by Bishop Geddes, who states that "he went from Germany to Rome and entered the Scots College in 1733, returning priest in 1737. After the rising of 1745 Mr. Henderson (alias Harrison) was for two years in perpetual motion, visiting and administering the sacraments without any fear to the whole body of Catholics dispersed through all the Highlands. He ever after gave great contentment to his Bishop till his death, which happened on Friday, February 5, 1773. He was known amongst his confréres as 'Hatmaker.'"

But to return to the state of the country after the battle of Culloden. According to Bishop Geddes, Bishop McDonald, along with his brother, the Laird of Morar, and Lord Lovat, retired to the Island of Loch Morar and drew up all the boats, flattering themselves that the troops would make but a short stay in those parts and that they would be safe there until the departure of the military. But perceiving that the soldiers had brought a boat overland from the sea to the lake, they were obliged to disperse. During their stay in the island Lord Lovat, who had long been a Catholic

at heart, wished to be received formally into the Church by Bishop Macdonald and was preparing to make his confession. But now he was obliged to take refuge in the neighboring woods, where he was taken care of by a gentleman of his own name for a day or two, until, not being able to bear any longer the inconveniences of that situation, he sent for an officer, to whom he surrendered himself. The party of soldiers pillaged the house on the island, where they found several papers and letters, some of which were afterwards printed in a pamphlet, with observations to render the Catholics odious, and amongst these were some letters written and signed by Mr. James Grant, who was afterwards Bishop.

Innumerable are the anecdotes told of old Lord Lovat. The following is a local one and may be less well known:

"From the larger island the fugitives sought shelter on a smaller one, but as the soldiers approached this he escaped across the narrow strip of water to the mainland and sought refuge in a large hollow oak stump, which may still be seen. But the vigilance of the troops proved too much for him, and, hearing their nearer approach, he was attempting to penetrate still further into the mountains, when they came upon him. The officer in command cried out, 'Stop! I have caught you; you are my prisoner in the name of King George!' On hearing this the Highland Chief retorted sharply, 'Not you, by G—, but the eighty-seven years on my back have caught me.'"

As to Bishop McDonald, after leaving Loch Morar, he lurked about as best he could, until in autumn he found an opportunity of crossing over to France in one of the ships which came in search of the Prince. The Bishop then went to Paris and stayed at the Scots College. He later obtained a pension of some hundred livres from the Crown of France, under the name Moralle, and this he enjoyed until his death. He returned to Scotland in 1749 in the month of August.

In view of the fact that Bishop McDonald was for several years between 1759 and 1762 "a lodger," as the contemporary account has it, with the future Bishop Geddes, this latter is a most reliable authority in such matters as the preceding. It is all the more interesting to find him in error where he says that the letters found by the military at Morar were "written and signed by Mr. James Grant, who was afterwards Bishop." Now there would be little occasion for Mr. James Grant, then a very young priest in Baira, to write such letters to the Bishop of the Highland District. If, however, we suppose that the James Grant who signed the letters was none other than Bishop Gordon—who frequently signed himself James Grant, as we have seen—nothing is more probable than

that these would be most important papers belonging to the vicariate during the previous fifty years.

The ruin which the ill-fated attempt of Prince Charles Edward had brought upon the Catholics was beyond all credence. The official reports of the time show how the poor people were often massacred in cold blood, whilst hundreds of men were taken prisoners on the mere suspicion of having been in arms. The houses of whole districts were burned and the poor women and children left to starve on the hillsides, whilst the cattle, their chief means of support, were driven off to be sold for a few shillings. The following extract from official documents speaks volumes to those who think of the quiet glens so recently thickly populated with flourishing crofts on each side of the river or roadway: "November 19 went into Kintail, and then came in by Glenshiel, and from that to Glenmorriston, which is all burnt, consisting of twenty villages. . . . They seemed to have no arms and in a starving condition for want of meals and in firing. Went from Glenmorriston to Glengarry, where there is neither houses nor people, only some few huts inhabited by women only in a starving condition." Under such circumstances where could the poor priest find a lodging, especially as it was now a criminal offense to lodge him or give him food? The sad state of things is thus described by Bishop McDonald in his letter to Propaganda:

"Most Eminent and Rev. Sirs: No nation probably was ever so broken down with suffering and persecution as Scotland, and especially the Highlands, have been since the date when our Prince was forced to give way before the armies of the enemy. To confine myself to the Highlands, this I can most certainly assert that the enemy were moved by such hatred and fury in those districts that they not only carried off all the means of subsistence and the household furniture, but immediately put to death every man, woman and child that fell into their hands. Those who escaped were forced to hide in caves and rocks, so that I cannot obtain any news regarding them.

"In this terrible state of affairs seven Highland priests have been thrown into prison, namely, four seculars and three Jesuits. I greatly fear lest the other remaining five suffer the same fate, being as they are surrounded by enemies and with no one to assist and to support them. The enemy was especially hostile towards me, and it is clearly Providence alone which saved me from so many dangers, for I found myself robbed of all my effects, both personal and ecclesiastical, and in certain danger of death by hunger or the sword if I delayed longer amongst the enemy. At last an opportunity offered itself and I crossed safely into France. I

am, however, in the greatest need, ill in mind and body, or I would at once continue the journey to Rome. But I am forced to stay in Paris until money be sent me either to continue the journey to you or to rest awhile wherever Your Eminences think best until the heat of this most cruel persecution abate at least in part.

"Meantime I find myself overcome with anxiety to return to the work to which I have devoted the past twenty years with great profit to the mission."

How bitter the hatred was towards all Catholics is shown by the leaflets and the writings of the time. For instance, in July, 1746, the "Scots Magazine" has the following: "Another good that has sprung from our late troubles (and I hope no small one) is its having engaged so many noble hearts and pens in exposing the fraud, deceit, treachery and oppressive tyranny of Popery—a work of vast consequence to this nation." A month later appears the following: "Yet the father whose spurious claim he came to assert was by all accounts an inflexible bigot of the Romish superstition; that it could not be imagined but that the Young Pretender also, having been carefully educated in Rome, thought himself under the strongest obligations to promote the same cause; that the manifesto he had published was in the same strain with the declaration of King James II., viz., 'That he intended to allow *all* his subjects free liberty of conscience,' which the Protestant people of England plainly saw was intended to open Popish Mass Houses and under color of this indulgence to bring in a swarm of priests to corrupt and poison the land."

Burt also tells a story, the point of which evidently is that Popery was the greatest of all evils, than which nothing worse could be imagined. "I was told," he says, "by an English lady, wife of a certain lieutenant colonel, who dwelt near a church in the low country on your side of Edinburgh. At first coming to the place she received a visit from the minister's wife, who after some time spent in ordinary discourse invited her to come to kirk the Sunday following. To this the lady agreed and kept her word, which produced a second visit; and the minister's wife then asking her how she liked their way of worship, she answered: 'Very well, but she had found two great inconveniences there, viz., that she had dirtied her clothes and had been pestered with a great number of fleas.' 'Now,' says the lady, 'if your husband will give me leave to line the pew and will let my servant clean it against every Sunday, I shall go constantly to church.' 'Line the pew!' says the minister's wife. 'Troth, madam, I cannot promise for that, for my husband will think it rank Popery!'"

To Bishop McDonald's other misfortunes at this period must

be added the attitude of his superiors at Rome. His own words in the following letter show how deep were his feelings in the matter:

"Bishop Hugh McDonald to Mr. Peter Grant:

"Paris, February 24, 1748.

"Dear Sir: You have here enclosed the answer to the last letter I had from the Card. Protector, in which he calls very pressingly for two hopeful students for our college att Rome, and he will have them to be very well educated, prepared and instructed in the principles of religion, but the question is how to find such boys att present, and it seems His Emin. does not reflect upon the situation of our country, notwithstanding all the representations we have given of it. Therefore it's necessary to keep him and others in mind that we never gott any help or assistance for educating boys or preparing them for the college, and that such a thing can't be doon to purpose without great charges; it should also be considered that any little methods we make upon our owne expties (!), even by scrimping ourselves very much, are now entirely ruined; the Scalan was burned and the little kind of seminary I had on the West Coast is totally destroyed with all I have, so that it would be impossible at present for me to provide such hopeful subjects as are called for, even tho' I had been at home, much less can it be doon when I am here, besides there is great difficulties in sending boys, by reason that there is such strict watch in all seaport towns in Brittan with regard to prisoners going out of the Kingdome or coming into it, so that B. Smith, who kept two boys att Edin'b. since summer last, waiting an opportunity of sending them here, was obliged att last to send them back to the north because he found the thing impracticable. However, I am glad to hear that Mr. Alexander McDonald is saifly arrived in the country, but I am very much surprised to hear from him by Mr. Leslie, who had seen him att London, what follows, to witt, That our Card. Protector and all our friends at home were wishing and expecting that I would have gone straight forward to Rome upon my arrival here, and that if I had doon so I might be sure to obtain any reasonable favour, both with respect to myself and the mission, and yet you know I wrot to the Cardinal and to you upon my arrival here representing the great inclination I had of going forward, but that I could not do it att that time for want of money and other difficulties, but that I was most willing to go to Rome, if I gott the least encouragement or help to bear my charges, or any hopes (sic) of obtaining anything worth the while for the mission. I say the while because the gratification granted just now would not be worth the while, and I hope by the intercession of good friends

to obtain something better here, notwithstanding that people have not such interest in me, or the mission, as our patrons ought to have; you know att the saime time that the Card. Protector and you did not give me the least invitation or encouragement to go forward, but rather discouragement, which seems very strange if you saw that my going there would be of such great consequence to the mission or to my interest, which is about the saime.

"But whatever grounds this story may have, it may still do harm to me with respect to the churchmen,[2] who are always ready to believe anything of that kind and to attribute to my negligence the great loss they suppose themselves to be att for my not going to Rome. I have also heard that it was ill taken att Rome that I should stay here (I mean at the Scots College) or even call here, as for calling here it was impossible for me to go to Rome; without calling here because I had no money, and I had no method of getting money unless I would get it here, and to say the truth the gentlemen here were under no obligation of giving me money, by reason that my owne money had been sent to Scotland before I cam, and as for my staying here preferably to any other place, it was also in a manner necessary, because I had not wherwith to maintain me decently elsewhere, and since I was obliged to live in a mean way below my character, it was very natural I should incline to be amongst friends rather than amongst strangers; besides supposing that people here should have been suspected, in my opinion that should have been a motive to me for staying amongst them, that I might learn whether there were real grounds for these suspicions or not, and if I found sufficient grounds for them, to be sure I ought to be the first man to inform against them, and if not, I ought to do them justice, and to say the truth, tho' I have been here almost a year and a half, now I can see nothing that could give the least grounds to these injurious suspicions; but the greatest misforton is that the most of us all, both Bishops and clergie, notwithstanding that we have doon all that ever was required for the time past, and that we are willing to do all that may be required for the time to come.

"Yet we must still be suspected wherever we are and whatever we do; but it's very hard if these injurious suspicions deprive the poor mission of the necessary help that might reasonably be expected upon this extraordinary occasion. As there is no possibility of returning to the country of Holland or any port in France, it's necessary that Mr. Dugald McDonald should go home by Lisbon, and I have no other method of going home, but that

[2] This refers to the disaffected churchmen, or Pilgrims, as he calls them elsewhere.

saime way which from this is very longsome and chargeable, and if I should get some few charitable churchmen to goe alongst with me, where have I Viaticks for them unless something be granted for that purpose? I suppose you'll still insist upon what I have recommended to you and Mr. Allan by the last letters, and I have a most gracious letter from our King promising that His Majesty and the Cardinal Duke will give all the assistance they can for obtaining your demands. B. Smith, as appears from his letter, is calling for a coadjutor. . . . I need not recommend to you Mr. Forrester and Mr. Allan, and you may assure yourself to find me always

"Your affectionate and humble servant,

"HU. McDONALD."

At this date the good Bishop writes again to Propaganda (November 22, 1747) from Paris. He replies to various inquiries which had been of him, stating that it had always been the custom of the Catholics in Scotland to retain the calendar as existing previous to the Reformation of Pope Gregory, but that he knows of no special permission in writing granted to Scotland by the Holy See to this effect; he presumes, however, that the previous Vicars Apostolic must have consulted the Holy See, since they had certainly continued to use the old calendar. Apparently it had also been asserted in Rome that the sacraments were administered in Scotland in the vulgar tongue, but this he states is absolutely incorrect, no such practice ever having prevailed.

During the absence of Bishop McDonald in France, Bishop Alex. Smith (Misinop.), at his request, visited parts of the Highland District, regarding which he writes to Propaganda. His letter confirms that of Mr. William Harrison, quoted above. "Mr. Colin Campbell," he says, "died of wounds received on the field of Culloden; Mr. Alan Cameron, S. J., died of sufferings and privations whilst prisoner on board ship; Mr. Alan Macdonald, Alex. Forrester, together with John and Charles Farquharson, S. J., after long imprisonment on board ship, were exiled; Mr. James Grant, always of delicate constitution and now further weakened by imprisonment, is not yet fit to return to the Highlands; besides the aforesaid and Mr. Colgan, an Irish Regular, who is also absent, there are left only Mr. Aeneas Maclaghlan, a man worn out by years of excessive zeal, who with difficulty attends to a small number of the faithful; Mr. John Macdonald is in a similar condition; then there is Niel Macfie, who does more harm than good and whom the other missioners would like to see recalled from the mission, even though their own labors were thereby increased; and lastly, Mr. William Harrison and Mr. Aeneas MacGillis, who show

the greatset zeal in attending unaided the whole of the West Coast and who visit even the distant islands."

Bishop McDonald returned to Scotland in 1749, but dared not appear openly in public on account of the part which he had taken in the rising of 1745. In the summer of 1753 he had a dangerous illness, of which both he and Bishop Alex. Smith write in their letters to Rome. He would appear to have been still in delicate health when he was betrayed by a base informer and was arrested in Edinburgh in July, 1755. After an imprisonment of fourteen days he was liberated on giving bail that he would appear before the court when called for, and that in the meantime he would remain at Dans, in Merse. He returned to Edinburgh on November 15 to stand his trial, which, however, did not come on till January, 1756. It was not concluded before the month of March, when being found guilty of being a Popish priest, he was sentenced to perpetual banishment.

The following papers relating to his trial are preserved in the British Museum. The first is the letter of the Lord Justice Clerk relating to his arrest. The servile, cringing tone is certainly very unpleasant to read at the present date:

"Edinburgh, July 19, 1755.

"My Lord Duke: I have not for some time past given Your Grace the trouble of any letter, as I religiously determined to give notice of every occurrence here, I believed worthy of your being interrupted, in directing the more arduous and important affairs upon which the safety of His Majesty's Government and his extended dominions do depend, so very persuaded that laying before Your Grace trivial matters was rather impertinent than otherwise. However, I'm persuaded on account that all things at present bear the face of tranquillity at this critical conjecture would not be disagreeable. Yesterday a Popish priest was seized in this place—he is one of their sham Bishops whom I examined to-day and have herewith transmitted a copy of his examination. I committed him to prison. I cannot say I have as yet any information of his being concerned in any unlawful practice or correspondence against the Government, nor did I find in the papers found upon him when seized any matter of accusation but what related to his superstition and absurd religion. His being in this country is by itself a crime and a cause of suspicion, and therefore he is imprisoned until he be dealt with according to law, and strict inquiry shall be made if anything other is to be laid to his charge. I have given a copy of his examination to General Bland to find out whether the officers stationed in the northern parts from which he comes have anything to lay to his charge, and I hope that Your Grace will believe that

nothing on my part shall be wanting to trace every suspicious circumstance to the bottom that may seem to relate to His Majesty's service and the peace of his dominions.

"With the utmost respect, I am, my Lord Duke,

"Your Grace's most obedient, faithfull and most humble servant,

CH. ARESKINE.

"At Edinburgh the Nineteenth day of July one thousand seven hundred and fifty-five years."

In presence of the Right Hon. Charles Areskine, of Alva, Esq., Lord Justice Clerk compared Hew McDonald, Brother Consanguineous to Allan McDonald, of Morar, who being examined says that he has been in this town about a month; that he came here upon some particular affairs of his owne; that he lodged the night before he was taken into custody in the house of one Montgomery, a wight in Blackfriars Wynd; that he had lodged there only that one night and before that time he had lodged with Mr. Alexander, the painter; says that he had been last winter in the North, and that near Speyside, and left the country, thinking that he could live more quiet in this place and less subject to any suspicion from the Government. And further says that during the late rebellion he was far from being any instrument either of fomenting it in the beginning or carrying it on, and that he even thought it an unreasonable attempt and desperate; that he denies being concerned in any practices against Government since that time. But as to his religion, as that he thinks no crime, he does not judge it proper for him to answer any questions, only he does not deny his being a Roman Catholic. And if it be criminal for a Roman Catholic priest to be in this country, he does not think it very proper for a man to be asked to accuse himself, and says it is not true that ever he was apprehended upon any former occasion or was under any sentence or brought before a Judge. And further says that he knows nothing of any public or secret practices at present against the Government. And being asked whether he was not habite and repute a Roman Catholic priest, says he does not think himself obliged to give any particular answer to it, being resolved to deal in a candid manner on all occasions. And a pacquet of letters sealed which were found in his custody having been shown to him, says he believes that they were the papers that were found on him when he was seized and searched, and further says that he went for some time under the name of Colin McKenzie, chusing that name as less liable to suspicion than McDonald. And the reason that he had been informed that he was very falsely aspersed as having a hand in listing men for the French service, which he declares was without any manner of foundation. In regard, he never used

his interest to inlist any man into any service whatsoever. And this he declares to be the truth, and the papers aforementioned are now in his presence sealed up with the declarant's own Seal and the Seal of the Lord Justice Clerk. This declaration is taken also in Presence of the Right Hon. George Drummond, Esq., Lord Provost of Edinburgh.

(Signed) { HU. McDONALD,
CH. ARESKINE,
I. DRUMMOND.

Further interesting details regarding his arrest and sentence are given in a letter from the Vicars Apostolic to Propaganda dated November, 1755:

"Bishop McDonald had been forced by the severity of the persecution to leave the Highlands, and had at the beginning of summer gone to Edinburgh, where it was hoped he might remain safely in hiding. Betrayed by some base informer, however, he was arrested on the charge of high treason. But when this could not be proved, he was thrown into prison on the charge of being a Catholic priest. After two weeks he was so ill that he was allowed out on bail on condition that he should leave Edinburgh within forty-eight hours and go to Dans; he might not travel more than four miles from that town under pain of forfeiture of the £200 (1,200 scudi) bail. When summoned to appear again before the court, he did so, and was strongly urged to apply to be sent into exile. This he refused to do, and he was allowed on bail for another month, with orders to appear again when cited. There is little doubt but that he will then be sent into exile, with the certainty of death if he ever return to Scotland."

The sentence of perpetual banishment, however, was by the express connivance of the authorities, and, contrary to the expectation of the Vicars Apostolic, never enforced. Bishop Macdonald nevertheless found it necessary to live for several years outside the limits of his vicariate, residing mostly at Shenval, in the Cabrach, with Mr. Brockie and Mr. (later Bishop) Geddes, the missionaries of that wild glen. In summer he made excursions into the Highlands to discharge his episcopal duties, returning before winter to Shenval or sometimes to the house of a friend at Auchintral.

He was, however, little troubled after this date, but the hardships of his fugitive life, both before and after his sojourn in France, and the illness which his imprisonment brought on, told severely upon his constitution, which had never been very robust. His latter years were passed in comparative peace, though the worries connected with his office continued to be a sore trial to him.

From this date till his death Bishop McDonald lived almost en-

tirely in Glengarry, or, more correctly, at Aberchalder, which is the eastern boundary of that district. The house where he lived is still remembered, but it was pulled down a few years ago and another built almost on the same spot; that is, about 100 yards west of the bridge—one of General Wade's—which spans the Aberchalder burn just before it flows into Loch Oich. Half a mile from this to the east there are the remains of a chapel, which was long in use. It was situated twenty yards from the high road and the foundations of the walls can still be traced. This chapel, however, was of later date than the time of Bishop Hugh, who used one of the other buildings in Glengarry itself.

In 1763 he writes to Mr. Peter Grant, the agent in Rome:

"Dear Sir: Being lately informed that our worthy friend, Mr. Spinel (Cardinal Spinelli) wants to have a particular description of the boys preparing for his shop, which I hope you'll be in a position to give him by the help of this letter. In the first (sic), it's proper to observe that Mr. Dian is at a greater distance from correspondence than he has been for some years by past, and that he is much more taken up with what he can do (which is but little) to help poor customers in what is necessary when there is no others to do it, which is frequently the case; therefore, he cannot be too ready to answer demands as he would incline. He keeps three 'prentices near Mr. John Godsman under his particular care, to witt: Alexander, Austin and Ludovick—all three of good Cat. Families and of the same surname with Mr. Dian. They have been now for some years at school, for they knew little or nothing when Mr. Dian began to take care of them. The two oldest are about fourteen years and are learning grammar and the ordinary authors. . . . I have told you long since that it was impossible to keep shop in the west countrie, their being so many methods taken in these parts to obstruct anything of that kind, even more than elsewhere. There is no man that would be more desirous to keep a shop than Mr. Dian if it were practicable for him to do it, and tho' he had no other motive than to place Mr. Spinel, he would goe to his utmost endeavoures; therefore, when he does all that is in his power, he hopes (sic) he will be satisfied, or rather he's persuaded that his charitable heart is moved with compassion at our present destitute condition. However, amidst all these miseries kind Providence gives us great encouragement, which is that the number of our customers are rather augmenting than diminishing, this satisfaction overbalancing all our troubles. I have heard that my cousin, your neighbour, is thinking to come home this year. I am sure their never was more need for him. I know he's now growing old, but as Mr. Dian, who is about the same age with him, is giving

some help, so might he likewais. You'll remember me kindly to the young folks, and I hope our present condition will move them to go on vigorously in learning their trade well. Offering respects and compliments to all, I am, dear sir, yours, H. D."

In view of the difficulties of maintaining a Catholic school in the Highlands at this period, Bishop McDonald was driven to the expedient of boarding a few boys with one of the priests. For this purpose he chose Mr. John Godsman, then priest at Fochabers, at the mouth of the Spey, and this most worthy priest continued to have boys as boarders till the foundation of a new school at Bourblach in 1768. The following letter is written in a very shaky handwriting. Evidently the years of constant labor and untiring solicitude were making their effects felt on the good Bishop. "Patrons" are the Cardinal Protector and others in Rome. Mr. Tiberiop is Bishop John Macdonald, nephew of Bishop Hugh and the latter's coadjutor since 1761, when he had been consecrated Bishop with the title of Tiberiopolis:

"To Mr. Peter Grant, att Rome:

"Presholme, July 18, 1768.

"Dear Sir: Considering what is contained in the conjunct letter sent by Mr. Siniten (Mr. James Grant) and me to you, I have little to say in this letter, but only to recommend the bearer, Francis MacDonald, who is become of good honest people now being in Knodiort (sic), tho' they are originally from Clanranald's country. The boy is about fourteen years old, baptized and confirmed; he seems to have something more than ordinary capacity, which was the principal motive for my taking him and keeping him at school for about two years, now under the care of Mr. John Godsman, but as the keeping of boys at Fochabers has been very chargeable to me and they not so well taught as I would like, I have now begun a new shop in the West under the direction of Mr. Tiberiop, and Mr. Allan, one of the young travelers lately come, is to be constantly with the apprentices to teach them. By this I expect to have subjects better prepared than formerly, at least in a short time. It's true I may meet with difficulties and the want of funds is a great one. However, I shall do my best and depend on Providence. Mr. McKenna, who is come to the country by direction of patrons, seems to be a good young man and may be of use when advanced. He is going with me to the West, where he inclines much more to be, and we have the greatest need of his help, as Mr. Tiberiop and other laborers are excessively harassed notwithstanding the help we have got. Wishing you health and happiness, I am, dear sir, yours,

"HU. McDONALD."

The annual letter referred to in the above is signed by Mr. Hugh McDonald and James Grant (Siniten). It was thought unnecessary to bring Bishop John McDonald so far, as he had recently been ill and the journey was thought too much for him. He was, however, getting better. Since their last letter Bishop Hugh McDonald has spent the winter in Glengarry, where he had now fixed his residence and whence he attended to the needs of the Catholics as far as his years permitted. In this letter the Bishops mention that they had raised to the priesthood Mr. Alex. Kennedy, who had recently come from Rome in sub-deacon's orders. He had been placed in the small island of Eigg, where it was hoped he would prove a useful missioner.

The concluding portion of this letter is interesting as containing the petition of Bishop Grant for a coadjutor. George Hay, Robert Grant and John Geddes are the names proposed, with a very strong recommendation in favor of Mr. Hay, in which it is stated the other two Bishops and the whole of the clergy and laity concur.

How dear to the heart of the venerable Bishop the little college must have been we see from his wish to leave it, at least in large part, the heir of such small sums as he may have saved during the last years of his life. He writes to Mr. Hay:

"Aberchalder, July 2, 1768.

"Yours of July 17 came to my hands late last night only, and I not only approve that you have settled £100 of Dorlet's remittance, but I allow you to setile £50 or even £80 more, if you can do it without putting yourself to difficulties, which I do not desire, tho' it's my intention by time to add so much as will make £200 for Western shop, and I hope this can be done, tho' God Almighty should be pleased to call me sooner than perhaps I expect, and I entrust you as a friend to see it doon, as I see great necessity for it. I had no news from the West country since I saw you and I am to go off this week to that country, and Mr. McGillis is so well recovered that he intends to goe with me, until we meet Mr. Tiberiop. . . . My landlord expects to recover John Scot's money very soon. Dear sir, I earnestly recommend to you to take reasonable care of your health; you know how precious is the health and strength of a labourer at present, especially one who has the care of all our affairs. If you writ to me after this you may enclose your letter to Mr. Tiberiop, as he and I will be together while I am out of this country. Your excellent well-wisher, H. D."

The "new shop" did not appear to answer the founder's expectations, as in the following year Bishop McDonald wrote to Bishop Hay: ". . . In short the shop in the West does not answer my expectations, for I could keep boys at Fochabers much cheaper

than there. The reason is that Mr. John's house is full of comers and goers every night, and what should be spent on boys is spent on stragglers; this gives me great uneasiness and I am by time to bring the boys back to Fochabers."

Further details of the financial difficulties of the college are given in a letter of Bishop Hugh McDonald to Bishop James Grant:

"Aberchalder, October 24, 1769.

". . . As for the other gentleman mentioned by you, tho' it is very hard to part with him, he being now settled in a new station which has great need of him, yet I shall not be against anything that tends to the general good of company. I should be content to know what number of subjects may be necessary for the new colony, for I fear I shall have much difficulty to provide my share of them, as the western shop does not answer expectations. Mr. Tiberiop settled last year in such a troublesome place that his house will be full of people every night, and by his last account to me I see I cannot keep six 'prentices for less than about £50 a year. This gives great uneasiness to me, and I am thinking sometimes to having the subjects back to Fochabers, where certainly I would keep them much cheaper. However, they must continue as they are this season. As I am growing more weak and infirm and consequently less able to do any service here, I am frequently thinking to retire down the country, where I might correspond better with my friends and take better care of my poor soule, which ought to be my only affaire now. May the Almighty direct me to the best. Your most obedient humble servant,

"HU. McDONALD."

The subject of the school is again referred to in the following letter of somewhat later date. It would indeed appear that the boys actually were taken from the new college and sent to Fochabers, for in August, 1772, Bishop Hugh McDonald writes that he strongly disapproves of Dr. Alex. Geddes and "has asked for his boys back and the account for their keep." The boys had returned, but no account. "Mr. Tiberiop has been with me for eight days not long since."

Besides the management of the school, another subject of difference between the good Bishop and his coadjutor was the latter's support of the emigration scheme of Macdonald of Glenaladale. In this venture the coadjutor seems to have been willing to embark even the mission (company) funds, which clearly could not in justice be used for such purposes:

Bishop Hugh Macdonald to Bishop Grant.

"Aberchalder, November 10, 1770.

"The project of the transmigration was invented by Mr. Tibe-

riop and Glenaladale and as yet is entirely a secret from me, for it seems they suspect that I would not be for it, as indeed I am not, and I think your reasons against it are judicious and reasonable and I shall write Mr. Hay against it. I am informed Glenaladale is going to Edin, not to intercede with great people, but to borrow money from company for making a purchase in America by way of preparation for the transmigration. I hear he's not to demand so much as formerly, but I am persuaded Mr. Danlien (Bp. Hay) will not be very rash to answer demands of that kind without mature deliberation and consulting with those concerned. I pray God direct us all, for I am perplexed at all these difficulties.

"I am your most obe'd. humble servant,

"HU. McDONALD."

The whole question of the emigrations which took place at this period is very involved. That the population in many districts was far in excess of what such poor land could support is proved beyond doubt. "In 1741," writes Abbé Macpherson, "great distress prevailed on account of the bad harvest, so that during this summer *the only resource they had to preserve their lives was bleeding their cattle every other day* and supporting life with that food. This would also have failed them, as the cattle, weakened by constant bleeding, were fast perishing and the whole country swept away had not Providence hastened hay before the usual time—a luxuriant crop, part of which was cut down before it arrived at half maturity. I had it from an eyewitness that about Stobhall and other parts round Perth entire families whom hunger had forced from the Highlands were found dead in ditches and behind hedges of mere famine."

Moreover, it needs but little residence in some Highland districts to realize that these could not possibly have afforded decent sustenance to the large population which at that time had grown up within them. At the period in question all the food was grown within the district, whilst at present it is almost entirely imported. On the other hand, the number of fighting men brought into the field by Keppoch, Lochiel and others show that the population must have been tenfold what it is at present. The same is proved by the countless ruined cottages and enclosures. When these were all thriving little crofts, with numerous children, what must the population of the whole district have been?

It should also be remembered that the chief ambition of the Highland chiefs of that and the preceding century was to place as many fighting men as possible in the field. Hence they encouraged the division and subdivision of crofts until these were far too small to provide sustenance for those who lived upon them.

Granted, however, that congestion existed and that emigration offered some remedy, the manner in which it was carried out was often hard and tyrannical in the extreme. Taking all things into consideration, therefore, one cannot but feel that Glenaladale's plan of voluntary emigration, assisted by due authority, was a great boon to many, whether the lot they had to face was the continuance in a life of great hardship or forced emigration under heartless agents.

The following letter, written forty years later, when the emigrants had had time to settle down, gives a most favorable account of the new settlers:

"Chambly, Canada, N. A., October 26, 1814.

"My dear Sir: Having just returned from a visit of a month to the new County of Glengarry, I cannot help endeavouring to give you some account of it, as well as of the present condition of many of our countrymen, who were driven from their native land and who directed their course to America in search of better fortune. The county is a square of twenty-four miles, all of which and the greater part of the next county (Stormont) are occupied by Highlanders, containing at this moment from 1,100 to 1,200 families, two-thirds of them Macdonalds. More able fellows of that name could be mustered there in twenty-four hours than Keppoch and Glengarry could have done at any time in the mother country. You might travel over the whole of the county and by far the greatest part of Stormont without hearing a word spoken but the good Gaelic. Every family, even of the lowest order, has a landed property of 200 acres, the average value of which, in its present state of cultivation, with the cattle, etc., upon it, may be estimated at from £800 to £1,000. However poor the family (but indeed there are none can be called so), they kill a bullock for the winter consumption. The farm or estate supplies them with abundance of butter, cheese, etc., etc. Their houses are small, but comfortable, having a ground floor and garret, with a regular chimney and glass windows. The appearance of the people is at all times respectable, but I was delighted at seeing them in church of a Sunday—the men clothed in good English cloth and many of the women wore the Highland plaid. Land is now increasing much in price. A lot of 200 acres, without any cultivation, will cost from £120 to £200. An experienced hand can cut the wood and clear an acre in a fortnight. The ground is then ready for the seed, requiring no further preparation than being harrowed; and the produce of an acre may be estimated at from 120 to 150 bushels of potatoes or from twenty-five to thirty bushels of wheat."

The rest of the letter refers to Mr. Alex. Macdonald, who was

later Bishop, and who took such a prominent part in the emigrations and in their subsequent history.

But to return to Bishop Hugh. He maintained his energy to the last, and when over 70 years of age still visited the different parts of his vicariate. He writes:

"Aberchalder, October 11, 1770.

"There is about ten days since I arrived here from the West Coast after traversing all the countries in which I had any concern. Upon my arrival I took a fit of sickness, which continued for some days; thanks to God, I am better now. Glenaladale proposes borrowing £2,000 of company's funds."

After again mentioning his surprise that his coadjutor should actively support the proposal without mentioning it to the Bishop, he continues:

"Mr. Tiberiop is continually taken up making houses on his new farm. The charges are great, for I have given him no less than £74, which indeed I would not be able to give had I not been pretty well provided beforehand, and I hope he will not make any demand in haste. If he does, I know not what to say or do. I fear he is much for projects, and what gives me great trouble is the boys are not kept to their work." He concludes with the proposal to go to his brother in Arisaig if the weather would permit, but fears the long journey.

In the autumn of this year Bishop Hugh writes: "I have been in some hover wheer to settle this winter. I had a reluctance not to be within my own bounds, as little service as I could do, therefore I took once a resolution to stay with a brother I have in Arasaig who has a tolerable good house, and if I had time I could make a good warm chamber in the one end of it by roofing it above, etc., but now the season is so far advanced that I could not provide materials for that purpose; for this reason I do not expect to go to the West Coast this winter, and there is no medium but either to stay where I am or goe to you—the last would be much more agreeable if my health and the weather would allow of such a journey. Meanwhile you'll send me without delay a pound of rappee, as you used to send by the Fort William carrier."

That a Bishop should propose to retire "to a good warm chamber" built on to the end of his brother's house may well surprise the present generation. But at that date houses in the Highlands were not of great architectural beauty. It was a common practice for a young couple to be married in the morning and for the wedding party to spend the day building their future abode, which was finished before evening, when all joined in the housewarming, the dancing and festivity—at least having the good effect

of stamping down the clay floor, which was perhaps to serve for many a generation thereafter.

The following letter records the excellent relations which continued to exist between Bishop Hugh and his former host at Shenval, Strathbogie. Indeed, Bishop Geddes all through his life had that great charm of winning the affection of all who met him. As a student in Rome he formed a lifelong friendship with Bishop Hay, by no means the easiest person to get on with; here we find the pleasant recollection of Bishop McDonald for the period of his stay with him at the time of the good Bishop's greatest need, whilst of Bishop Geddes' success as rector of the colleges in Spain his contemporaries cannot speak in too high praise.

Bishop Hugh McDonald to Bishop Hay:

"Aberchalder, March 15, 1770.

"Hon. and dear Sir: I have the pleasure of yours of February 28 in due time. . . . In the first place, I am exceedingly well pleased that Mr. John Geddes is sent off to manage our affairs in Spain, as I still thought him the most proper person for that purpose, and I am also very sensible of Mr. Siniten's and your goodness in parting with such a good useful labourer, for whom you deservedly had so much regard and so much the more that you knew that to be very agreeable to Mr. Tiberiop and me. Therefore I think myself obliged in justice and gratitude to satisfy you in making the best return I am able by sending Mr. Alex. McDonell to supply the place of Mr. Geddes at Presholme, notwithstanding our own great straits.

". . . Tho' I am well pleased at Mr. Geddes leaving the country for the good of company, yet I feel some regret to want him, especially as I was resolved to retire with him at Presholme, for I would even prefer him to my friend Mr. McDonell, as I was more intimately acquainted with honest Mr. Geddes, and if Mr. McDonell bring his mother with him I do not think I shall settle there, but in this I shall be advised by my best friends, if it be God's will to give me the satisfaction to meet with them. As to what you mention concerning contributions for Cat———, I am willing to give some, but as I have no knowledge of what may be the charges of them, I allow you to give of my money what you see reasonable for that end. I am certainly feared to be in great straits this year for want of money than I have been of a long time, for the reason that Mr. Tiberiop with my own consent is to take a farm in the lower end of North Morar on the seaside—a much more convenient situation for a shop than where it is. If this farm was stocked with cattle on a right footing it would be a great help for supporting small family, but as the stocking of it will

require at least £50, it will be hard for me to procure such a sum all at once unless I got a remittance from Mr. Dorlet. I wish you would insist upon this, for it can never come at a more seasonable time. Your affec. humble servant,

"HU. McDONALD."

In August, 1770, Bishop Hugh visited Morar and then went on to Kuoydart, returning to Aberchalder at the beginning of October, whence he wrote the letter quoted above. He was now failing fast, but the end did not come till March, 1773. He was laid to rest in the cemetery of Kilfinnan, Glengarry, where his grave lay unrecorded until about 1890, when a monument was raised to his memory and that of two other priests who had been buried in the same cemetery. All the contemporaries of Bishop Hugh McDonald are loud in their praise of him—of his gentle character and untiring zeal, which enabled him to maintain his courage under circumstances of the greatest difficulty. His memories of the rising of 1715, which led to the closing of the school that he attended as a boy; the constant persecution, more or less severe, which filled the years from 1715 to 1745; the terrible distress which followed the defeat of Prince Charles' army at Culloden and which almost depopulated whole districts of his vicariate; his own sufferings in hiding and for several years later, ending in his imprisonment and trial—these were but incidents in a life of zealous labor for the Catholic Church in Scotland—a life indeed which at the present date is all too little remembered, but which it is hoped the foregoing sketch will help to make more widely known and appreciated.

Fred Odo Blundell, O. S. B.

London, England.

SOME REFLECTIONS ON THE WAR AND ITS SURPRISES.

IT IS entirely too early as yet to review even so much of the war as has thus far elapsed with the hope of reaching anything like its ultimate historical meaning. We shall probably have to wait at least several generations for that, for even now we feel that we are only beginning to get at some of the true inwardness of our American Civil War, finished over fifty years ago, and we are not sure that all of the significance of the Napoleonic wars has been brought home to us after more than one hundred years. History is the relation of facts, and it would seem therefore as though those nearest to the facts would surely tell them best. As a matter of well recognized historical principle, however, it is universally conceded that those who are close up to history in the making do not and indeed cannot see it well at all. They are in the position of the observer who in the midst of the trees does not see the forest because of its leaves. The eyes of contemporaries are held as regards the meaning of many events in the world around them and only subsequent generations will get somewhat near the truth. All of which makes a very interesting reflection on those who would use the newspapers or weekly reviews of events as historical matter for their high school and college students—unless they do so to point out occasionally how fallacious may be what are called contemporary documents for historical truth whenever they are not carefully analyzed and weighed against other evidence.

We have reached a time, however, when certain aspects of this war can be reviewed to advantage not with the idea of giving their ultimate and genuine significance for history, but from the standpoint of their effect upon this generation in order to help the future historian to comprehend that important detail of the background of the picture he must present. There are certain impressions that are more vivid now than they ever will be again, and these are worthy of transcription for those who come after us. It is somewhat the same as with the visitor to a foreign country. If he stays for a long while and then writes his estimation of the country and its people, he will know ever so much more about them, and his knowledge will be ever so much more accurate, but it will lack to a great extent, if not entirely, as a rule, the vividness of the first impressions of the traveler who sees particularly the inevitable contrasts that are presented by the people among whom he is sojourning for the first time to what he has been accustomed to at home. These more immediate impressions are not only well worth while having, but they are absolutely necessary for the complete presentation of any true picture of the war as of foreign travel that the

reader of the subsequent time should have. Hence the attempt to set down some of these impressions that have arisen from day to day during the war.

ARMAMENTS FOR PEACE.

When on August 1, 1914, the great European war was declared and in the course of a few days it was seen that all the great nations of Europe were lining up for a gigantic struggle that would literally cost the lives of millions of men and inevitably waste billions of money, as well as lead to the destruction of many practical treasures of civilization, a great many people said they were surprised. It came as a shock to them that civilized and cultured and educated nations should thus plunge into a struggle to the death, in which all our best human interests were put at stake. And yet there was no reason for anything like surprise. Europe had been visibly preparing for war for forty years. The major portion of the revenues of the great European States had been devoted to the training of citizens as soldiers and to the armament of the nation. Literally many millions of men—one might as well say tens of millions of men—had been trained how best to kill other men in case of war, and it was felt that all this immense expenditure of money, energy and time was not being made for nothing.

It is true that most of those who thought they knew anything about the subject were persuaded that great armaments were made for peace, and that the European Governments knew so well how much a war would cost in men and money that they would never permit the great nations to become embroiled in a really great war, though for political reasons they might allow or even encourage less important conflicts. Armament for peace sake had become a watchword in Europe, just as it is now coming to be with us. It is about 3,000 years ago since Homer in the "Odyssey" used the striking expression "iron of itself draws man" as constituting a good excuse why arms should be put away. The passage is famous, because I believe it is one of the two in which the word for iron, *sideron,* instead of the word bronze which Homer usually uses when referring to metal implements or weapons is employed in the great epic poems. Homer seems to have been ready to hint at least that the presence of arms constituted a temptation rather than a safeguard, but then after 3,000 years we were wiser in our generation and were therefore quite sure that "when the armed man keeps his household, it is in peace." Europe has had a sad disillusionment, but now we Americans are engaged in preparedness for war, because that will *guarantee peace*—just, I suppose, as it did in Europe.

In nearly the same way most people who read the newspapers

and were familiar with the language of diplomacy were quite persuaded that what has been called in the modern times "the balance of power," by which so many nations were lined up on each side in alliances of offense and defense, would surely preserve the peace of Europe. Nearly 2,500 years ago Thucydides spoke of something very similar that was supposed to preserve peace among the warring Greek peoples. They were franker in Greece than they are in our time in diplomatic circles, and so Thucydides called it "the balanced fear" among the nations. He felt that their dread of each other because of their mutual knowledge of their preparedness for war and the alliances that they had made would surely serve, and indeed be the only means that would prove effective, to preserve the peace. Almost needless to say, it did not, and the highly cultured Greeks went to war at the very height of their prosperity and the climax of their civilization, which was also the climax of civilization for all time, and they ruined their intellectual life, destroyed many of their artistic monuments and ushered in that decadence which brought Greece low during the succeeding century. How history does repeat itself, though all the while people talk so much about our progress and how far ahead we are of the foolish past!

It is true that incidents like the Algeciras affair had seemed to indicate that perhaps thorough preparedness for war with strong allies lined up on each side and the realization of the awful consequences that would inevitably follow from a plunging of the civilized nations of Europe into an armed conflict would eventually make for the maintenance of peace. The Algeciras affair had apparently gone so far that war seemed almost if not quite inevitable, and yet war did not occur. There was a definite backing down. It was felt that this was a token of what would always happen under similar circumstances, and that there would be not only persistent hesitation, but almost necessarily an ever recurrent refusal actually to enter upon a great modern war. This idea seemed to be confirmed by certain similar imbroglios of diplomacy that occurred during the past ten years, none of which, it is true, had gone quite so far as that of Algeciras, though quite far enough to show apparently that while statesmen could bluff loudly, and would always be tempted to do so for their personal political prestige at home, and that what is familiarly called jingoism would probably always be rife, Governments could be counted on to back down eventually before the dreadful consequences of a great war.

The idea that the awful destructiveness of our most recent engines of war had actually put an end to the possibility of at least a great continental war was entertained by many people. Even

Alfred Nobel, whose fortune was made in the manufacture of high explosives and the development of these materials to their highest point of efficiency, felt that his life work made for peace rather than war. Hence we have by the irony of fate the Peace Prize of the modern world offered in the name of a high explosive manufacturer. These were some of the rather paradoxical considerations on which the assurance of peace in many minds was founded, though there were others that seemed scarcely less convincing—before the war.

The one thing that appealed beyond all doubt to a great many people in most of the countries of the world, and to none more so than the English-speaking people themselves, as a rule, was that, come what might, Great Britain would not be tempted—indeed, could not be tempted into a great war. Continental nations feeling the pressure of each other on their contiguous boundaries might make war, but the Western Island Empire could be counted on to stay out of it. There was a very general feeling that the English people would not stand for war, and many of their statesmen were thought to be unalterably opposed to it. This was felt so strongly even by foreign diplomats that it is said that the German Ambassador in London had personally assured his Government that England would not go to war. The British Government would protest vigorously, but then would settle down to watch the unequal conflict to end. After the British formal declaration of war there, it is said to have been necessary to restrain him from doing violence to himself so deeply did he feel that his assurances to his home Government had involved them in a war, which, now that Great Britain was in it and her navy could shut up, as he and his Government well knew, the German empire from all intercourse with foreign countries, made the war a dubious matter, though with Great Britain passive the beating of the French and Russians in detail, owing to their different periods of mobilization, would have been a comparatively easy task.

In spite of this very general persuasion that the nations were afraid to go to war, military men on all sides were quite sure that all this immense costly preparation was not for nothing. The publication of Bernhardi's and Treitschke's books in practically all of the modern languages since the beginning of the war have shown very clearly that there was a large militaristic party in Germany at least who were quite confident that a great war in Europe was inevitable and not far off. The same thing was true, though perhaps to a less degree, in France, where, however, cabinets fell and political reputations were made and ruined on the question of military preparedness and the state of the army, quite as threatens to be

the case in our own country for the next generation. Nor were the English in the dark, though they were making the least preparation. It is some forty years now since the story of the imaginary "Battle of Dorking" was written showing very clearly that some at least of the English anticipated the possibility of Britain being treated as France had been treated after the war in '71. The "Battle of Dorking" was read very widely and created a deep sensation. There had been a series of war dramas and novels in more recent years that had called attention to the danger under which England was reposing so peacefully, but it was somehow felt that these were merely sensational literary productions meant to attract public attention and to make money for the writers and the playhouses.

Those who were more in touch with military matters, however, knew all the danger of a European war and how acute it was. Three years before the opening of the war Hilaire Belloc pointed out that the building of the strategical railways along the German Belgian frontier indicated very clearly that Germany would attack through Belgium, and that within a very few days after a declaration of war involving France the Belgian frontier would be violated and in a very short time after that German troops would make their way through Belgium and into North France. Knowing the country well, he pointed out almost exactly the routes that would be followed and indicated further that owing to the slowness of mobilization of the French themselves compared to the Germans, and the still greater slowness of both Russians and British, the one thing for the French to do would be to retreat before the Germans, allowing no important body of troops to become so engaged that it could not retire without too much risk, and even if necessary allowing Paris to be occupied rather than that any important French army should be separated from its base or from its communications with the other French troops. Nearly every important step of the first month of the war was thus pointed out very clearly by a military expert more than three years before the war began.

Some two years before the opening of hostilities—in April, I think, of 1912—an English military expert who did not sign his name discussed in one of the English magazines the question as to whether the first Balkan war, which was just then raging, would involve the other nations of Europe and thus bring on a great continental war. He declared that Europe was not yet ready for war. He said further, however, that in the late summer of 1914 Europe would be ready for war and that then very probably some incident in the Balkans, most likely the murder of a reigning prince down there, would precipitate a European war. Such prophetic foresight is almost uncanny, and yet it seems to have represented only what

was the feeling in a great many of those who were familiar with the trend of events in the military circles of Europe.

A SHORT WAR.

Once the war had actually begun, those who were surprised or said they were at its breaking out—and it is easy to see now how lacking in ordinary knowledge of the actual occurrences and feelings of their time they were—said at once: "Well, war has become so destructive that it cannot last long." There were a good many who ventured to say—and as a rule they were people who were supposed to know something of what they were talking about—that it would be a matter at most of a few weeks. Some went so far as to declare that the war could not last more than six weeks. Three months was put conservatively as the outside limit of it. That it could not last beyond the time when the snow would fly was a favorite expression. How almost inexplicably wrong most of us were with regard to the possible length of the war can be judged very well now when it is a year and a half in progress, and if possible the end seems farther off at the present moment than it ever did at any time during the war, and above all at its beginning.

It may be well to recall that at the beginning of our Civil War there was just the same feeling with regard to its duration. The first draft was for soldiers for ninety days. Three months was felt to be the ultimate term. Some of the military men knew better or at least felt the true significance of the situation more keenly than this. General Sherman was recruiting in the Department of the West in the early months of the war and was asked by a reporter how long he thought the war would last. He said very curtly, almost in the words of Kitchener at the beginning of this war, "Three years." The expression was published all over the country and, like Kitchener's expression in our experience, was considered to be the opinion of a military man who thought only in terms of military values. Sherman's words, however, attracted very unfavorable attention from the administration and army headquarters at Washington. He came near losing his commission and it is said it required all the influence that could possibly be exerted in his favor to keep him from losing all opportunity of advancement during the war. Sherman was right and the administration was wrong, but who could have been brought to believe for a moment, early in 1861, that it would take over four years to fight out the question of States' rights or Federal Government between North and South.

The fact of the matter is that the feelings of the people became deeply engaged and they were ready to make any sacrifice for the cause which they embraced. At the beginning of this present war

it was thought—and perhaps there was some truth in it—that the Governments rather than the nations were making the war and that the people would not stand for a prolonged conflict. Now it is known that the patriotic feelings of all the countries engaged in the war have been quite as deeply aroused as were those of the Southern people during our Civil War, and it would not be surprising if there should be a like persistency in sacrifice in the conflict. Let us not forget the awful toll of dead and wounded demanded by Lee's starving, almost barefoot and ragged army before surrender.

It was said at the beginning of the present war that the Socialists would prevent any great European conflict, or at least so hamper the action of Governments as to make its continuance for any prolonged period impossible. If anything ever revealed the impotence of modern Socialism, so far as the exertion of international influence is concerned, it is the fact that Socialists have counted for absolutely nothing in the war and Socialist party leaders have simply lined themselves up with their fellow-nationalists and often have even been more ardent than others in the expression of their patriotism, as if they feared lest they might be misunderstood.

The other much bruited opinion, often loudly expressed before the war, and usually uttered with the greatest confidence, was that a great war could not continue for long, because it would be so enormously costly that it could not be financed. It had been said over and over again that the peace of Europe was in the hands of the bankers; that modern war materials were costly and modern wars in every way so expensive that the bankers could prevent any great war, though they were quite willing, because of the money there was in it for them, to continue to finance the lesser wars, and above all to finance the munitions plants and encourage "preparedness." It was confidently declared that the bankers would surely stop any great European war in the course of three to six months at the very outside.

As we look back on it now, was there ever an expression of opinion more ludicrously unfounded. Has any one heard even the slightest peep of opposition on the part of bankers. They have had absolutely nothing to say, and it is well for them they have not. Their fortunes would not have been worth much to them if they had. The war has cost unprecedented sums, far beyond what even the wildest imaginings had conceived beforehand, and what was expressed in hundreds of millions before with bated breath now has to be expressed in billions, and the call is ever for more. War expenses amount up to probably over sixty millions of dollars a day, and yet the war goes on and there is no question of the end

of it being in sight. France was practically bankrupt before the war; for two years a deficit had been accumulating; Italy was scarcely better, but the war goes on regardless.

It was declared that the awful losses in men would touch the heart of humanity and give even Governments, ruthless though they might be, pause in the awful slaughter of human beings. Just before the great war broke out, as the result of experience in the Balkans with the modern weapons, both small arms and artillery, and the fact that in one small battle—that is, small as compared to those that we now know of—150,000 men had been killed and wounded in five days, a Belgian surgeon of large military experience, who had made the Balkan campaigns, declared that a great European war with the nations of Europe arranged on both sides would cost a million of casualties a month—that is, a million of men in killed, wounded and missing. This seemed an egregious exaggeration to a great many people, and yet it has not proved so. The latest Prussian lists make a total of casualties—that is, of killed, wounded and missing—above 5,100,000. The Prussian lists do not include Bavaria, Wurtemburg and Baden and some other portions of the German Empire. They do not include Austria nor Turkey nor Bulgaria, only recentiy in the field as I write, but yet making enormous losses. Surely it is not too much to say, then, that all the casualties of the Central Powers mount up to 8,000,000. The Allies have surely not lost less than that, so that 15,000,000 for fifteen months is not far out of the way. Of course, many of the wounds reported were comparatively slight—more than three-fourths of the wounded men, owing to the efficiency of modern surgical methods, went back to the fighting line afterwards, some of them have been wounded two and three times, so that casualties do not represent actual losses except for the time being, but the figures given here furnish some idea of the awful condition of affairs which involves the life and physical and civil status of so many men.

Far from these awful losses in men and money proving in any sense deterrent or a factor for peace, all the nations are simply calling younger and older men to the colors—men below and above the military age—and they are engaged in mobilizing their financial resources so as to go on in spite of all difficulties; and the people are not only satisfied to make the sacrifices, as a rule, but willing and anxious to make them for the glory of their country. Any one who knows conditions will realize that this is not a sympathetic exaggeration, but a literal statement of facts as they are.

MAN'S EVOLUTION BEYOND WAR.

The main reason why people were astonished—the word they

used was surprised, but that could not have been their meaning, since preparations for war were so evident long before the breaking out of the war—was that they felt that mankind had advanced beyond the period when it settled its conflicts by the last barbaric alternative of war. There is a general feeling among the well informed classes of our time that man is very definitely progressing and getting better from day to day, and of course gentler and less savage, and in line with this evolution naturally should come the disappearance of war. As some of my readers doubtless remember, I once wrote a book called "The Thirteenth Greatest of Centuries." A friend of mine, a university professor, well up, particularly in history, said to me not long after the publication of the book: "Of course, as a title that challenges interest, the paradox of declaring a century seven centuries ago as the greatest of human history may serve to attract attention, but no one who knows the history of that period can possibly think for a moment of that time as really representing a climax in human achievement, for even a superficial knowledge of its history makes one aware that there was a war a little oftener than every five years among the European nations at that time. Any period," he added, "in which the barbaric instincts and savage tendencies of mankind were so manifest as this, that the instinct for bloodshed had to be satisfied by actual combat as often as this among men supposed to be civilized, could not be set up with any plausibility as representing a supreme epoch of human accomplishment."

I may say that I was rather taken back by his remark. Something of the martial ardor of my thirteenth century favorites I had known and yet had not realized that it had gone to this extent of demanding lustral satisfaction. As a matter of fact, I had almost deliberately avoided this phase of the history of the time, for while war is usually considered the very essence of history and is emphasized and dilated upon even in our historical schoolbooks, for me the story of a time concerns not the wars and the battles and the generals and the corrupt politics and the rotten diplomacy, and the kings and their mistresses and all the rest that goes to make up what has usually been called history in the past, but the education, the art, the architecture, the scientific discoveries, the things that people were thinking about, and above all, all that made for the happiness of mankind. In my "Thirteenth Century" I deliberately relegated all this political and martial history to two brief pages of dates, events and names, devoting some 500 pages to the genuine history of men's deeds and arts and words by which humanity had been enriched.

With this expression of my historical university friend in mind

I have recently been reviewing the story of our wars in the nineteenth and twentieth centuries, when supposedly we have advanced so far that war, except among the semi-barbarous who are left here and there in the world, has presumably become a thing of the past. How many people who said they were astonished or surprised at the beginning of this greatest war that humanity has ever seen, because they thought wars were coming to be a thing of the past, have taken the trouble to recall the tale of our recent wars.

Let us name over at least those wars which have taken place in the twentieth century. In 1900 we were at war in the Philippines. How this great Republic, intent only on "forming a more perfect union, establishing justice and insuring domestic tranquillity"—to use the words of the Preamble of the Constitution—was at the beginning of the twentieth century engaged in a war with "the little brown men" in the distant Philippines, is indeed hard to understand. Still, we were at it, and let us record the fact. We lost some 30,000 men, I believe, mainly because of the awful climate and conditions. In 1901 came the Boer war. Just why England found it necessary to take up a destructive campaign on the simple Dutch farmers, who had succeeded in finding happiness in their hard work on the farms of the African veldt, will be a matter for future historians to discuss learnedly—and leave unsettled—but the war cost England nearly 100,000 men, mostly from disease, and several hundred of millions of dollars.

These were, of course, only baby wars. But in 1904 came a good man-sized war. Japan and Russia locked horns and the largest of European nations had to acknowledge herself defeated by the little Oriental Island Empire that had been looked upon with contempt until a few years before. It is interesting to recall that just exactly fifty years before Japan and Russia entered upon the conflict the United States had sent a fleet under Commodore Perry to Japan to require that her harbors should no longer be closed to civilization and that she should open them and permit world culture to go in, while her people should have the advantage of Western education. It took just fifty years for Japan to acquire a veneer of our civilization. There is a general impression that we Occidentals seriously hurt Japanese art and undermined the national life, but Japan got *civilized* so throughly that in a scant half century she was able to take on in a regular war the largest of the European nations—and the one most feared by all the other nations—*and lick her*. Now that is civilization with a vengeance. There is nothing like standing off a little bit and seeing what we mean by civilization when we have the story of a half century to help our judgment. Of course, quite needless to say, Japan could have done nothing like

that in 1854, when Commodore Perry went on his well-meant culture mission. But by 1904 she was quite ready, and after she had defeated the Russians all the rest of the Western civilized peoples, including even ourselves, trembled a little bit as to what she might do next in her marvelous new born *civilized* vigor.

This Russo-Japanese war, however, cost 2,000,000 of men and about $2,000,000,000 of treasure in our money. Apparently those staggering figures gave the civilized nations of the world pause, for we had no war for five years after that. In 1909, however, Italy and Turkey went to war, and that cost I believe several hundred thousand men and added between six and seven hundreds of millions of dollars to Italy's debt. How much it added to Turkey's debt we do not know as yet, to be sure, and the creditors are rather dubious, though the bills may be paid if the Central European Powers continue to be as successful as they have been recently. Then Europe waited three years before the first Balkan war broke out and gladly welcomed the idea that now at last Europe should be rid of the Turks. When the little Christian Balkan nations had, however, just about succeeded in eliminating the Moslem from Europe, they quarreled among themselves and the Turk got a chance to come back to a considerable distance into his old European haunts, while the Christians butchered each other in a manner such as had never been known before in the world's history.

In the midst of these European squabbles came the present trouble in Mexico, which by the same token is still with us. Whether that should be called a war or not, is perhaps dubious. It inflicted more suffering on mankind over a large area than any of the mediæval wars. For our purpose it is worse than many old-time wars. Let us count it, then, for the sake of good measure.

Then toward the end of the summer of 1914, as had been foretold so clearly years before, came The Great War, with the nations of Europe ranged on each side. There is no need to emphasize particularly that it is the *greatest war of history*. Now if we count them all over again—from the Philippines and the Boer war and the Russo-Japanese and Italo-Turkish and the two Balkan wars, then Mexico and the Great War—we have eight wars in less than fourteen years. The poor, barbarous, benighted mediæval people made a war about every five years, but this modern, progressive, greatly advancing twentieth century has evoluted to such an extent that it can make a war about every year and a half. How few there are who realize the actual conditions of our own time, such as they are, when presented in this way. We have been accustomed to think that we were quite different from the older people in this regard. Here is what we find when we study the actual details.

Some people, it is true, have felt that there were elements in these various wars which somewhat lessened their significance. Barbarous and less civilized nations must ever have quarrels that cannot be arbitrated because, of course, even semi-barbarous people will not listen to reason. Our war in the Philippines and the Mexican trouble might thus be explained. The fact that certain nations were still not on the highest plane of civilization might help to explain the others. Russia and Japan could scarcely be compared with the Western cultured nations, Turkey was always a disturbing element and the Balkan peoples were as yet too recently extricated from their more or less barbarous condition due to Turkish misrule and lack of education to be quite up to the highest ethical national standard. Even some people in England were rather inclined to think that it was the lack of culture and at least amiability on the part of the Boers that led to the Boer war. We were quite ready to fool ourselves with the thought that there were excuses for most of these wars which made it very clear that when a proper stage of civilization was reached there would be and could be no wars among two or more really cultured people. Our evoluted sense of justice and gentle kindliness, if not our fear, of the awful results would prevent it. In the midst of this self-complacent vanity there came this greatest of all wars, with culture as the watchword in it. Perhaps its outbreak may serve at least to teach us a lesson as to our foolish self-sufficiency.

This tendency to think that war is a thing of the past and that men have come to the place in human development where they will no longer wage war, is not new and has frequently been noted before. A typical instance occurred just after the middle of the nineteenth century when the first great modern World's Fair was being held in London. A number of the prominent men, university professors, literary men and philosophers of Europe, who were invited to talk at meetings in connection with this fair, referred to the World's Fair as a definite pledge and symbol that the nations of the world were no longer going to make war with each other, for now their main interest was in making commerce with each other. This exhibition of the arts and the industries and the scientific productions from the different nations would surely bring the peoples to understand each other, would make them appreciate the fact that all those even of different nationalities were striving after the same purpose in life, would counteract national jealousies and ill-feelings and make the narrow boundaries of mere national patriotism give place to a true international spirit. Very much was made of this idea by the newspapers and periodicals of the time, as well as by the orators. A great many of those who were supposed

to have their fingers on the pulse of the time and to be so widely observant and thoroughly educated that they knew what they were talking about, joined in acclaiming these ideas.

Perhaps it may be well to remind present day readers what happened almost immediately afterwards. In 1854 came the Crimean War, with England and France ranged with Turkey—a peculiar combination indeed—against Russia. Then in 1859 came the war between France and Italy against Austria, which gave Napoleon III. presumably the military prestige that was to prove the death blow to his dynasty. Then in 1861 came the outbreak of our Civil War, to be followed before its conclusion by the war between Prussia and Denmark in 1864, which was the almost necessary prelude to the war between Prussia and Austria in 1866. In the meantime there was a revolution in Mexico and the foundation of an empire, and then after our Civil War Maximilian fell. Before twenty years were over another great war—that between Germany and France—took place to complete the record. Within less than a scanty score of years after the acclamation of peace at the World's Fair and the promise that now at last the end of war between civilized peoples at least was at an end, there were altogether seven wars in less than two decades. The mid-nineteenth century is not quite so bad as the early twentieth in this respect, but it ran our precious time a very close second.

THE WAR AND THE INTELLECTUALS.

Perhaps the most interesting feature of the first three months of the war—at least it will doubtless prove extremely interesting to future students of history, and especially those who are trying to get at the true inwardness of this great struggle—was the attitude assumed by what for want of a better term in English we may call by the French word, the intellectuals of the various nations—that is, the men who as writers, professors at universities, members of academies, scientists, philosophers and others whose ability had been demonstrated quite apart from politics or government administration, and who were looked up to as the leaders in mentality in our time. To a man, with the exception of a very few who, for the sake of the sensation they would thus create and the attention they would attract, ventured to disagree slightly with the policy of their Governments, all these men in all the nations promptly lined up with the policy of their own Government. The exceptions to this mode of conduct, if there really are any, for I must confess I cannot now recall their other names, are so few as to be quite negligible, and indeed prove that the rule was as stated.

We had formal declarations from most of them proclaiming that *their* country was right and that the enemy was entirely wrong. There was just a plain contradiction between them. They gave each other the lie direct, and that was all about it. On each side they were quite sure that their country was fighting a war of self-defense, and the enemy, whoever it might be, was fighting an offensive war of conquest, or at least a conflict for the prohibition or limitation of opportunities for neighboring countries. We have, then, the lively spectacle of nearly a dozen of civilized nations whose peoples, following their leaders, are fighting a "defensive" war for their hearths and homes against ruthless invaders. The Servians are quite sure that their nationality was threatened and are defending themselves. The Austrians are defending themselves against such Servian aggression, as was exemplified before the war by the murder of their Crown Prince. Germany is fighting a defensive war against Russia, because the mobilization of the Russian armies could not be brooked. Belgium is, of course, on the defensive. France is fighting a death struggle for her very existence, and England is quite confident that with Germany on the other side of the channel or in the Belgian ports, her national existence would surely be threatened, so there they are all fighting this immensest war of all time in purest self-defense, and men on both sides are dying in the fullest persuasion that they are sacrificing themselves in order that their country may live on after them and its blessings may endure to posterity.

Now I am not writing ironically, but as literally as can be. All Europe is up in arms in self-defense, and the people of each country know that not only their rulers and the Government authorities are agreed that it is a struggle for existence that is being waged against a foe who is entirely mistaken in his aggression, but they have been made aware by the public proclamation of all their university professors, their most important writers, scientists, philosophers and literary men generally that the national policy is right and the national policy of other nations entirely wrong.

I do not think that we have ever had such an indictment of the inefficacy of human intellect to decide questions of right and wrong and its inefficiency as a guide to conduct as this train of events. Men in familiar phrase, even when they belong to the intellectual classes and are highly respected for educational ability, "make up their minds" as to what they are going to do—that is, form their wills to the purpose they want to accomplish and then set their intellect to find reasons for the line of conduct they have already determined to pursue. To me it seems an argument for the freedom of the will, but the lack of the freedom of the intellect, though I

suppose there are many people who might disagree with such a conclusion.

What is most interesting, however, is that for several generations now there has been a definite tendency to proclaim education and intellect as the salvation of humanity. When people knew enough, we were told, they would be sure to act right; when popular education was universally diffused, then we would have so little crime that life would become much more pleasant than it had been. Indeed, the persuasion of a great many people would seem to be that when the great majority of men enjoyed such advantages of education as public schools would afford, we would be able to shut up our gaols or perhaps turn them into institutions for the temporary housing of the needy poor, and our courts might still sit as judges of awards of merit and of virtue, but with almost no necessity for criminal procedure. There never has been a time in the world's history when popular education was so widely diffused and when so many people could read and write as just now, yet I fear that no one has noticed that our gaols are being shut up or are yawning emptily for tenants, for at least here in New York our gaols are all overcrowded and we are constantly building new ones and we cannot keep up with the influx into them. Our courts, so far from having nothing to do, are two years behind with their criminal calendar, and we are constantly providing new Judges and yet do not seem to be catching up much on the list of cases to be tried.

OUR INVENTIONS AND SOME REVERSIONS.

We have had some very serious surprises in the war. Man's inventive genius had been applied so effectively to the manufacture and improvement of instruments of destruction that it looked as though a war could not last long, and prophecies were freely made that two great armies that came in contact fully armed with modern weapons would almost inevitably wipe each other out in the course of a prolonged direct conflict. The modern rifle will kill at two miles if it strikes a vital soft part. It will go through the human skull, completely piercing the bones on each side of it at nearly a mile and a half. It is said that it will penetrate three men at the distance of a mile. Artillery has been still more fearfully developed, so that even from twenty to twenty-five miles shells may be launched which deal death and destruction all round them even at this long distance. Besides, the airmen carry bombs and penetrating darts and there are many inventions of poisonous shells and the like that add to the awful destructiveness of the modern armament. No wonder it was felt that armies would have to be kept a distance from each other, except at moments of absolutely

forced contact, and that could endure at the most for but a very brief space of time, for the stronger, better armed line would surely obliterate the other.

And yet the development of the war has brought the two greatest armies that were ever lined up against each other in such intimate contact over a front 400 miles long that not only they throw hand-grenades into one another's trenches, but hand-to-hand conflicts are often the rule, and it has been found that a club is more handy and more effective in some of these attacks than either the bayonet or the rifle. Strange as it must seem, utterly unforeseen as it was, impossible as it would have appeared to the stern believer in the progress of man, the oldest implement that man ever made, the spade, which he fashioned for peaceful purposes and has had in hand all these thousands of years, has beaten that highest product of modern inventive ingenuity, the rifle. The opposed lines dug themselves into trenches, buried themselves beneath the possibility of effective rifle fire, and while they may be dug out by a rain of shells or a shower of artillery missiles, as a rule, the only way to get them is to go after them in a hand-to-hand conflict. We have gone back in some respects to the oldest days of fighting among men and all the feeling of personal hate of the immediate enemy and bloodthirsty desire to get him before he gets you, has come to animate the soldiers in the trenches.

How little human life may mean in the balance of such awful events that are developing in the midst of the war is illustrated very well as I have suggested by the immense numbers of killed and wounded that must be counted up. A Swiss military authority writing with the advantage of all the sources of information available in a European country close to events recently declared that probably the number of dead up to November amounted to 5,000,000. This seems to a great many people an utterly exaggerated statement, but the proportion of dead, in spite of the absence of great epidemic diseases and the magnificent surgical care of the wounded that is saving many lives, is much larger in the present war than it has been in the past. While only one in five or even six of those wounded by rifle bullets are fatally injured, the proportion of fatalities from artillery wounds is more than one in three and in many cases almost one in two. The spade has beaten the rifle, the armies are dug in on most of the fronts, only artillery is effective against them, and artillery wounds are much more frequent in this war than any previous war. Certainly the fatalities to date (November 15 as I write) are surely more than 4,000,000 and are probably very nearly 5,000,000.

Even all that frightful destruction of men is not so appalling as

the thought that sometimes enormous sacrifices of human life in the war have seemed to be dependent not so much on the military necessities of the moment as on some extraneous consideration—some effect to be produced on the minds of those not in the war or for some other less commendable ulterior purpose. For instance, it has been suggested that the great drive which took place along several sections of the long line of battle in the West early in October, 1915, was really timed so as to help the sale of the bonds of the Allies, half a billion of which were being disposed of that very week in America. It seems almost too hideous to think that human lives should thus be sacrificed for a bond selling effect, but certainly the timely coincidence could scarcely fail but make many people think of the possibility of some direct connection between the two events. It is said that several hundred thousand men (on both sides) were sacrificed in that supreme effort, which did, of course, create a very favorable effect for the time being, though it proved to have very little effect on the actual fortunes of the war or any phase of it so far as can be seen up to the present time.

On the other hand, the Russian drive by the Germans in the fall of the same year was not so much a military incident as an event meant to influence diplomatic circles. There are military experts who declare that the Germans felt that they could not succeed in their supposed aims on that Russian drive, but it was felt that the forcing back of the Russian armies well within Russian territory would have the greatest possible effect upon the Balkan nations, whose adhesion to one side or another was hanging in the balance. Having produced this diplomatic effect with an immense cost of men, the Germans were quite willing to retire before the Russians, recognizing that they could not maintain their positions in Russia during the awful cold of the winter season, satisfied with having accomplished or at least made a great move toward another purpose.

Such reflections may be only the result of the prejudice of hostile observers who are ready and anxious to find anything which they can use to blacken the reputation of the Government authorities on both sides of the conflict, but to any one interested in this war, now and hereafter, such reflections throw sidelights on the history of the time and the bitter feelings that the combat aroused which may be lost sight of by the historical student who will miss some of these smaller details and see only the larger figures of the picture and its high lights.

PROSPERITY AND WAR.

We have been very proud of the accumulation of money in the

nineteenth century and have set up the prosperity of the modern nations as a great sign of progress. Indeed, it has more than once been suggested that our prosperity was a sign of the approval of Providence on the recent generations, and there has been a very curious argument outlined that the fact that the Catholic nations were not so prosperous as the Protestant nations was in itself a sign and a symbol of the greater truth of Protestantism and of the lack in Catholicism. It is interesting, then, to see what the prosperity of the nations has brought them to. At the present time they are spending over $60,000,000 a day in war expenses. Billions have been added to the debts of the countries of Europe, some of which were practically bankrupt at the beginning of the war—that is, were having a deficit in expenses above their revenues and no feasible way of making up for it. Apparently their prosperity is to vanish in one awful cataclysm. Nations' debts were never so high and taxes will be almost prohibitive of saving for long enough.

It is rather well understood now where the immense accumulation of capital, the largest that has ever been known in the world's history, came from during the past three generations, when the great industrial era made the Western nations so prosperous. Workmen have been very inadequately paid, and while in recent years much more justice has come for the workmen, it has been slow of foot and its march has always been hampered just as much as possible by the capitalists. Every increase in wages, every reduction in the long hours of labor—twelve or more nearly a century ago, with almost never a holiday except Sunday and not always Sunday—every increase in the amount of wages paid the men has been dearly bought by the efforts of organized labor. Pope Leo XIII. in his great Encyclical on labor called attention to the fact that labor, unlike commodities, cannot in justice be bought just as cheaply as possible and according to the market price of it, for it devolves on the employer to see to it that his laborers are paid a decent living wage.

Defrauding laborers of their wages is one of the three sins that cry to heaven for vengeance, and oppression of the poor is another. One is prone to wonder, then, whether this awful war, with its wastage of accumulated wealth, may not in some way be connected with the Divine vengeance for the sins involved in the storage of that immense wealth. So much of suffering, however, is coming for the poor themselves in the midst of it that the hesitation rises almost to a negation of the thought, and yet somehow mankind has had to suffer for men's sins over and over again in history, and unfortunately the innocent have often suffered with the guilty, though

somehow there must be a Divine compensation for it in spite of our not being able to understand it.

About the middle of our Civil War President Lincoln said in his great speech on the occasion of the "Emancipation Proclamation" that perhaps in the order of Divine Providence the great Civil War between the States would not end until for every drop of human blood that had been drawn by the lash, a drop of free white blood should be shed in the war. It has been suggested that perhaps in the order of Providence this great war of ours would not end until for every drop of the sweat of workmen that was not properly paid for during that industrial era, with its sad abuses of the laboring classes that is at the foundation of our accumulation of capital, a dollar shall now be spent in the expenses of war.

Any mere human attempt, of course, to outline the order of Providence cannot but be a small and narrow vision of all the realities of the situation and can scarcely but seem trivial in the light of all the great interests at stake, but the thought forces itself on one who knows the social abuses of the immediate past and who realizes the leveling influence of war and how much this war is going to mean in this regard.

HUMAN PROGRESS AN ILLUSION.

The one all-important conclusion, as it seems to me, that must be drawn from the war in so far as we can learn the significance of it at the present time, is that it completely contradicts the ordinarily cherished notions with regard to man's constant advance. Man is supposed by the extreme evolutionary school of thought to have begun his career on the earth just one stage higher than the animal constantly quarreling with his brother animals, even of his own kind, and killing those of other kinds in the struggle for existence. Gradually growing more and more gentle, he evoluted until the social virtues developed and many men became even ready to be helpful to others. This interesting bit of theory has had many disturbing contradictions in recent years, not the least of which is that most of the animals exhibit too carefully a good many of the social virtues, and that mutual aid and not the struggle for existence is the most significant feature of their life histories.

Quite apart from this, however, has been the recognition of the fact that in history, when man gets to be prosperous and peaceful and seeks his comfort, the men of the race lose courage and the women lose virtue, children become few, luxury dominates the scene, and then war comes to take away domination and the world is handed over to the stronger peoples of more primitive instincts. Hence the ups and down in history, which for nations as well as

for peoples may be represented as the trampling of sabots on the way upstairs, while the high heels of milady's slippers come tripping down. Man has not here a lasting city, and while this lapse into war is sometimes spoken of as a reversion to barbaric instincts, let us not forget that such reversions are usually followed by further reversions to primitive instincts that are in accordance with the highest virtues of the race.

War is an an awful thing in its slaughter of humanity, but it must not be forgotten that of the millions of men slain up to the present time, scarcely more than a handful would at best be alive a half century from now. They would all have met their deaths, and most of them ingloriously. These men now have died for a great cause in the highest feeling of patriotism and for the sake of preserving the blessings of their own national Government for posterity. It is the finest thing in the world for a man to die nobly, and if the choice between a noble death and ignoble life, in which many of them would accomplish nothing and not a few of them would during fifty years years do all sorts of unworthy things, the premature glorious death must rather be looked upon as a blessing than a misfortune.

Of course, if death is the end of all things, the real annihilation that so many people seem inclined to think of at the present time, then these millions of deaths would be the awfulest possible misfortune that could befall the world. If life is, however, but the preparation for another world, then this death for duty may be the best possible entrance to that, and indeed once life is compared with eternity, the utter triviality of their loss under the circumstances can be readily understood. It is the suffering of those who are left after them, the widows and orphans, that must be the one thing to count. Even that, however probably has quite a different significance from what is usually attached to it. Many an orphan of the Civil War found his best incentive for the development of all that was most worth while in him because he had from earliest boyhood to help in the support of his widowed mother. When we consider how many widows and orphans our divorce courts have made—since the Civil War there have been at least ten times as many of them as the widows and orphans of the war itself—then it is easy to understand how ignoble, worthless and even degrading peace may become, while war is appealing to many of the nobler virtues in man—though, alas! also arousing all the worst passions that some of them possess.

THE VIRTUES OF WAR IN TIME OF PEACE.

I am not of those who believe that war is inevitable. I am

still a member of a number of peace societies and intend to continue to work with them for peace, but I am quite sure that peace has its horrors as well as war, and that whenever peace breeds only the vices of selfishness, self-indulgence and neglect of others, there will always be a term to it, and war is one of the remedies for such evils. War is not inevitable, but unless we can have in time of peace some of the virtues of war, war will constantly recur, for it is the best antidote to the vices of peace.

The vices of peace, however, are not inevitable. People have said that this war means the failure of Christianity. They have gone farther and said, "We have tried Christianity long enough; now it is time that we should try something else," to which Gilbert Chesterton's answer is, "We haven't tried Christianity at all yet; let's try Christianity." Until the world will come to recognize that there is a brotherhood of man under the Fatherhood of God in the Brotherhood of Christ, and until men are ready to make even great sacrifices for that belief, there will always be war. The only times in the past when war has been reasonably controlled is under thorough Christian influence. Ever since the series of European incidents called the Reformation, we have had more wars probably than ever, because that movement introduced a perpetual element of disunion and strife. In the meantime the greatest of all wars goes on, and barring some unforeseen accident will almost surely continue for several years yet. The most highly educated and most deeply intelligent, the most genuinely cultured nations of the earth will continue to exhaust every effort to kill and maim just as many of their enemy as possible. They will continue to do so from a sense of duty that in no case is quite mistaken, though they will be working out a purpose much higher than any they see. There are some precious lessons to be gathered from the war, and it is sincerely to be hoped that they shall not be missed. It would indeed be too bad if the world was to pay so dearly and then were to miss the precious significance of the awfully costly human experience.

We have been priding ourselves on the growth of individualism amongst us, or at least a great many people have been quite sure that the important evolutionary development of our time was the greater importance that it brought to the individual and the definite tendency to make the individual account for more and more in life. What the war is emphasizing above all is that the interests of the community are far more important than those of the individual. This is the true spirit of fraternalism and Christianity as opposed to the selfishness of man's lower nature. In one of his recently published essays, Arthur Christopher Benson, the brother

of Monsignor Benson of beloved memory, says of his own experience since early manhood: "A different spirit has grown up, a sense of corporate and social duty, a larger idea of national service, not loudly advertised, but deeply rooted, and far removed from the undisciplined individualism of my boyhood. It has been a secret growth, not an educational programme. The Boer War, I think, revealed its presence and the war we are now waging has testified to its mature strength. It has come partly by organization and still more through the workings of a more generous and self-sacrificing ideal. In any case, it is a great and noble harvest, and I rejoice with all my heart that it has thus ripened and borne fruit in courage and disinterestedness and high-hearted public spirit."

At the end of July, 1914, there were some 25,000,000 of men in Europe who thought that they had some right to live their lives for themselves and to seek their own individual development. Most of them had acquired relationships which involved duties in life that they felt that they could fulfill without molestation or hindrance from any one. Most of these 25,000,000 of men have learned during the course of the year and a half since that they had no right at all to their personal existence and that they are in the thrall of duty to their community. Some of them have been put aboard trains without knowing whither they were going, and there has been nothing for them to do but to obey the orders that are given them and feel that somehow all must be for the best. For the great majority of them there is no question of any personal advantage to be gained. The most that they can hope for is gain for the community to which they belong, though the prospect for many of them is of personal loss and suffering and often the end of life. They have learned the literal meaning of the command, "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself," though that neighbor may be represented by a series of distant members of the country of which they are citizens and consist of but few of those to whom they have been related in life by blood or association. Most of these men are making the sacrifices needed whole-heartedly and are simply intent on doing their duty as they see it.

In a word, the war has brought back supremely the sense of duty into life. When it is recalled how much this was lacking in the trivial life that had invaded so much of existence before the war, it is easier to understand the place that even such a giant struggle may have in the order of Providence. It is true that there never was so great a war, nor one in which so many men were slaughtered nor so much suffering inflicted, but then there never has been a time when the world was so thickly populated as at the present moment. Density of population, however, especially as illustrated

in our larger cities, has brought more and more of that following after trifles which the Scriptures says obscures good things and the ordinary forces for good seemed utterly incapable to cope with the advancing tide of superficiality in life. Here on a sudden depth of meaning has been given to existence, and all the world wonders just what will come of it all, though confident that a higher seriousness in life is surely to be the result.

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CENTENARY OF THE OBLATES—THEIR WORK IN CANADA.

ON January 25, 1916, the Oblates of the Congregation of Our Lady Immaculate celebrate the first centenary of their order. It was on that date, in 1816, that Father Charles Eugene de Mazenod[1] and his four companion priests for the first time formed themselves into a religious community, with the approval of the Archbishop of Aix, their original designation of "Oblates of St. Charles" (in memory of the founder's patron saint) and "Missioners of Provence" being subsequently discarded for that of Oblates of Mary Immaculate, a name which he called "a passport for heaven," wondering that they had not thought of it sooner. When, as a student, he had entered the Seminary of St. Sulpice, he consecrated his life to Our Lady, and from the very beginning he placed his order under her protection, to whom he attributed exclusively the development of his institute. The great devotion which as seminarist, priest and prelate the saintly Bishop of Marseilles cherished, he instilled into all who came in contact with him, particularly his religious brethren, "whose praise is in all the churches." The work of the Oblates, from its humble beginning in "fair Provence," where they simply sought to bring about a religious renovation after the spiritual desolation which supervened after the great Revolution, has spread over the whole world. The sphere of their labors has widened until it reaches from Scotland to the Antipodes, from the banks of the St. Lawrence to the Pacific Ocean and from Lake Superior to the Arctic regions. Not only the English-speaking races, but Cingalese, Red Indians and half-breeds on the Canadian plains, and Esquimaux in the icy regions of the extreme North have profited by their self-sacrificing labors.

The coming of the Oblates to Western Canada towards the middle of the nineteenth century was like the coming of the Friars to England in the thirteenth—an epoch-making event. More than a quarter of a century had elapsed since the establishment of the mission on the banks of the Red River, and comparatively little progress had been made, despite heroic sacrifices and sufferings. There was, it is true, a Bishop with a cathedral, but he had only four priests, in 1844, to minister to 2,800 Catholics scattered over a country as large as a kingdom. The secular clergy were coming and going like birds of passage; some, moved by an impulse of generous abnegation, came to labor in a region remote and isolated

[1] See article, "A Model Bishop," in the "Ave Maria" of June, 1911.

from the civilized world, but, after a sojourn of four or five years, rarely longer, they, one after another, left. To one of these Monsignor Plessis said: "When one comes to say 'my work is finished,' his zeal must be very dull. Ah! where would Canada be if the missioners who came there to plant the faith had not had more constancy? 'I have done my work,' you say. The work of all of us, as long as we exist, will only be finished when we shall have devoted our whole life to the salvation of souls."

Seeing the slender hold he had upon the secular clergy, he turned his attention to the religious orders, whose organization was a guarantee of more cohesion and continuity. He tried to enlist the coöperation of the Jesuits, but was disappointed. Providence had other designs. In response to an appeal of the Bishop of Montreal a much younger religious order had established itself on the shores of the St. Lawrence. Monsignor Provencher heard of their marvelous success in the country parishes of Lower Canada. The Oblates of Mary Immaculate were the first missioners to penetrate into Canada after the cession of the country to Great Britain. During his last voyage to Quebec the Bishop of Juliopolis assisted at the oblation of Father Eusebius Derocher, one of the first Canadians received into the new congregation. The question of detaching the Red River mission from the jurisdiction of Quebec was then under consideration. This made the services of a religious order the more necessary. It was a question of life or death for the parishes being formed and particularly for the Indian missions of the Northwest. "Religious, religious, religious!" he wrote. "We shall do little good and spend much as we are. There is no unity; every one acts and sees things in his own way. Reverend Oblate Fathers! May God bless their labors and thus shut the mouths of those who talk and will not act." His heart was set on having them. He appealed directly to their superior general, and not in vain. Monsignor de Mazenod, "whose heart was as big as the world," at once consented to undertake a foundation at the Red River. "Humanly speaking," comments Father Morice, "it was a decision of unparalleled temerity. His sons were hardly encamped in Lower Canada; why think of weakening, if not destroying, those humble beginnings by trying to found, in a country much more distant and destitute of every material resource, establishments the number of which could not be foreseen? Would he be able to find a sufficient staff for these two overseas missions in the ranks of his young institute? But Monsignor de Mazenod was a man of immense faith. He yielded to the supplications of the poor missioner-

[2] "Histoire de l'Eglise Catholique dans l'Ouest Canadien, par le R. P. A. G. Morice, O. M. I.

Bishop and directed Father Guigues, first Oblate provincial in America (pending his becoming first Bishop of Ottawa), to send some of his religious to help Provencher.

God, not to be outdone in generosity, immediately recompensed His servant for the extraordinary confidence he had shown in His providence. It is from the establishment of his first Indian missions in Western Canada dates that marvelous development of the Oblate Congregation, then scarcely known, even in France, outside the region which had been its birthplace. The thought of the incredible difficulties, of the enormous sacrifices which awaited the heralds of the cross on the frozen steppes of the American extreme North inflamed with holy ardor the hearts of a multitude of young clerics and more or less experienced priests, who, bidding an eternal farewell to the 'sweet land of France,' yearly embarked on the search of the lost sheep of Israel amid the snows of Athabaska and MacKenzie, without uttering a word of regret for the friends and relations they left in their native country."[2]

It was towards the close of August, 1845, that the first Oblates arrived at the Red River. But, in place of a small band of priests ready to enter on their apostolic work, there was only one, Father Peter Aubert, who was accompanied by a very young man of rather childlike presence, hardly more than a youth. "What!" exclaimed the astonished prelate. "I asked for men, and here they send me a child!" The "child" was Brother Alexander Antoninus Taché, then a novice and sub-deacon, a direct descendant of the discoverer of the country, the great explorer Lavérendrye, his destined successor, who, ordained at twenty-two and mitred at twenty-seven, at once the youngest priest and youngest Bishop in the Church, and who, later, as the first Archbishop of St. Boniface, was to shed such lustre on the Church and the country as the greatest churchman and the greatest Canadian of the West. During seventeen years not a single priest went to the West unless to labor as an Oblate immediately or shortly after his arrival.

The harvest was ripe, however few the laborers were. "The zeal of these poor savages to hear the word of God and learn to serve Him was extreme," wrote Father Thibault. An old French-Canadian of eighty-eight led him on foot through the woods and a thousand obstacles to Lake Biche, where he found a family of fifteen, who received the missioner with infinite gratitude, confessed several times and attended assiduously the exercises of a fortnight's retreat. "I am working day and night; I am half dead," he wrote from Ile-à-la-Crosse on May 24, 1845. I have seen all the natives who trade with this post, about eighty families, and all, from the youngest to the oldest, display extreme zeal in learning.

. . . Day and night they are occupied in going through the prayers in order to be baptized the quicker. 'Let us make haste,' they say, 'for perhaps we'll die soon and we may not see God.' It is impossible that a savage people could be better disposed to embrace the faith than the Montagnais." It was not hard to convert such a race to Christianity; the difficulty was to get them to adhere with constancy to the rule of moral conduct it prescribed. During the course of his journey he reached the famous portage of La Loche, the highest point of the lands lying between the Arctic Ocean and the Atlantic, the great rendezvous of the fur-traders. There he witnessed the same religious enthusiasm. "These good people," he said, "are indescribably docile. Were God to come among them in person to make known His will to them Himself, I believe they could not treat Him with more honor and listen to Him with more docility, although I am only His very unworthy representative."

He was so enchanted with the result of his journey that, in his enthusiasm, he would like to prolong the summer until he reached "the last nations who people our earth." After the extraordinary favor of the Indians of the North, those of the Western plains—Crees, Assiniboines and Blackfeet—seemed tepid in their love of prayer and practice of the Christian virtues, absorbed as the latter were in their unceasing wars and corrupted by strong drink given to them by whites still more debased than themselves. Father Bourassa, who was the first to see Peace River and Little Slave Lake, where he baptized 107 of the Castoro tribe, wrote: "It is impossible for me to describe the transports of joy and gladness with which these poor savages received me. I saw them running from hut to hut as soon as they saw me to announce that the man of God had arrived. I have had much difficulty in getting into the Fort, for I had to give my hand to all, big and little. Their ardor was so great that they willingly fasted some days, and several who had already left, apprised of my arrival, returned."

The departure of Father Taché on July 8, 1846, to establish a permanent mission at Ile-à-la-Crosse, marks the origin of the famous Indian missions of the Oblates in Northern Canada. At the close of that year, fifteen months after the arrival of the first Oblates, Monsignor Provencher had seven priests of the congregation, one scholastic, who was soon to be ordained, and a lay brother. "One has only to go to Ile-à-la-Crosse," says Father Morice, "to admire the splendid mission the Catholics have always maintained there since the days of Laflèche and Taché. One would seek in vain for a single Protestant among the Indians who frequent it, and if one is curious enough to obtain information, he will not be

long in learning that there was never one in this locality or its vicinity. Sir John Richardson, a Protestant and a disinterested witness of the fruits of their labors, notes in his journal: "25 June, 1848. As to-day is Sunday our *voyagers*[3] have been to Mass at the Catholic church situate nearly a mile from this. This mission was established in 1846 by M. La Flêche, who succeeded to a high degree in gaining the confidence of the Indians and grouping them in considerable numbers in a village around the church. In the course of the journey I have received a visit from Monsieur La Flêche and his colleague, Monsieur Tasché. Both are intelligent, educated men, devoted to their work of teaching the Indians."[4] It was thus seculars and regulars combined their efforts to extend the kingdom of God in North America.

Both missionaries enjoyed the esteem, not to say veneration, of Mr. R. McKenzie, the Protestant layman at the Fort, who continually asked himself how it was that two cultivated men like La Flêche and Taché could be resigned to spend their lives in teaching simple savages. "You must have a good salary to spend the best years of your life in a post like this," he said to them. La Flêche replied that he had exactly $50 a year, but that Father Taché got absolutely no remuneration. "If that is so," responded McKenzie, "I prefer Father Taché's lot. Fifty piastres is something ridiculous for the work you are doing here. Father Taché has at least all the merit of his devotedness."[5] This devotedness was signally recognized by the highest authorities in the Church, when on June 24, 1850, being then only twenty-seven, he was nominated Titular Bishop of Arath, *in partibus infidelium,* and coadjutor to Monsignor Provencher, with the right of succession. Despite his youth, he was evidently the man of the situation; he knew the country and several of its languages, was capable and educated, and, above all, he belonged to a religious congregation. Once he was consecrated, it could not in honor abandon the missions he would be called to direct. "This diocese must fall to the Oblates; it cannot provide itself with subjects otherwise," wrote Monsignor Provencher.

Father Taché had gone to visit the camps of the Dénés (Montagnais) and the Crees, and on his return, in February, 1851, was astounded to hear of his elevation to the episcopate. Monsignor de Mazenod summoned him to Marseilles, being wishful of seeing the young subject of whom he had heard so much, and the mis-

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[3] This word has a special local significance, and indicates the fur-traders moving about from one post to another.

[4] "Arctic Searching Expedition," Vol. I., p. 104.

[5] Dugas. "History of the Canadian West," pp. 94-95. Montreal, 1903.

sioner hoped by this interview to get rid of the burden placed upon his shoulders. But Monsignor de Mazenod knew what he wanted and was not a man to change his mind once he was persuaded that such or such a measure was necessary for the good of the Church. "You'll be a Bishop," he said to him in that familiar manner he adopted with most of his spiritual children. "But, Monsignor, my age, my defects—" objected Father Taché. "The Holy Father has nominated you, and when the Pope speaks, it is God who speaks." "Still, Monsignor, I would like to remain an Oblate." "Certainly, it is thus I understand it." "But the episcopal dignity seems incompatible with the religious life." "What! The plenitude of the priesthood exclude the perfection to which every religious should aspire!" Then, drawing himself up with the noble dignity that characterized him: "No one is more a Bishop than I am, and certainly no one is more an Oblate."

Consecrated on November 3, 1851, Monsignor Taché was named vicar of the missions in the Canadian Northwest, and shortly afterwards went to Rome, where he got Monsignor Provencher's title changed to that of Bishop of St. Boniface. He became not only the vigilant and zealous director of those missions, but their historians.[6] On June 27, 1852, he reached St. Boniface, with which his name will ever be associated, accompanied by an Oblate Father, Henri Grollier, who was soon to become the pioneer in the Arctic Circle, and a young secular priest who was to occupy a position and wield an influence hardly second to that of the future Archbishop. The latter was Albert Lacombe, the famous "black robe *voyageur*," whose character, life and deeds have been so graphically portrayed by Miss Katherine Hughes in a series of picturesque glimpses of missionary life in the Northwest which are redolent of the breezy freshness of the wind-swept plains.

Prelate and priest were then witnesses of a disastrous inundation which, in its impetuous torrent, carried away houses, granges, stables and bridges, transforming the whole country around St. Boniface into a vast lake, the water being five feet deep at Monsignor Provencher's door; if it rose two or three inches more, it would have covered the floor. He dared not stir out; he was like one marooned on an island, or, as he said himself, like a vessel in the midst of the ocean. When the waters subsided a scene of indescribable desolation met their gaze.

On July 8 Monsignor Taché, along with Fathers Lacombe and Grollier, knelt at the feet of the venerable prelate, who affectionately blessed the little band of missioners. It was the last leavetaking

[6] See his "Vingt Années de Missions" and the "Vie de Mgr. Taché" by Dom. Benoît.

of the two first Bishops of St. Boniface, who were never more to meet again on earth. Monsignor Provencher had a presentment of his approaching death. The three dearest desires of his heart were now accomplished. He had religious whose presence in the ranks of his clergy insured the perpetuity of his missions; he had nuns who were watching over the education of youth; and finally, he had a coadjutor, with the right of succession, which relieved his mind of all uneasiness as to the near future. "The Father of mercy," he wrote on July, 1847, "has then reserved for me the sweet consolation of seeing my Vicariate Apostolic provided with religious who will increase for its happiness, to carry the light of the Gospel and of civilization to the numerous nations who people the immense countries of the North. I shall joyfully chant the canticle of Simeon and shall see my last hour draw near without sadness."

When he rose on Saturday morning, May 19, 1853, he had an apoplectic seizure, which left him stretched unconscious on the floor of his room. When he regained consciousness he could hardly speak and passed the following night without taking any rest. He would, however, assist at Mass and say his Office. All that week he spent in a kind of delirium, and after receiving the last sacraments on May 24, during the afternoon of June 4, having blessed his people, his absent priests, the two who attended him and the Sisters, he calmly breathed his last. Major Caldwell, Governor of Assiniboia; the officers of the Hudson's Bay Company at Fort Garry and a large number of Protestants were present at the obsequies and added their tribute of regret to the veneration and prayers of the Catholics. "Needless to dwell upon the merits of the first Bishop of St. Boniface," observes Father Morice. "He is judged by his works, and we have some little knowledge of them now. He belonged to the old school of strict ecclesiastics who knew no compromise when it was a question of duty. He was remarkable for his devotedness to his flock, the interest he took in public affairs, his practical, sound sense which led him to distrust every hazardous undertaking, sincere piety and excessive kindness of heart. He lived poor and left nothing to his heirs. On the other hand, the remembrance of his extreme charity and those little liberalities which his own denudation enabled him to dispense is still vivid in the valley where he passed more than thirty years of his life."[7]

His biographer, Dugas, tells us that his reputation for sanctity was such, even among Protestants, that one of them one day asked him to sing two High Masses to draw down the blessing of heaven upon the harvests—a proceeding which at the same time shows the

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[7] Op. cit., Vol. I., pp. 363-65.

great harmony which then prevailed among all classes at the Red River.[8]

Sister Connolly, daughter of an old inhabitant of British Columbia, had very special reasons to love him as a second father. In her old age she was never tired of telling how one day when her companions were working in the fields he had, by his prayers, freed them from the clouds of mosquitos which swarmed about them. She also averred that on another occasion, when the poor Sisters were lamenting the inutility of their labors in view of the ravages caused by the caterpillars, the holy prelate, by the fervent recitation of his Breviary, caused the insects to betake themselves to the river, where they were drowned. Father Morice says there are still in the West a number of old men who knew Monsignor Provencher and who are unanimous in proclaiming his extreme charity and great simplicity. He had a grave sense of responsibility for the flock entrusted to him, even for their material well-being, and continually visited the colonists, particularly the nuns he had taught there, to assure himself that they lacked nothing needful. His generosity was only limited by his slender resources. He had constantly with him children or young people, whom he educated and then set them up at his own expense. One of these still remembers the astonishment, mingled with religious respect, he felt on discovering one day that the Bishop's pillow was not stuffed with feathers or hay like that of the other colonists, but a block of wood. He worked laboriously in the fields as much for mortification as example.

"In taking our leave of this grand figure which shines with such particular lustre in the history of the Canadian West," says Father Morice, "we are going to let a man who was by no means partial to Catholics, Alexander Simpson, give the finishing touch to the portrait we have endeavored to sketch of the first Bishop of St. Boniface. This Protestant depicts him in colors with which we rarely find this prelate associated when he writes: 'A man more jovial and of more majestic bearing than Monsignor, the Bishop of Juliopolis, is not easily met. In comparison with him Friar Tuck was only a baby. Who ever knows him admits that he works with zeal, judgment and discretion for the advantage of the spiritual and temporal interests of his diocese.' "[9]

Monsignor Taché was only thirty when, by the death of Monsignor Provencher, he exchanged his distant titular see of Arath for that of St. Boniface. The present cathedral city on the Red River opposite Winnipeg, which in 1914 had a population of 12,025,

[8] Dugas. "Monseigneur Provencher," p. 131.

[9] Morice, Vol. I., p. 369. "Life and Times of Thomas Simpson," p. 89.

then consisted simply of the cathedral and episcopal "palace" adjoining; a convent inhabited by eleven nuns who cared for the sick under their own roof; one or two houses destined for the occupation of Narcisse Marion and Louis Thibault (brother of the missioner of that name), and some maisonnettes along the Seine. All the other parishioners, about 1,100, were scattered over their lands, more or less cultivated, on the banks of the Red and Assiniboine Rivers. Monsignor Taché gives a humorous description of his "palace," which had nothing palatial about it but the name. "I have an episcopal palace," he wrote, "as fit for that purpose as I am for mine. The said palace is 20 feet long by 20 feet broad and 7 feet high; it is built of earth. This earth is not impermeable, so that the rain, the wind and other atmospheric miseries have free access thereto. Two windows with six panes light the principal apartment; two pieces of parchment supply the rest of the system of illumination. In this palace where everything may seem small to you, everything, on the contrary, is impressed with a character of grandeur. Thus my secretary is a Bishop, my valet-de-chambre is a Bishop, my cook himself is also sometimes a Bishop. These illustrious employes have all numerous defects; nevertheless, their attachment to my person renders them dear to me and makes me regard them with complacency. When they appear tired of their respective occupations, I send them all on the road and, joining them, I strive to divert their ennui."[10]

The priests who served the different stations then consisted of four seculars and seven Oblates—men who brought enthusiasm and devotedness to their work. Their zeal gained for them the constant love of their flocks and the admiration of honest Protestants, sometimes even of their rivals. The observations, published in 1854, of one of the Wesleyan ministers, the Rev. John Ryerson, who visited the incumbent of the Fort William mission, express the opinions of most of the contemporary Protestants of the West. "I pointed out to our brethren," he wrote, "that such a manifest zeal for the work, which testified such a spirit of sacrifice, was worthy of a better cause than the diffusion of Papism, and that it was of a character to humiliate us when we contrast it with our own missioners, who seem to measure the kind and quantity of their work with as much care and exactness as a Jew would do for a piece of silk velvet. I remember one missioner, if not more, who would not form a class under pretext that this occupation was not quite canonical and was beneath the dignity of his office, adding that he was a minister and not a schoolmaster. One thing is certain—that the

[10] "Vingt Années de Missions," pp. 59-60.

Roman Catholic missioners in the whole extent of these vast regions surpass us much in zeal, work and the spirit of sacrifice, and that the success which crowns their efforts is much superior to ours."[11]

This tribute of admiration to the Catholic missioners, wrung unwillingly from one of their adversaries, is the more valuable, as their labors went to the very root of the evil—polygamy. While the Catholic missioners insisted upon monogamy as imperatively obligatory upon Christianized Indians, the Protestant preachers often permitted them to retain three wives, thinking that faith in the Redeemer and the observance of the Sabbath was sufficient—a very easy creed, for the Indian is always more than disposed to rest from labor. Father Morice says that it is hardly an exaggeration to regard as a miracle of grace the fact that despite everything the immense majority of the natives remained under the control of a Church which has never compromised with evil.

Among the missioners sent in 1854 by Monsignor de Mazenod to reinforce Monsignor Taché was a young priest, Father Vital Julien Grandin, who before his ordination had been rejected by the authorities of the Seminary of the Mission Etrangères, in Paris, as unfit for the arduous work of a missioner on account of his weakly constitution, but who, in the sequel, was to spend a life of 58 years on the mission, a career full of merit and glorious work in North America; and to become Monsignor Taché's coadjutor. According to the modern discipline of the Church, a Bishop is only given a coadjutor chiefly on account of advancing years or infirmities disabling him from completely discharging his episcopal functions; but, though Monsignor Taché was probably the youngest prelate in the Church, as his immense diocese comprised an area of 1,520 by 1,300 miles,[12] an exception was made in his favor, the necessity of extending the sphere of missionary activity further towards the North making itself daily felt.

"Farther North!" became the watchword of the missioners as well as of the Arctic explorers, until now the North Pole is actually included in the remotest Northern diocese presided over by an Oblate Bishop. Monsignor Grandin, after establishing the mission of Providence, in the midst of the solitude of the MacKenzie, pursued his way farther Northward in the direction of the Polar regions. Father Pettist, who arrived there on March 15, 1856, was the first missioner who labored on the borders of the inland sea called the Great Bear Lake, after crossing no less than 336 lakes by the end of the previous year.

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[11] "Hudson's Bay Territory," p. 19. Toronto, 1855.

[12] In May, 1856, there were 534 families, or a total of 3,000 souls in Red River colony.

Father Grollier, called the Apostle of the Arctic Circle, was not satisfied until he reached the extremest points—the first priest to find himself at the most Northern part of the New World, where the first Esquimaux received the regenerating sacrament of baptism at his hands, after making peace between the Loucheux, the most Northern tribe of the Déné, and the Esquimaux who had been at deadly enmity massacring one another (September 14, 1860).

Father Grollier, already mentioned, reached Fort Good, just below the Arctic Circle, where he passed the winter of 1859-60. It was the origin of the famous mission of Our Lady of Good Hope, where later he was to bid an eternal farewell to the scene of his too brief labors to go and receive the reward promised to the good and faithful—to "enter into the joy of the Lord" after years of sorrow and suffering. He had been the bearer of the glad tidings of salvation to distant regions more than 2,000 miles from St. Boniface.

It was not without good reason that Pius IX. called the Oblate missioners of sub-Arctic America the "martyrs of the cold." The climate in the North is so severe that in certain regions a Siberian winter prevails for nine months out of the twelve. It was so cold when Monsignor Grandin, on January 8, 1862, started on his journey to the St. Teresa mission at Fort Norman, that it was said with the greatest difficulty he could get two men and three dogs to draw the sleigh that contained his provisions. He had to sleep in the open air in a temperature of from 45 to 50 degrees below zero, with two or three dogs over him to get what warmth he could from their close proximity. He had also to keep his hands continually in mittens, or otherwise they would be immediately frozen. One day his companion, an Indian, who preceded him in a narrow path, turning towards him to reply to a question, suddenly seized his nose, squeezed it and pressed it in all directions, and then rubbed snow over it, to the prelate's surprise. He was thinking the savage had lost his reason; but the Bishop's nose was frostbitten and this rough and ready massage treatment was for the purpose of restoring the circulation of the blood. Ophthalmia, due to the intense whiteness of the snow, added to their tortures, so that the poor missioner-Bishop was completely exhausted when he reached Fort Simpson on March 17, 1862. Later on, in 1880, despite piercing cold, he had to journey, partly in a cart of primitive construction and partly on foot, from St. Albert to Notre Dame de Lourdes, on the left bank of the Saskatchewan, and from thence to the Francis Regis, or Fort Pitt, often stopped by forty-five unbridged rivers, which he generally crossed over ice and sometimes had to ford, meeting with numerous accidents—broken axletrees or wheels in pieces, horses

stuck in the mud or almost drowned, and such like. It is almost certain death to be caught in a blizzard in the open without any shelter from the snowdrifts. A young man, Louis Dazé, who helped the missioners without any recompense but the satisfaction of doing good for the love of God, perished in this way in mid-November, 1874, being surprised by one of those terrible "poudreries" against which there is no protection. The devoted servant was found frozen stiff, after wandering five or six days without food in the midst of a snowstorm, although, had he known it, he was only five minutes' walk from an Indian camp.

Cold was not the only thing they had to endure. They had to suffer many deprivations and were often famine-stricken in the wild wastes far away from civilization. Many missioners spent whole years without ever tasting bread, and had often to depend upon the charity of the dwellers by the lakes for their daily sustenance, after trudging painfully through the snow, two sacks of wheat or meal and a few of old and more or less rancid pemmican, the food alike of man and dog, being the annual allowance to each mission.

"Famine," says Father Morice, "was a condition with which all the missioners were familiar. They oftenest laughed over it, and were wont to replace a meal lacking by a knotted cincture, as they said in their picturesque language, to impose silence on the clamorings of nature." Added to these deprivations were the fatigue and thousand and one drawbacks inevitable from long journeys on foot. Judge Prendergast, writing in 1894, said: "It is now well known of all the religious orders that, without excepting those of China, the Corea and Japan, the missions of Athabaska-MacKenzie are the hardest and most painful in the whole world."[13] Fasting and famine were the order of the day for pastor and flock at the St. Teresa mission in 1862. One of the employes of the former had thrown away an old pair of moccasins on the journey made in company with Monsignor Grandin; a few days afterwards an Indian family, who had been long without food, picked it up and fed on it. A still more pitiable incident is related. An Indian killed and ate his four or five-year-old daughter, who had been baptized by Father Grollier, and it was said many others had been reduced to the same extremity.

Notwithstanding all they had to endure, the priests worked wonders, multiplying themselves as much as they could and exposing themselves with light hearts to all sorts of numberless dangers and deprivations. In May, 1885, Father Georges Ducot visited the

[13] "Le Manitoba," June 28, 1894.

nomads of Keith Bay, on the Great Bear Lake, after nearly dying from hunger in the wood. Three of his dogs perished for the same reason, and he was reduced to feed on the fourth. With starvation daily staring him in the face, his only reliance was on prayer for his daily bread. Father Kearney, his devoted companion, shared his extreme poverty and helped him, by procuring some rare partridge or hare, to drag out a poor and suffering life near the Polar Circle. Rheumatism, to which he was subject, made traveling a real martyrdom to Monsignor Grandin. In his Northward journey in 1862, more than once overcome by fatigue, he threw himself down on the snow, exclaiming: "It is all over with me; I can't go any farther;" but only to resume his painful march after some moments' rest—an evident proof, he remarks in his journal, that necissity renders a man capable of doing much more than seemed tc him possible at first sight. Father Eynard, who reached Fort Rae a day before him, was in a still worse plight, each of his ears and cheeks and his nose being frozen.

"The reason his superior gives for it," observes Father Morice, "is a proof of his humility, just as it shows his spirit of mortification. It was, says Grandin, because he fasted strictly to conform to the letter to the Lenten observance, and that despite the numerous forced fasts and other privations to which every missioner on the road must necessarily submit." Father Farand, after laboring day and night for twelve years at Lake Athabaska, was reduced to such a condition that he had to be sent back to the South. In his journey to the Northern posts, Monsignor Grandin found shelter in the humble home of an old man who has become legendary among the missioners of the Great North. This was Francis Beaulieu, the patriarch of Salt River, the oldest of the French Metis of the North, a relic of the heroic times of the explorers, Alexander MacKenzie, John Franklin, J. Back and others. Born about 1771, he was baptized in 1848 by Father Taché. Since he had led such a Christian life that one might have proposed him as a model to many people. Despite his poverty, he had built a house for the exclusive use of every priest who might honor him and his little colony with a visit. Father Gascon remained there some time and received lessons in Montagnais from the old man. The place where the first missioner said Mass became sacred in the eyes of Beaulieu and his family; they never occupied it any more, but adorned it with a lot of images hidden from the eyes of the profane by a curtain, which was only drawn back on Sundays, Fridays and feast days, when the exercises of an improvised religious service were performed in presence of the whole population. To the Indians who had chosen him as their chief, as well as to his own children, grand-

children and great-grandchildren and their families, Francis Beaulieu was priest and Magistrate in the absence of either.[14]

The Irish (who appear to turn up everywhere) were equally serviceable to the missioners at Fort McLeod. "We have no foothold here," wrote Father Doucet in 1881, "but there is a good number of Irish Catholics, and with them the priest has never any trouble. They supply all our needs during our sojourn, and at our departure they found a way of making me a generous contribution."

The missioners were not only "martyrs of the cold," but laid down their lives in their heroic efforts to propagate the faith. Under the head of "tragic deaths," Father Morice enumerates some of these supreme sacrifices. Father Eynard, of whom mention has been made, suffered from insomnia and was accustomed to rise very early in the morning to perform his religious exercises and promenade in front of the chapel at the Nativity Station, on Lake Athabasca, awaiting the time to call his companions, Father Laity and Father Reynier. On August 6, 1873, in place of taking his usual walk, he bathed in the lake. As they did not see him at the altar at the hour when he usually said Mass, they searched the neighborhood and found him with his arms across his breast under six feet of water. Still more tragic was the death of Brother Alexis. Sent by Monsignor Clut to place himself at the disposal of his Bishop, Monsignor Faraud, who was coming with a numerous caravan of new French missioners, after ascending the Athabasca for two weeks, his companions, deterred by the swollen waters of the river, now an impetuous torrent, retraced their steps to Fort McMurray. Impelled by a sense of duty, the Brother resolved to continue his journey by land with his guide, an Iroquois Metis, and an orphan girl he was leading to the nuns at Lake La Biche. The change of route rendered it impossible to carry a sufficient quantity of provisions and they had to rely upon chance forest game for their sustenance during a twenty days' journey. His first companions did not leave the fort until the waters had considerably subsided. Great was the consternation of everybody when neither Brother nor Iroquois appeared at Lake La Biche. Fearing an accident, two men were sent on horseback and returned after twelve days. They found the Brother under a layer of sand at the mouth of a river, but no trace of his guide. A further search-party only succeeded in discovering some dried human bones deposited by an unknown hand in a rather deep hole, and near them a hatchet covered with blood; the head was perforated through and through.

A short distance from the place were traces of a bivouac fire, with the fragments of a horrible meal—a human spine and portions of a

[14] Morice, op. cit., Vol. II., pp. 50-51.

man's side. The Iroquois and the young orphan were never seen again. The conclusion arrived at was that the Brother was a martyr of chastity and sacrificed his life in a vain effort to protect the young girl from outrage. Some years afterward an Indian tribe called Castors said their camp had long been haunted by a ghost wandering at night round their tents, so that no one ventured to go out. One night a native whose dog had been stolen loaded his gun and was on the watch; when he saw the "phantom" he fired and returned to his tent. The next day a man's body, pierced by a ball, was found in the wood; it was the Iroquois. Two Oblates, Fathers Marchand and Fafard, were killed by the Indians during the rebellion in Saskatchewan in 1885. They are remembered as the martyrs of Frog Lake, where the massacre took place. Father Paquette lived at this time in constant danger of death, and it was longed feared that he had fallen a victim to the resentment of the Indians and Metis; Fathers Cochin and Legoff were dragged from place to place by the rebels, who kept them in perpetual dread of paying by their loss of life for their opposition to the rising; Father Scollen incurred what was equivalent to a death sentence, because he had succeeded in saving the life of a messenger of the Canadian Government, while Fathers Vegreville, Moulin, Fourmond and Touze were held prisoners and even deprived of exercising their sacred ministry among the people around them. Seven Catholic churches and as many missionary establishments were completely destroyed and all that was valuable in them stolen.

Monsignor Grandin, since his last voyage to Europe, had lost eight missioners, only two of whom died in their beds; the others were either frozen or drowned or massacred by the Indians. Still, like a true Christian, he never harbored thoughts of vengeance, but pleaded earnestly in favor of clemency being shown to the captured rebels. The attitude and action of the Oblates during this critical episode placed the Government under an obligation to the missioners for the moderating influence which they exercised among the Indians in arms. "Father Lacombe," observes Father Morice, "kept the Blackfeet in the path of peace, and in acting thus acquired a title to the eternal gratitude of the West; for one cannot think without shuddering of the results of a revolt in which a numerous and bellicose tribe like that of these Indians actively participated. Father Paquette did the same among the Crees of the Green Lake and Father Collignon among those of Lake La Biche, while Fathers Végreville, Moulin, Leduc, Fourmond, Legoff and others were noted for their efforts in favor of order against the proceedings of the malcontents who wanted to join Riel's troops."

It was no easy task to tame and civilize and Christianize races of nomads so long accustomed to the unrestrained freedom or license of children of nature, who knew no law but that of their tribal usages, like the wild Indians of the extreme West or far North, or the civilized and semi-civilized half-breeds who regarded the white settlers from the East as aggressive introducers in a domain of which they had held immemorial possession through their native ancestry. Among the former polygamy largely and even cannibalism partly prevailed. After telling how seventeen murders had been committed on the desolate shores of the Great Bear Lake during the brief sojourn Sir John Franklin made there, Father Petitot admits that after the visit he himself made to the Indians who frequented it, a little child was devoured by dogs almost under the eyes of its family, having been thrown a prey to them. Another child was torn in pieces from its mother's bosom, and a third buried alive by his brother-in-law under the eyes of his own sister and all the people on the march. This missioner knew an octogenarian named *Kra-nda* ("Hare-eyes") who, like another Saturn, had eaten not less than eleven members of his own family—his brother-in-law, three of his children, his mother-in-law and four other persons.[15]

"It is, however, only just to remark," comments Father Morice, "that these crimes against nature should be credited to the pagan parties. Once under the influence of the priest, the Indians come to regard them with horror." Until this influence was brought to bear upon them they adhered to their old savage customs, had recourse to cannibalism to appease the pangs of hunger in famine times and abandoned to certain death on the march the aged and infirm who were unable to follow the bulk of the party. The change wrought by the missioners was almost miraculous. The great majority of the Indians in the MacKenzie valley remained faithful to the teaching of the "men of God"—the "true praying men," as they called the Catholic priests, whom they always preferred to the "men with wives," the Protestant ministers, although some of the most unscrupulous of the latter complacently shut their eyes to polygamy among the natives and did not enforce the Christian law.

The Oblates devoted themselves to the work with a whole-hearted zeal—"happy," wrote Monsignor Faraud, "if, at the cost of a thousand sacrifices, we can wrest some souls from the claws of Satan and do our part in increasing the number of the children of our Heavenly Father." In a sketch of the moral aspects of

[15] "Exploration de la Région du Grand Lac des Ours," pp. 106-7. Paris, 1893.

his immense vicariate, he says: "Even the hordes who are not entirely converted are losing their ferocity, and infanticide and cannibalism, formerly so common among certain tribes, tend to disappear."[16] In 1880 there were from 750 to 800 Montagnais, perfectly civilized and industrious, frequenting the mission at Ile-à-la-Crosse. "All the Indians," reported Monsignor Grandin, "are Christians, and we may even say that their habits are becoming daily more conformable to their faith. True civilization has found its way into their manners, and if the country was more adapted to cultivation, they would undoubtedly become a people completely transformed from a temporal as well as a spiritual point of view."

Protestant as well as Catholic testimony has been borne to this marvelous transformation of a race of wild nomads, who were addicted to idleness and the grossest vices. One of the principal officers of the Hudson's Bay Company, writing to Monsignor Grandin in 1865, said: "The noble abnegation, calmness and admirable energy with which you have encountered difficulties, surmounted obstacles and endured sufferings of an exceptional nature are beyond all praise. For my part, although I have passed fifteen years in those savage regions and seen and felt, in my own person, several of the vicissitudes of life in the extreme North, I would recoil before the long, multiplied and continued sufferings and deprivations which Your Lordship has endured on the banks of the MacKenzie. If your distant friends had seen you, as I have, in a 'palace' constructed with some shapeless trunks of trees, placed one upon another to the height of six or seven feet, lit only by some coarse pieces of parchment, which alone served as windows, having only the frozen soil for your floor and for a door a few badly joined planks, through which the snow and the wind penetrated at every moment; for a bed, some pieces of wood on trestles; for habitual diet food which the lowest domestics in fair France would have rejected with scorn; your long and painful journeys, often in a half-fasting condition; having for your companions only some barbarians, who have none of the habits or sentiments European civilization inspires, certainly your friends would have shed tender tears over your unhappy lot. I know your unexampled patience and unalterable courage have excited the admiration of all the officers of the district, not to speak of the esteem so full of affection with which Your Lordship's personal qualities have inspired all classes of the inhabitants of the MacKenzie River."[17]

A traveler who, in the course of 1872, visited the St. Bernard

[16] "Report on the Missions of the Diocese of Quebec." April, 1868.

[17] Letter dated, July 14, 1865, in "Vingt Années de Missions," pp. 205-206.

mission (now Gronard), on Little Slave Lake, where he found Father Remas, who told him he had not tasted bread for six months, says: "The society which supplies the territories of Northwestern Canada with Roman Catholic missionaries is an extraordinary body and deserves in passing a tribute of respect and admiration for the spirit of sacrifice, zeal, personal immolation and courage with which each of its members, from its Bishops to the humblest lay brothers, pursues the work of evangelization. They are subject to a vow of poverty, and they certainly observed it to perfection, for they only possess the clothes with which they are clad."[18]

A Huguenot French noble who visited Manitoba and recorded his impressions in a book published in 1880, says: "The Roman Catholic Archbishop of St. Boniface, Monsignor Taché, brother of the Deputy Minister of Agriculture and Immigration at Ottawa, was not then at Red River. I had seen him in Montreal and Ottawa, where he had recovered his health, shattered by over twenty years on the mission in the Northwest. This prelate, whose influence over the whole Canadian and French-Metis population is enormous, as well as over a large portion of the Indians of his immense diocese, is one of those truly superior men, to meet whom leaves a profound impression. If our nationality, represented hitherto by 12,000 or 15,000 Metis, without cohesion, without instruction, without an outlook upon the future, succeeds in maintaining its position between Winnipeg River and the Rockies, history will record to what a large degree the Archbishop of St. Boniface will have contributed to this result. What he has conceived, attempted and wrought for the moral and material amelioration of the country during the government of Hudson's Bay Company, what energy he has expended during and after the troubles occasioned by annexation to maintain on the ground of legality a resistance which mad provocations might from one moment to another have caused to degenerate into an open struggle—all that would require more space than befits this work. Monsignor Taché has, besides, as coworkers some remarkable men—such are, among others, Monsignor Grandin, a French Oblate, now Bishop of St. Albert; Father Lacombe, author of works on various Indian idioms; Monsignor Faraud, Vicar Apostolic of the MacKenzie River; Father Petitot, of the same vicariate, one of the latest distinctions of the Geographical Society of Paris."[19]

An English Protestant, writing to the "Saturday Night," a To-

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[18] Charles Horetzky, "Canada on the Pacific," pp. 26-27. Montreal, 1874.
[19] De Lamothe, "Cinq Mois chez les Francais d'Amerique," pp. 266-267. Paris, 1879.

ronto paper, says: "Whatever may be the quarrels of party politicians, whatever may be the aims of ambitious, self-seeking men, bitter as may be the religious antipathies of Eastern Canada, the author of this article, a Protestant, desires to bear evidence to the devotedness, the ardent zeal and the simplicity of the Roman Catholic missioners in the most Northern part of the Northwest. Where could be found an old man simpler, more gentle and more zealous than Monsignor Grandin, whose diocese coincides with the territory to the North of the Saskatchewan? I have never met a more amiable old man. To show what the Catholic missioners can do, we may mention the case of Father Legoff. When I saw him for the first time I took him for an Indian. Father Legoff was born in the Province of Quebec[20] of parents belonging to good families, who descend from a long line of noble aristocrats of old France. Between thirty and forty years ago he offered himself for the missions of the Northwest, and when I met him he had been twenty-seven years a missioner among a little band of Crees of the woods and Montagnais in their colony situate 260 miles to the northeast of Edmonton and civilization. His skin was as tanned as an Indian, his clothes were in ribbons, he appeared ill and worn out; but to hear him speak the purest French, as he took supper in my tent—he does not speaka word of English—to see his eyes glisten and sparkle with enthusiasm while he mentioned the gratitude of the poor, uncultured savages entrusted to him; to see gradually revealed the mildness of his character and his enfantine religious simplicity; to hear of the difficulties which often confronted him on his way—difficulties which, in winter, went near causing him to die of hunger—to realize, little by little, all that he has given up and all that he has voluntarily assumed, was sufficient to make one love the ragged priest and wish the world contained a larger number of these noble citizens and Christians. For months in succession this devoted priest saw no newspaper and received no letter;[21] for months in succession he had no opportunity of speaking his native language. His dietary was that of the Indian, his food coarse, raw or badly cooked. He worked with the savages in little clearings which they had made; he baptized them, married them and buried them, and when his own hour will come, he will sleep alongside them his last sleep. And the case of this noble and devoted priest of ascetic aspect is only one among many. The spirit of sacrifice and abnegation is their characteristic trait. One

[20] This is an error. He was born in Brittany.

[21] Father Morice notes that, when he was a missioner among the natives of British Columbia, he was several times five months without receiving any mail, and that his predecessors could only correspond once a year with Europe.

could find Father Damiens even in the solitude of the great North and the extreme West."

Lord Southesk was much struck by what he saw in the distant mission of St. Ann, in the extreme West, where he says "we were very cordially received. We had the pleasure of dining with Fathers Lacombe and Lefrain—agreeable persons and perfect gentlemen. What an advantage Rome has in this respect! Protestants continually send to their missions vulgar, uneducated people, while Rome sends well mannered and very cultivated gentlemen. And then it excels in its way of capturing the Indian mind! For instance, every native enrolled in the temperance society receives a handsome silver medal to wear. That touches his pride and is much more effective than simple dry exhortations." Father Morice traces the rapid evolution of the Protestant missioner from an ignorant Bible-reader or half-educated schoolmaster into a "reverend;" and mentions as illustrative of the low-class type of Protestants thus employed how one of these unscrupulous gentry told the Indians that it was the Catholics crucified Our Lord, and that was why the Oblates wore the cross in their girdles and gave crosses to their converts!

Despite the obstacles against which they had to contend, the Oblate missions progressed. "The grain of mustard seed sown by Provencher," says Father Morice, "had now (1870-72) become a tree of respectable dimensions. Its growth had not only been rapid since the arrival of the Oblates, but vigorous offshoots, whose branches on one side touched the Arctic Ocean and on others the Rocky Mountains and Hudson's Bay, but in time had sprung from its own roots, and now sheltered tribes of every tongue and every origin." Up to 1875 almost all the missions in Western Canada were still in the hands of the Oblates. "One may say," observes the writer just quoted, "that the Oblates had made the religious Northwest of Canada, such as it then was." In the beginning of 1876 the Meits of St. Charles received in the person of Father Dandurand, still (1915) officiating at the patriarchal age of over 97, the first Canadian who ever became an Oblate. When Monsignor Grandin visited the mission of St. Gertrude on Lake Pelican in 1875, he only found there a wooden cross and twenty Catholics; in 1880 they numbered 200. In 1886, while awaiting the nomination of an auxiliary, Monsignor Taché, the Metropolitan of the Ecclesiastical Province of St. Boniface, which, without counting his own see, then comprised that of St. Albert, and the Vicariates Apostolic of Athabaska, Mackenzie and British Columbia, rejoiced in contemplating the progress made by the Church in those immense regions since his own arrival at the Red River in 1845. In place of

being a simple dependence of Quebec, this territory was now divided into four episcopal circumscriptions. From Lake Superior to the Pacific it counted twenty-four secular priests in place of the four found there in 1845. Where the congregation had then only two representatives, it counted in 1886 not less than 163, of whom 97 were priests. In 1845 the country had only four Grey Nuns; it now possessed 93, independent of 71 nuns of other orders. But the greatest contrast was presented by the educational institutions under the mediate or immediate direction of the Church. On the arrival of Father Taché there were only three Catholic schools, with 120 children, in the West; in 1886 this same territory possessed not less than 100, giving instruction to 4,517 pupils. To these institutions must also be added the College of St. Boniface, of which the Jesuits have had the direction since 1885, the transference of his favorite foundation from his own congregation to that of the great teaching order being due to the fact that the Oblates are essentially and exclusively a missionary body, while the Jesuits are among the foremost educationists in the world.

The episcopates of the two first Archbishops of St. Boniface, Monsignor Taché and Monsignor Langevin, were consistent with the use, progress and expansion of Catholicism in Western Canada, and even to the extreme North as far as Yukon, the Pacific shores of Alaska and the Arctic Ocean. Monsignor Taché, a man of his time, neglected no available means of insuring its making material progress subservient to moral regeneration and civilization, founding a newspaper organ for the defense of Catholic interests and industrial schools to train the natives in skilled labor. In 1876 he effectively promoted Catholic colonization, with the object of counteracting the hostile influence of Protestant immigrants, attracting no less than 500 French-Canadians to Manitoba, and in the following year 600 more. This was all the more desirable and advantageous, as many of the Catholic Metis had wended their way northward, where new parishes were formed. The opening up of the country by the Canadian Pacific Railway, to which gigantic undertaking Father Lacombe rendered such valuable assistance, greatly helped the work of the missions, thanks to the late lamented Sir William Van Horne, to whom Catholic missioners were much indebted for facilities of transit from one point to another.

The death of Monsignor Taché in 1894, whose declining years were saddened by the bigoted opposition of Orange Protestants to the Catholic education in Manitoba, called forth a unanimous tribute to the great prelate. Even the non-Catholic press struck no discordant note to mar the harmony. Friends and foes generally recognized the large share he had in the development of Western

Canada. "He cannot be replaced," declared the "Free Press" in a five-column obituary. "The life of such a man always ends too soon. . . . It has not been given to him to see accomplished all that he wished; but he could bear witness that he had neglected nothing." Even the "Tribune" joined in the chorus of praise. "By this death," it said, "mankind has lost a great friend and the Church he loved so much a faithful servant. . . . In presence of all that was mortal of this distinguished prelate, every difference of opinion is laid aside, and it is impossible to discern anything but the memory of a well-filled, useful life composed of sacrifices in the cause of God. . . . He has died on the battlefield, sword in hand and clad in his armor." The principal Manitoba paper said that "the work of he who has left us will always remain as a monument to do honor to his memory."

He did not write much, but he wrote well, his "Sketch of the Northwest of America" being regarded as the most complete and accurate work ever published relating to the hydrographical, ethnological, botanical and zoölogical features of that vast region. But, though an accomplished *litterateur* and a perfect master of style, he was above all and before all things a Bishop. When he was ordained in 1845, he was only the sixth Catholic priest in the British possessions between Lake Superior and the Rocky Mountains. At his death the Ecclesiastical Province of St. Boniface in the same territory counted not less than 147 priests under five Bishops, and about 150 nuns in place of the four who went into the West the year before his own arrival, while the Catholic population of the Diocese of St. Boniface was 21,000, whose spiritual requirements were provided for by 85 churches and chapels; that of St. Albert, by 24 Oblates and four secular priests; the Vicariate Apostolic of Athabaska-MacKenzie, by 23 Oblates, and the new Vicariate of Saskatchewan, by 18 priests, seven of whom were Oblates, who ministered to a population of 7,000, without counting the monks and nuns.

Monsignor Taché had a worthy successor in Monsignor Langevin, who last June passed to his well-earned rest and reward. He was, as Dr. Thomas O'Hagan, the well-known Canadian scholar, called him, "a warrior of the cross." The Bishop of Calgary, Dr. McNally, who paid an eloquent tribute to his memory, said he "spent himself with tireless energy, giving of his very best in what he believed to be the cause of God—one who was a watchful shepherd, a generous father of his flock." The Bishop of Regina, Monsignor Mathieu, who spoke his *élage* in the French tongue as eloquently, described him as "an incomparable figure, a great servant of God." Father Lee, the pastor of St. Edward's, Winnipeg, spoke

of the "fearless and noble character" of the late Archbishop, who "had fought all his life for the liberty of the Catholics of Manitoba, and especially for the Catholic education of the little ones." Monsignor Cherrier, in another panegyric, said: "He was a great chieftain of the Catholics of this country. He has accomplished great deeds. He never disputed the rights of those outside the Church. He demanded a right (Christian education for the young) which the Constitution had given us; he fought for justice and died in his fight for that noble cause." A writer in the "Missionary Record of the Oblates" says: "The second Archbishop of St. Boniface succeeded in 1895 to an inheritance of distress. Where all his powers would have found exercise enough in the ordinary work of building up a diocese in a new and daily growing country, he was obliged to give his days and nights to the endeavor to win back the educational rights which had been filched from the Catholics of Manitoba. The difficulties with which he had to contend were enormous. Besides the frank opponents of religious education, there were some who merely desired to lessen expense; there were many who sought to make Manitoba and all the West absolutely English, and if Protestant, so much the better; there were some who cared for none of these things, but wanted to gain or retain a place in politics; there were many sincere Catholics, clerical and lay, who did not understand Canadian or English ways of 'agitation,' and there were many who judged it useless to contend for the right when on the weaker side. During two pontificates, views and reviews, and reports and counter-reports, and promises from politicians, and warnings from some ecclesiastics, and hopeful messages from others, must have kept pouring into the Vatican. For Archbishop Langevin it was at least a consolation when, at length towards the close of the second Pontificate, Pope Pius X. said to him, *'Bene laborasti; bene certasti.'*"

As long as the Church is served in Canada by such earnest and vigilant Bishops and intrepid missioners, no matter what passing clouds may dim the horizon, the outlook of Catholicism in that wide Dominion is full of promise of a bright and prosperous future.

R. F.

Book Reviews

THE SEQUEL TO CATHOLIC EMANCIPATION. The story of the English Catholics continued down to the re-establishment of their hierarchy in 1850. By the *Right Rev. Monsignor Bernard Ward,* F. R. Hist. S., Corresponding Member of the Société Archéologique de France, President of St. Edmund's College, author of "The Dawn of the Catholic Revival in England (1781-1803)" and "The Eve of Catholic Emancipation (1803-1829)." In two volumes. Vol. I., 1830-1840; pp. xx., 296; illustrated. Vol. II., 1840-1850; pp. vii., 328. New York: Longmans, Green & Co.

It would be difficult to find the history of the Catholic inhabitants of any country for a given period filled with more interest or treated in a more satisfactory manner than the story of the English Catholics told by Monsignor Ward in this series, which has just been completed with the two volumes before us. It covers a period beginning with the days of the late Vicars Apostolic of 1780 and ending with the establishment of the Hierarchy in 1850.

The first two volumes, entitled "The Dawn of the Catholic Revival in England," extended from 1781 to 1803. These were followed by three volumes called "The Eve of Catholic Emancipation," which brought the story down to 1829. And now the series is completed with these two volumes, which end with the restoration of the Hierarchy in 1850.

In the meantime, while Monsignor Ward was engaged on this monumental work, Dr. Burton, vice president of St. Edmund's College, Ware, wrote and published the "Life and Times of Bishop Challoner," which pushed the history back to 1691.

It is a fascinating story, at times sad, again joyful, now discouraging, again encouraging—a story of the heroic struggle of holy, learned, zealous churchmen and laymen to restore the faith to their beloved country, from which it had been stolen, and to bring that country back to the faith for which their forefathers had suffered and died. It is a story which makes the blood of the true Catholic tingle with pride and enthusiasm, and a story which cannot be read in part. The true student will not be satisfied with less than all.

It seems almost presumptuous to recommend such a book. The mere mention of the title, with its relation to the volumes that have preceded, and the name of the learned author is a better recommendation and guarantee than words of praise from any reviewer.

The Preface is so interesting and informing that we quote from it at length without apology:

It was in the year 1906 that the Bishop of Clifton invited me to his house to see the collection of letters and papers which he had lately discovered bound up in some thirty large volumes relating to the days of the later Vicars Apostolic from 1780 onwards, and he was kind enough to press me to study them and to write on the period which they covered. At first it seemed impossible to spare sufficient time to undertake so large a work with any hope of doing it satisfactorily. As, however, he urged his request, eventually, though with much diffidence, I consented to try the first period. Gradually the work developed; it has already grown into five volumes, and now to two more. Whatever measure of usefulness may have resulted, therefore, is attributable in the first instance to the Bishop of Clifton's initiative.

In the Preface of the "Dawn of the Catholic Revival in England" the following words occur:

"It seems generally recognized that the times of the later Vicars Apostolic are shrouded in some obscurity. It was accordingly determined to begin the present work with the years which followed the death of Bishop Challoner, in 1781, and to continue it if possible down to the time of the Hierarchy. It is much to be hoped that if this proves beyond the power of the present writer some one else may be found to complete the undertaking."

This passage indicates the extent of the work as a whole, and it originally appeared to the mind of the writer. In view of the uncertainties of life, one could hardly look forward with any confidence to being spared to finish so considerable an undertaking, and hence the qualifying sentence at the end. It is therefore with the greatest satisfaction that now in the year 1915 the work as set out at the beginning is complete, for the present volumes bring us down to the restoration of the Hierarchy. And although it has been done in less time than could have been expected—for it has proceeded almost at the rate of a volume a year—it is hoped that the period has been fairly covered without any important omission, and whatever the shortcomings, at least every movement and event of importance has been faced. This has necessitated the revival of the collection of many disputes and misunderstandings between laymen

and their Bishops, and even among the Bishops themselves, which had been almost forgotten; but if the lessons of history are to be learnt, it is necessary that we should be willing to face such matters, provided that sufficient time has elapsed to prevent the recital from being the source of a revival of party feelings now happily long extinct. Milner expressed his opinion that thirty years ought to elapse before the history of those turbulent times could be dispassionately written. In point of fact, nearly three times that period has elapsed since the struggles were at an end.

The period covered by the present volume is—with the possible exception of the incidents of chapters 2 and 3—practically free from the acute struggle described in the preceding ones. There are indeed misunderstandings and differences of opinion to chronicle—and wherever human nature exists there will most assuredly always be such; but they did not reach the acute pitch characteristic of the times of Milner, Charles Plowden, Dr. Poynter and the Catholic committee. It is believed, however, that the interest of the present period will be found in no way inferior to that of the earlier ones. As we get nearer to modern times, the personal side of the history becomes more vivid and lends variety. Among the laity the vigorous and characteristic personalities of men such as Welby Pugin and Frederick Lucas, the saintly figure of the sixteenth Earl of Shrewsbury, and his convert friend, Mr. Ambrose Lisle, Phillipps, added to occasional glimpses of O'Connell and his relations with English Catholics; among the ecclesiastical rulers, Bishop Naines, Bishop Wisemann, and latterly Bishop Ullathorne, together with the two Roman Cardinals, Weld and Action; among the inferior clergy such scholars as Lingard, Tierney and Daniel Rock, added to the picturesque figures of the three great missionaries—Father Dominic, Dr. Gentili and Father Ignatius Spencer—bring before us names which recall an interestng and eventful period of our ecclesiastical history. The lives of most of these great men have indeed been written; but it is hardly an exaggeration to say that down to 1845—the year of the Oxford conversions—the period as a whole has been almost as forgotten as the years which preceded Emancipation.

After 1845 there is literature in abundance, and if one had simply consulted the convenience of writing, it would have seemed

well to leave off there, or at least at the death of Dr. Griffiths, Vicar Apostolic of the London district in 1847; for as will be seen, this later event really marked the passing of the old order of things. It seemed necessary, however, for the sake of completeness to continue the story throughout the three years' delay, due chiefly to the Revolution in Rome, and take it down to the actual establishment of the Hierarchy, as originally proposed.

Nevertheless, this course was not without its grave drawbacks, for it has involved telling once more, however briefly, the story of the Oxford movement, which has been written and rewritten so copiously and from such various points of view that many will hardly welcome its repetition, with little that is new to embellish it. The only fresh contribution to the general story in the present volume is the view of it as taken by the "old Catholics"—as they were styled—a view typified by Dr. Griffith's letter in answer to Prince Hohenlohe, and by various articles and letters in the Orthodox Journal or Catholic Magazine, which are not altogether without interest.

Another incidental drawback connected with the same subject is that the careers of the Oxford converts as Catholics really belong to the next period—to Wisemann's Archiepiscopate. If we consider that very few of them joined the Church before the year 1845, that those who became priests had then to go through such training as was thought necessary by whatever Order they joined, or by their Bishops, as the case might be, before ordination, it is evident that the bulk of this work as Catholics would be after 1850. But in some cases—as in those of Newman and Faber—it was begun a year or two before that date, so that it becomes necessary to introduce the reader to the beginnings of various undertakings, of which the development must be looked for elsewhere. In the case of Henry Edward Manning this difficulty does not arise, as he did not become a Catholic until 1851.

It will be seen that throughout these two volumes the central figure is Dr. Wisemann. Although his life has been written very fully, a fair amount of supplementary matter will be found in the present volumes concerning his connection with the work of the "old Catholics." He necessarily appears in a somewhat different light in cold history from that which he assumes at the hands of

a biographer with whom he is the central figure throughout. His limitations and his occasional mistakes become more prominent; but this is no disadvantage in helping us to arrive at a full estimate of his life and work, and it is believed that the net result will be by no means to lessen the idea which has been formed of him.

It is perhaps natural that Wisemann's very greatness has caused him to be credited with some of the works of his predecessors to which he can lay no claim. His achievements have put those who were before him somewhat in the shade, and the work done by them has in some cases become credited to him. For when Wisemann came to live in England it was a time of considerable development in all Catholic work. In particular the modern congregations, such as the Sisters of Mercy, the faithful companions, the Religious of Sacre Cœur and others were opening houses in London and elsewhere. Dr. Wisemann was in full sympathy with this movement, and especially after he came permanently to London in 1847, did much to foster and develop it. But he was not the originator of it, as is so often thought. Nor was his predecessor, Dr. Griffiths, an unbending opponent of the churches of Regulars, as is so frequently stated. And it was not due to Wisemann that the Redemptorist for lack of subjects refused the invitation to come to London in 1844, having secured more members, came in 1848. It may indeed be conceded that Dr. Griffiths took a somewhat narrow view of the functions of the Regulars, in comparison with the Parochial (Secular) clergy; and that Wisemann's largeness of heart and great ideas did more to encourage their coming than the calm prudence of his predecessor; but there was no such definite antithesis in their respective policies or mode of government of the diocese as has been usually implied.

Furthermore, it has often been said, and indeed is commonly asserted, that Wisemann brought the Roman spirit to England. This necessarily implies that before his time the Roman spirit was wanting among English. In a sense, this is undoubtedly true. The long isolation due to the Penal Laws had produced a certain narrowness of outlook in the Catholic body and a dry and formal style of prayer, both of which stand out in contrast with the breadth and warmth of devotion characteristic of the Apostolic See. Looking back, no one will now question what we owe to Wisemann for be-

ginning to break down this insularity and helping to found many devotions which have developed since his time so as to remove from us any such reproach.

In essential matters, however, and questions of doctrine many would vehemently deny that there was any want of the truest Roman spirit among the Catholics of that day. It was perhaps natural that a body to whom the tradition of the Catholic Committee and the Cisalpine Club were supposed to cling should be suspected of Gallicanism—a suspicion which Manning and others in later years treated almost as a maxim. Yet I venture to think that, so far at least as the laity were concerned, the accusation was wholly devoid of foundation. The Cisalpinism which was openly professed by them at the end of the eighteenth century was political rather than theological, and was aimed directly at helping on the question of Emancipation. And even when, at its worst, it was limited to a few. Charles Butler himself declares that the extreme men, such as Sir John Throckmorton—who called upon the Catholics to elect their own Bishop without having recourse to Rome—never had any following, and whatever Cisalpinism existed in the lay leaders quickly died down as soon as the political situation changed, which was quite early in the nineteenth century. Unfortunately, the name "Cisalpine Club" continued for many years and was a continual reminder of the past; but Dr. Poynter bore witness in 1815 that even at that date the club had long ceased to have any theological tendency whatever, and its title was only an empty name. This statement is fully borne out by a perusal of the minute-book, which shows that after the first few years the club became nothing more than a social gathering. Had it contained any anti-Roman spirit, O'Connell would assuredly have wished to join it in 1829.

We can also quote the written authority of Father Amherst. Speaking of the later members of the Cisalpine Club, whom he himself remembered, one of whom was his own father, he says that "it would not be too much to say that in remembering them (we) call to mind men who were remarkable for their respect for Church authority, and who carefully instilled that respect into the hearts and minds of their sons." The present writer can add at least some corroboration by bearing witness that of the very many letters of the Catholic laity on ecclesiastical matters which have passed

through his hands written during the period under review in these volumes, he does not call to mind a single sentence which, so far as obedience and devotion to the Holy See is concerned, might not have been written by the most extreme Ultramontane. The spirit always breeds of accepting and acting on not only the decisions of the Holy Father, but also any expression of his wish."

It is possible that some traces of Gallicanism could be found among the clergy of those days, which may have been due to traditions imbibed when the colleges were in France; but it is probable that it was imputable to individuals rather than to a class. No more typical English Catholic priest could be quoted than Dr. Gradwell, who learned his theology at Crook Hall, the precursor of Ushaw; and when he went to live in Rome as rector of the English College, he does not appear to have found himself in any way out of sympathy with the theological opinions in vogue there and taught to his own students. In similar way it may be pointed out that Dr. Cox, who for eleven years presided over St. Edmund's College, had been one of Dr. Wisemann's students and had learnt his theology in Rome; and we do not hear that he found any tendency in the theological teaching at Old Hall to which he took exception. Many would indeed maintain that on such subjects as Papal Authority and the like the views expressed in authoritative quarters to-day would accord more with the careful and balanced exposition of them characteristic of the English clergy of the old school than with the more rhetorical method of speech used by the zealous converts of a generation later.

THE NEW MISSAL. In English. For every day in the year, with Introduction, Notes and a Book of Prayer. Contains over 1,200 pages, but is not bulky, as it is printed on India paper. By *Rev. F. X. Lasance*, author of "My Prayer Book," etc. Prices: From $1.50 to $3.25. New York: Benziger Brothers.

Only a short time ago another author well known in this country announced that he was engaged on the preparation of a new English Missal. Very soon after this announcement Father Lasance's book appeared.

It speaks well for the excellence of such a book, and the prompt recognition of the demand for it, when two of the most prominent

clergymen of this country in devotional work try to meet the demand at the same time. It is quite evident that no one will be more ready to welcome this Missal than the compiler of the other.

It is hardly necessary to dwell on the value of the Missal in the hands of the laity.

It is superfluous to say that the best book for the Mass is the Mass book. It must always be said of even the best prayer-book that it is a substitute. The prayers of even the most learned and most devout son of the Church cannot equal the prayers of the Church. When the people can assist at Mass in the most perfect manner, they will derive the greatest benefit from the Holy Sacrifice. But the most perfect way, surely, is the Church's way, and that is the way of the Missal.

There are some points about this new edition that are worthy of special mention.

The liturgical arrangement is strictly correct and up-to-date, according to the latest Roman decrees, something that cannot be said of other Missals.

The translation of the prayers of the Church has been very carefully done, and it is confidently believed that this edition gives the most correct and at the same time most idiomatic rendering.

This edition contains directions, easily understood, on how to use the Missal, and gives also the ceremonies to be observed by the laity at Mass.

A specially valuable feature are the many explanatory notes to be found throughout the book.

A Book of Prayer has been added to the Missal. It consists of devout acts, hymns, litanies and other forms of public prayer, together with devotions for Holy Communion and for visits to the Blessed Sacrament, and other prayers for private devotion.

The type is a very clear boldface, easily read. The various styles of binding in flexible covers are handsome, strong and durable.

The correct text, the smooth, idiomatic translation, the many valuable special features, the clear type, the fine India paper, so thin, but opaque, and the flexible binding, place this Missal far in advance of any other.

"The New Missal," besides being a complete Missal for every day, is also a complete prayer-book. The Introduction is replete with good things, old and new, containing solid instruction as well as interesting references regarding the folk-lore of the Mass. The explanatory notes running through the Ordinary of the Mass are a unique feature. The Appendix of Prayers contains a large col-

lection of the most favorite prayers, special attention being paid to prayers for Communion and for visits to the Blessed Sacrament.

There should be at least one copy in every Catholic family, and if all the members of the family cannot use it in church, it would be well for the head to read the Mass for Sunday to the others on Saturday evening.

THE HALE LECTURES, 1914-15. **The Ethiopic Liturgy: Its Sources, Development and Present Form.** By the *Rev. Samuel A. B. Mercer, Ph. D.* (Munich), professor of Hebrew and Old Testament, Western Theological Seminary, Chicago. 12mo., pp. 488. Milwaukee: The Young Churchman Co.

This is the latest course of lectures delivered and published under the will of the late Right Rev. Charles Reuben Hale, D. D., LL. D., Bishop Coadjutor of Springfield, who left the residue of his estate in trust for the general purpose of promoting the Catholic Faith, in its purity and integrity, as taught in Holy Scripture, held by the Primitive Church, summed up in the Creeds and affirmed by the undisputed General Councils, and in particular to be used for the publication and circulation of Courses of Lectures on one of the following subjects: Liturgies and Liturgics, Church Hymns and Church Music, the History of the Eastern Churches, the History of National Churches, and Contemporaneous Church, treating of events happening since the beginning of "The Oxford Movement" in 1833.

The learned lecturer, realizing the scarcity of Ethiopic manuscripts, especially modern ones, in Occidental museums and libraries, communicated with the American and British representatives at the capital of Ethiopia and got a manuscript copy of the Ethiopic liturgity as it is used in Abyssinia to-day. This is published in its original form and in an English translation in this book. He then examined every Ethiopic liturgical manuscript in the museums and libraries of Europe (including those in Petrograd and excepting those in France, which on account of the war were inaccessible).

He begins his course of lectures by a discussion of the background, sources, earliest form and development of the service. This is followed by a translation of the present Ethiopic liturgy in such a form that liturgical scholars who are not Orientalists may use it in their studies. Then follows a series of critical notes on the text of the Ethiopic manuscript; and finally a facsimile copy of the "Ordo Communis."

Of course, the final object of this course of lectures is to justify the existence of the Anglican Church and to form a union with the Eastern churches.

The attempt at union has been made on more than one occasion, but unsuccessfully, because they are Catholic in most of the essentials, and they will not compromise. The Ethiopian Church has separated from the Catholic Church on the humanity of Christ and the procession of the Holy Spirit, but it professes all the other articles of faith professed by the Roman Church. It has seven sacraments, devotion to the Blessed Virgin and the saints, prayers for the dead, and feasts and fasts without number.

In general, its liturgy is allied to the Coptic Rite, and its hierarchy is subject to the Coptic Patriarch of Alexandria. The study of its liturgy should lead to the liturgy of the Roman Church rather than away from it.

LIFE OF BLESSED MARGARET MARY ALACOQUE. (Revelations of the Sacred Heart to Blessed Margaret Mary.) From the French of Monseigneur Bougard, Bishop of Laval. By a Visitandine of Baltimore. 12mo., pp. 400. New Year: Benziger Brothers.

It speaks well for the excellence of this biography that although it was first published in 1874, and first saw the light in an English dress in 1890, it still remains the standard life of the apostle of the Sacred Heart. This is not surprising when we consider the learning and sanctity of the biographer and the fineness of the biography.

It is an exhaustive life, beginning with a very interesting chapter on "The State of the Church in France at the Birth of Blessed Margaret Mary," and ending with her Beatification. A chapter on "The Spread of Devotion to the Sacred Heart of Jesus" from 1870 to 1874 is added, and this is followed by copious notes and documents.

As to the reputation of the biographer, that is sufficiently known from his two excellent volumes on St. Vincent de Paul and his works, and on the two equally valuable volumes on St. de Chantal and the origin of the Visitation.

The author tells us that he expected to rest from his labors when he completed these two works, but, to put it in his own words, "a pure sweet voice called him—that of the first of St. Chantal's daughter—to be raised to the altar, Blessed Margaret Mary. She was chosen by God to finish the work of St. Francis de Sales and his great coöperatrix. Both had labored together in the construction of the edifice. They dug the foundations and drew the grand plans. But the crown was wanting. It was Margaret Mary, that saintly and humble virgin, who was deputed to place it on its brow. In some way, then, the life of our blessed sister is a necessary se-

quel to the life of St. Chantal. The biography of the one illustrates and perfects that of the other.

"But if Blessed Margaret Mary interests us as the first beautiful daughter of the holy founders of the Visitation, we hesitate not to say that she awakens our sympathy from still another point of view. Hidden in the depths of her cloister, in the seclusion of a little town far from Paris, she receives a first-class mission. She was deputed by Almighty God to come to the assistance of the Church in the fulfillment of a work the greatest and at the same time the most formidable ever accomplished in this world."

In this spirit Monsignor Bougard approaches his labor of love, and in this spirit he tells the story which links 1647 with 1864. He writes not only as one who narrates facts that have been submitted to all the tests of true history, but also as one who realizes the significances of those, and who is moved by them to love and devotion.

It seems especially fitting in these latter times that this excellent biography should again be brought to the attention of the lovers of the Sacred Heart, that their love may be intensified, and to the attention of those who have not yet loved, that they may feel the glow of this furnace of love.

ONE YEAR WITH GOD. Sixty sermons and meditations for pulpit and pious reading. By *Rev. Michael V. McDonough*, author of "The Chief Sources of Sin." 8vo., pp. 256. Boston: Angel Guardian Press.

Father McDonough tells us that he aims at extreme simplicity in his sermons. Therefore he recommends his book particularly to the simple—little ones and all who are striving to conform to the standard of the Master Who said: "Unless you be converted and become as little children, you shall not enter into the kingdom of heaven" (Math. xviii., 3).

The title of this book is a little surprising, and would be quite puzzling without a word of explanation. The titles of some of the sermons are rather odd. For instance: "Five Little Holes in a Box," meaning the five senses in the body; and "The Parable of Graft," referring to the unjust steward. But the author is to be congratulated on having accomplished his purpose with unusual success.

The sermons are models of simplicity and clearness. At the same time they are models of correctness, so that while they are intelligent to the least educated of the congregation, they will not offend the most learned. They are also remarkable for directness. Very few of them have any exordium. The preacher states his purpose at once, and attacks his subject promptly. They are not homi-

lies, and do not pretend to treat the epistle or Gospel of the day exhaustively. They do, however, bring out the main idea of the epistle or Gospel and force the application of it in a way that is irresistible.

HOMILIES ON ALL THE SUNDAY GOSPELS OF THE ECCLESIASTICAL YEAR. By the *Rev. Gaetano Finco.* Translated from the Italian by Edmund M. Dunne, D. D., Bishop of Peoria. 12mo., 276. St. Louis: B. Herder.

The Homilies of Rev. Gaetano Finco are introduced by the Translator in the following words: "The learned and humble author of these Homilies declared, in his publication of them, that they were not intended to see the light. The Diocesan Examining Board of Turin, however, judged otherwise.

"In preaching to his people, Father Finco aimed at simplicity and brevity—two rhetorical qualities which every clergyman having the pastoral care of souls might do well to cultivate."

The Translator adds that he has made such changes and omissions as seemed necessary to render the sermons suitable to American readers.

It may be truthfully said that the reverend author has succeeded admirably in his aim to be simple and brief, while the Right Reverend Translator has been quite as successful in preserving these qualities in the translation.

But something more remains to be said. These discourses are splendid examples of sermon construction. They might well be taken as models by homiletic students. Each one is a complete composition with all the component parts of a homily, and the language used is clear, flowing and pleasing. They can all be preached without alteration to any congregation, with the assurance that the sower has sowed the seed well and that it will bear fruit abundantly.

THE PRACTICE OF MENTAL PRAYER. By *Father Rene de Maumigny,* of the Society of Jesus. Second Treatise: Extraordinary Prayer. Translated from the French Edition and Translation revised by Father Elder Mullan, S. J. 12mo., pp. 293. New York: P. J. Kenedy & Sons.

This book is called with special appropriateness "The *Practice* of Mental Prayer," because the author was moved to write it in answer to cases regarding Extraordinary Prayer actually laid before him. He says:

"For some years cases regarding extraordinary prayer have often been laid before me, and I have thought Christian charity entailed upon me the duty of giving my humble opinion, in spite of the

difficulty of the subject. But in these lofty paths a single answer is generally not enough, and I have been asked to supplement these individual counsels by a treatise on infused Contemplation. I will say nothing more as to the origin of this work, because this is enough to indicate its spirit. It is not a theological, but a practical treatise that I have in mind, and I have avoided as far as possible anything which might give rise to controversy."

The treatise is divided into five parts.

Part 1 speaks of the nature and degrees of contemplation, but only so far as to give the necessary ideas to directors for the guidance of souls. In this part the author has inserted lengthy citations from the writings of the saints.

Part 2 shows the great trials to which souls raised to Contemplation are sooner or later subjected. On this point the author has been most often consulted, and consequently he has developed it at great length. He says in regard to it: "I hope these pages, written with bruised hearts rather than written books before my eyes, will bring some comfort to the afflicted souls who read them."

The subject of Part 3 is the virtues necessary to contemplative souls. The author considers this part of supreme importance, since the greater number of souls who are raised to Contemplation and who make only indifferent progress in it must attribute it to the absence of solid virtues.

Part 4 treats of supernatural visions and speech. Here illusion is easy, and the author dwells at length on the discernment of spirits.

Part 5 takes up the question of vocation to infused Contemplation. The importance of this question is obvious, for in order to reach the goal, it is not enough to run, but the running must be along the path leading to the goal.

The sources from which the author has drawn are Holy Writ, the lives and writings of the saints and the experience gained from the numerous cases laid before him.

THE WAR AND THE PROPHETS. Notes on Certain Popular Predictions Current in this Latter Age. By *Herbert Thurston, S. J.* 12mo., 190. New York: P. J. Kenedy & Sons.

In this book Father Thurston deals with the prophecies current during or recalled to memory by the present war. It is confined to those prognostics which have attracted attention in recent times and are expected to find their fulfillment in our own generation.

Although this work might with truth be called a refutation of

modern prophecies, the author's purpose is to critically examine them, weighing the evidence for them and against, and then to draw the conclusion which must follow. He does not approach the subject as counsel for the plaintiff, nor as counsel for the defendant, but rather as attorney for the Commonwealth or as Judge. We gather this from his own words in the opening address. He says:

"Naturally it is not the aim of the following pages to show that credibility is to be denied on principle to every attempt to foretell future events. St. Paul writes, as we know: 'Despise not prophecies, but prove all things; hold fast that which is good.' (I. Thess. v., 20-21.) That there has been and are many persons to whom a knowledge of the future is imparted in ways that transcend our comprehension, I fully believe. But that this knowledge ever extends to the foreseeing of political events of general interest, is very difficult to establish by evidence.

"It does not seem to be part of the divine dispensation that assurance regarding the decrees of Providence should be given to any considerable body of mankind. Certainly a careful scrutiny of such pretended oracles as are discussed in the present volume must lead to an attitude of extreme suspicion in regard to all literature of this type. Of the many hundred predictions recorded in the various collections which I have examined, almost all have been long ago refuted by the actual course of events. I have, in fact, come across but one, and that a prophecy to which attention has not hitherto been directed, which seems to me to retain the least semblance of intrinsic probability. Moreover, even here the extrinsic evidence is quite unsatisfactory, and should the terrible catastrophe foreshadowed unhappily come anywhere near realization, one could feel no confidence that we were in the presence of anything more than a rather exceptional coincidence."

The longest chapter in the book deals with the pretended "prophecy of St. Malachy," as this is the one most frequently quoted and most generally accepted. Father Thurston thought it best to discuss its fraudulent origin in greater detail.

THE SACRAMENTS. A Dogmatic Treatise. By the *Rev. Joseph Pohle Ph. D., D. D.*, formerly professor of apologetics at the Catholic University of America, now professor of dogma in the University of Breslau. Authorized English version by Arthur Preuss. Vol. I., The Sacraments in general, baptism and confirmation. 12mo., pp. 328. St. Louis: B. Herder

This is volume 8 of an excellent dogmatic series. The previous volumes treat of God, the Holy Trinity, Christology, Soteriology, Mariology and Grace. Four succeeding volumes will deal with the

Holy Eucharist, Penance, Extreme Unction, Holy Orders, Matrimony and Eschatology. Although a treatise on the Sacraments must necessarily be like all other treatises on the same subject to a great extent because it deals with matters of faith, there is much room for difference in the manner of treatment. It is possible for a student to learn all that the Church requires concerning the Sacraments from a dry, obscure, uninteresting book, without any aid to clearer understanding or fuller study by way of illustration, or references, or bibliography. In that case the reader goes forward through a sense of duty, laboriously, and wishing for the end.

Or it is possible for one to acquire the same knowledge from an interesting, clear and inviting volume, gradually developing, in logical order, and leading on to fuller study and a clearer understanding by copious references and a rich bibliography. In this case the student forgets the end and is disappointed when he comes to it. Dr. Pohle's book belongs to the second class. Two chapters that are especially interesting tell us about "Pre-Christian Sacraments" and "Sacramentals."

It is hard to imagine a clearer, more complete or more satisfactory course of dogma in English than this one. Its value and accessibility is increased by the exceptional manner of its material making and by the reasonableness of its price.

COMPENDIUM THEOLOGIAE MORALIS. *Sabetti-Barrett.* Editio Vigesima Secunda. Neo Eboraci: Fr. Puste & Co.

Father Sabetti's Compendium of Moral Theology, founded on Gury-Ballerini and continued by Father Barrett, easily holds its place as the best manual of the present time. Father Sabetti's purpose in writing this book was to produce a short practical manual for students and missionary priests. He said in the original preface: "I have kept these only before my eyes, namely, young men pursuing their studies in our seminaries and missionary priests who labor hard and earnestly in the vineyard of the Lord. The first do not need long dissertations, nor controversies, nor doubts, nor new and stranger doctrines, but short and solid solutions by the living voice of a professor. The other needs a brief compendium in which solutions, perhaps forgotten, can be seen at a glance."

He carried out this purpose admirably, and hence the lasting value of his work. His wonderful prudence in solving cases, his profound knowledge of theology and his cheerful charity gave him an equipment that was rare and fruitful.

Father Barrett is a most worthy successor. His love and respect

for Father Sabetti and his appreciation of his predecessor's ability cause him to approach his task with that reverence which does not presume to improve the work of the master, but rather to continue it and supplement it.

This is what he has done in this latest edition. It has been brought strictly up to date.

A word of commendation should be added for the publishers, who present the work in an entirely new dress altogether becoming and pleasing.

THE SUMMA THEOLOGICA OF ST. THOMAS AQUINAS, Part II. (first part), third number, QQ., XC.-CXIV., treating on "Law and Grace," translated into English by the Fathers of the English Dominican province, 8vo., cloth, net $2. New York: Benziger Brothers.

To say that the appearance in English of the present volume is timely is only to repeat what has been equally true of preceding numbers. Nowhere in the literature of the past can a better antidote to the poisonous errors of the day be sought than in the theological masterpiece of a master mind—"The Summa of Theology."

All that was best in the great philosophies of paganism was distilled into the great work that is being translated through the generous pains of the Dominican Fathers. The genius of Socrates, of Plato and of Aristotle is latent in the pregnant sentences of the "Summa;" not alone profane knowledge, but also sacred tradition is accumulated in its pages. To read St. Thomas is to read all the fathers, for to St. Jerome, St. Augustine, St. John Chrysostom and St. Ambrose, to the two Great Gregories, as well as to the other fathers, St. Thomas has made himself a debtor.

This volume is the eighth of a projected series of seventeen, appearing at regular intervals, sold singly or by subscription.

CATHOLIC HOME ANNUAL FOR 1916. Profusely illustrated. Stories and special articles by the foremos Catholic writers. New York: Benziger Brothers.

The "Catholic Home Annual" has been joyously welcomed into thousands of Catholic homes year after year. Indeed, it becomes indispensable when once introduced into the home circle, for it brings the warm sunlight and cheery fireside atmosphere along with it. Each year it has been better than the year before, and the newest number eclipses all the rest. Special articles, all written by authors gifted with the necessary knowledge, and with a sense of accuracy that makes for absolute historic truth, are numerous. All

of the stories are by Catholic authors whose names stand in the foremost rank of story-writers.

The "Annual" is not a paper book to be glanced at and then thrown into the waste basket. On the contrary, it is a family year book. It contains information and entertainment for every month and every week in the year, and is worthy of a place on the family round-table under whose lamp Christian parents should night after night strive to inculcate those lessons of Catholic truth which will equip their children for the battle of life.

THAT OFFICE BOY. By *Rev. Francis J. Finn, S. J.*, author of "Tom Playfair," "Percy Wynn," "The Fairy of the Snows," etc. 12mo., with frontispiece, 85 cents. New York: Benziger Brothers.

A new story by Father Finn! It will be glad news to many to learn that Father Finn has found time from his many duties to write a new story, and such a story! From the opening chapter to the last page of the book the interest never lags. The plot is very simple, turning on a prize contest for pianos offered by certain newspapers to the school, society or club that receives the greatest number of coupons. Of course, this calls for keen competition on the part of the young people of the city, and it is in this contest that Michael Desmond, "That Office Boy," figures prominently. The characters in the book are just those people that Father Finn delights in drawing—people that we meet every day, that we know intimately—good, straightforward folks and others, too, that we would not care to associate with. What the result of the contest is, who the successful competitors are, must be learned by reading the story.

Of course, there is a strain of Father Finn's delightful humor running through the book, with here and there a touch of genuine pathos that brings the tears to our eyes. Father Finn has so long been recognized as a master of fiction that he needs no words of commendation. Suffice it that "That Office Boy" is the equal of anything he has ever written.

THE MODERNIST. By *Francis Deming Hoyt*, author of "Catherine Sidney," "The Coming Storm," etc. Crown, 8vo., pp. xii.—265; net $1.25, by mail $1.35. The Lakewood Press, Lakewood, N. J.

A story of modern social life, in which some of the allurements and dangers of Modernism in society are depicted in an interesting and forceful way, and some of the fruits of present-day liberalism are plainly pointed out.

The author introduces us to two families, intimately associated, yet differing radically in their views regarding domestic and social questions.

Helen Seton, the elder daughter of the conservative family, personifies that gentle, unassuming, yet strong type of womanhood, which has and always will rule the world, not by self-assertion, but by force of an innate refinement of mind and heart which shrinks from notoriety, but commands both the respect and love of men.

The other school of thought is represented by Dorothy Gates, a daughter of "progressive" parents—an exaggerated type of the modern woman, a selfish, worldly-minded, undisciplined girl.

The story presents the working of these opposite characters in the relations of life, and their natural consequences are revealed in the denouement.

LITTLE OFFICE OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN MARY. According to the recent Pontifical Decrees, with a chapter on the "rubrics to be observed in reciting the office." Large, bold type; printed on tinted paper; substantially bound. English and Latin or Latin only. New York: Benziger Brothers.

This is a beautiful edition of a standard book of devotion. It will appeal to Mary's devout clients not only in convent and cloister, but also in the busy world outside, where so many of her faithful children offer her their daily act of homage and obtain through her powerful intercession abundant graces.

This book is faithful and accurate, and at the same time it is convenient and inviting. It excels in paper, in binding, in type, in arrangement, so that it is hardly possible to improve on it.

THE CAMP BY COPPER RIVER. By *Rev. H. S. Spalding, S. J.* 8vo., cloth, with three illustrations, 85 cents. The book has an illustrated jacket and three very fine half-tone illustrations. New York: Benziger Bros.

This story tells of a group of city lads who go up into the keen air of the Michigan forests on a camping trip. Though they set up their tents on the densely forested bank of the Copper River, the lads, through the scientific attainments of one of their number, are in daily communication with the news of the civilized world, for "Spider Eggert," a wireless operator, strings his outfit between two tall pines. One of the most thrilling parts of the book is that narrating how "Spider," by a marvelous handling of the wireless, catches and brings a thief to justice.

Interesting, instructive and pleasant as is "The Camp by Copper

River," the thing that stands out foremost in its pages is its pure and vigorous atmosphere of young Catholic manhood, which will be breathed in by all our boys and girls to their mental and moral development—the highest object of all literary effort.

THE RED CIRCLE. By *Gerald A. Reynolds.* 12mo., pp. 320. New York: P. J. Kenedy & Sons.

A dramatic story of the Boxer uprising in China and the adventures of a small coterie of Europeans who are forced to abandon their homes to escape the fury of the mob.

There is a captivating charm in the way the tale is told, and it is done with a force that gives the dramatic parts so pronounced a realism that the reader feels himself a part of the life of this far-off country, siding with the unprotected Christians, a real participant in defense of their life and their property.

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THIS BOOK MAY NOT BE
TAKEN FROM THIS ROOM

DOES NOT CIRCULATE